

Sunstone

Volume 3



Stjepan Sejic

Top Cow Productions Presents...

Sunstone™

Created by Stjepan Sejic



Published by Top Cow Productions, Inc.
Los Angeles

Top Cow Productions Presents...



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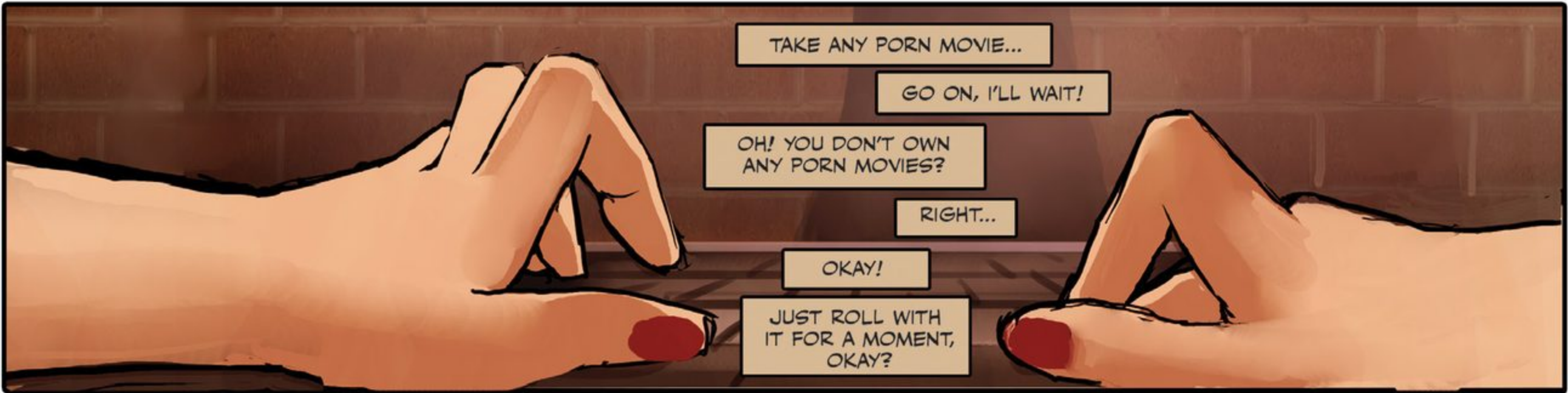


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Sunstone Volume 3 Trade Paperback.

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TAKE ANY PORN MOVIE...

GO ON, I'LL WAIT!

OH! YOU DON'T OWN
ANY PORN MOVIES?

RIGHT...

OKAY!

JUST ROLL WITH
IT FOR A MOMENT,
OKAY?

ANYWAYS, TAKE ANY *THEORETICAL*
PORN MOVIE THAT YOU DON'T OWN,
AND HIT PAUSE DURING A SEX SCENE!

NOW, UNLESS YOU PAUSED AT SOME GENITAL
GRINDING, GENERALLY YOU WILL SEE PEOPLE
MAKING ONE OF THREE FACES.

A *SILLY* FACE

A *LUSTY*
PLEASUREFUL FACE...

AND THEN THERE
IS THE THIRD ONE...

bdsbm

THE *PAIN* FACE.

THOSE THREE FACES
SAY A LOT ABOUT
THE NATURE OF SEX.

IN FACT, THOSE PAUSE
FACES, WITHOUT CONTEXT,
WOULD MAKE YOU THINK THAT
SEX WAS EITHER THE *MOST*
PLEASURABLE, THE *FUNNIEST*,
OR THE *WORST* THING EVER.

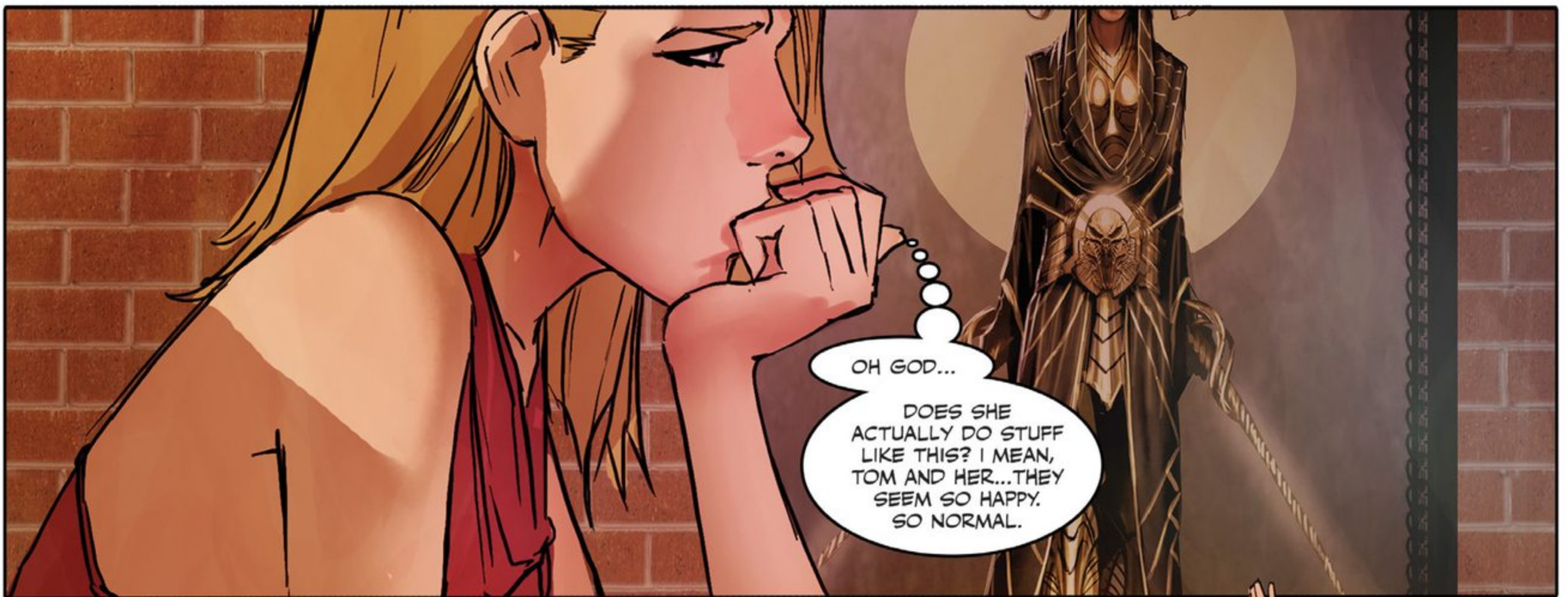
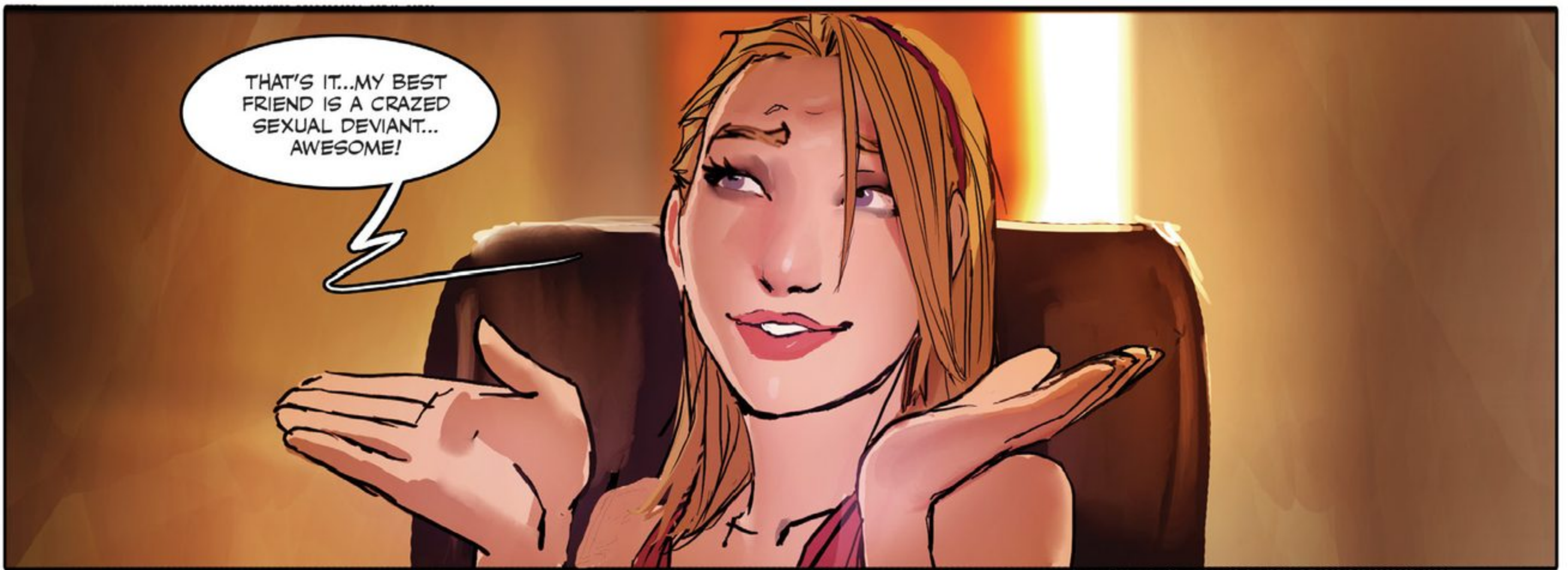
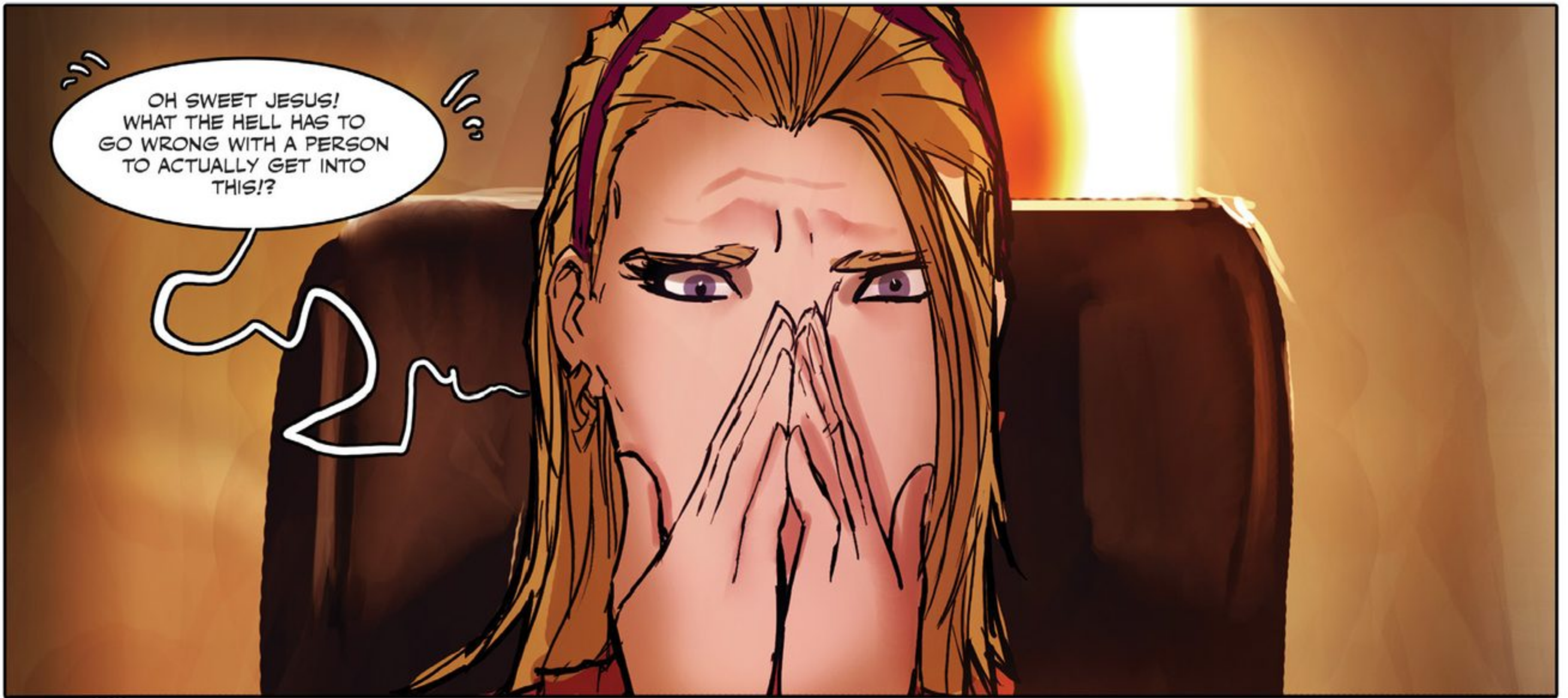
NOW, THAT DAY, ANNE
SEARCHED FOR IMAGES OF
BDSM FOR...*INSPIRATION*
PURPOSES.

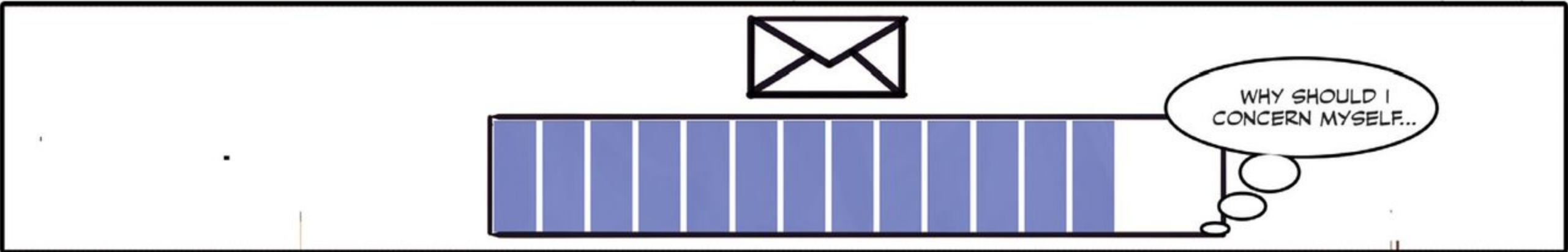
WITHOUT PROPER
CONTEXT, WHAT
SHE GOT WAS...
UM... WELL...

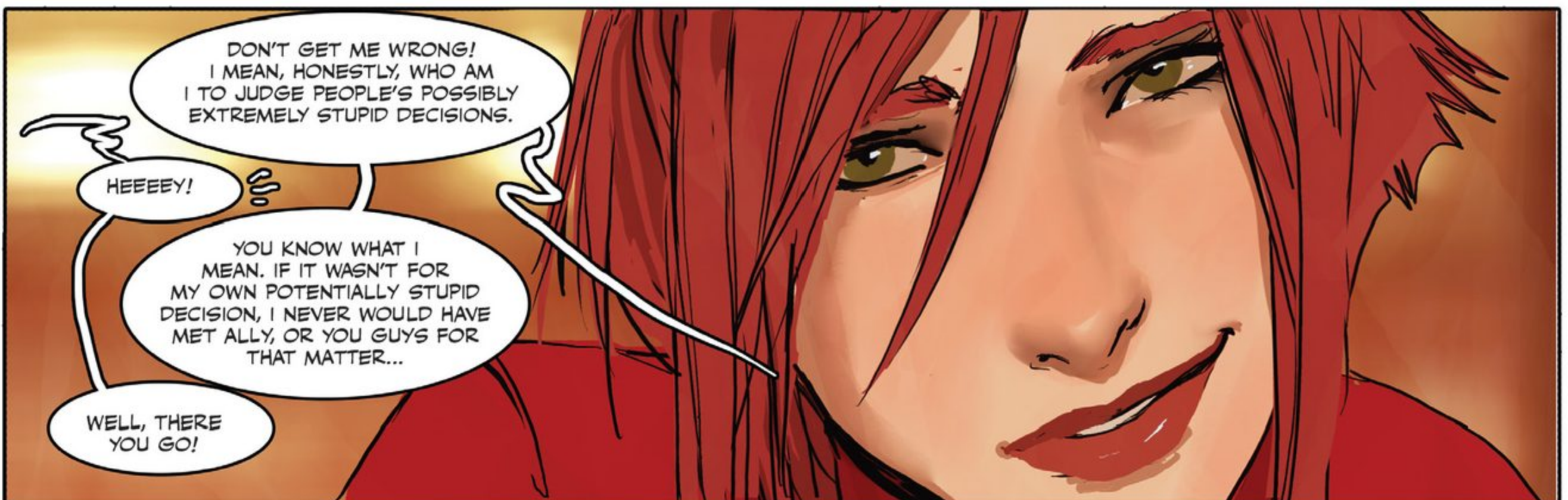
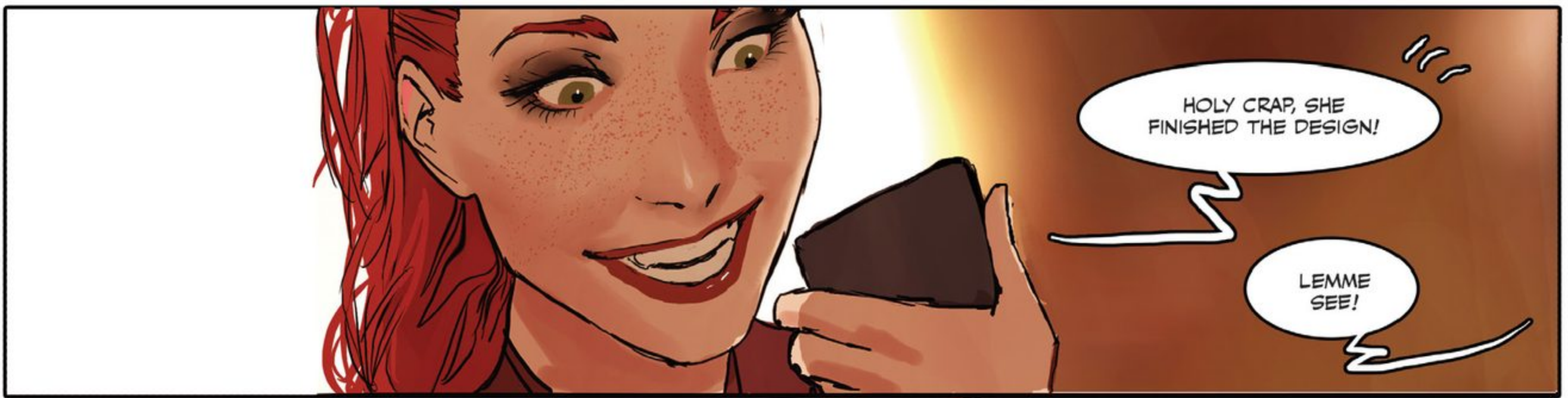
OH WHAT
THE FUCK!?!?



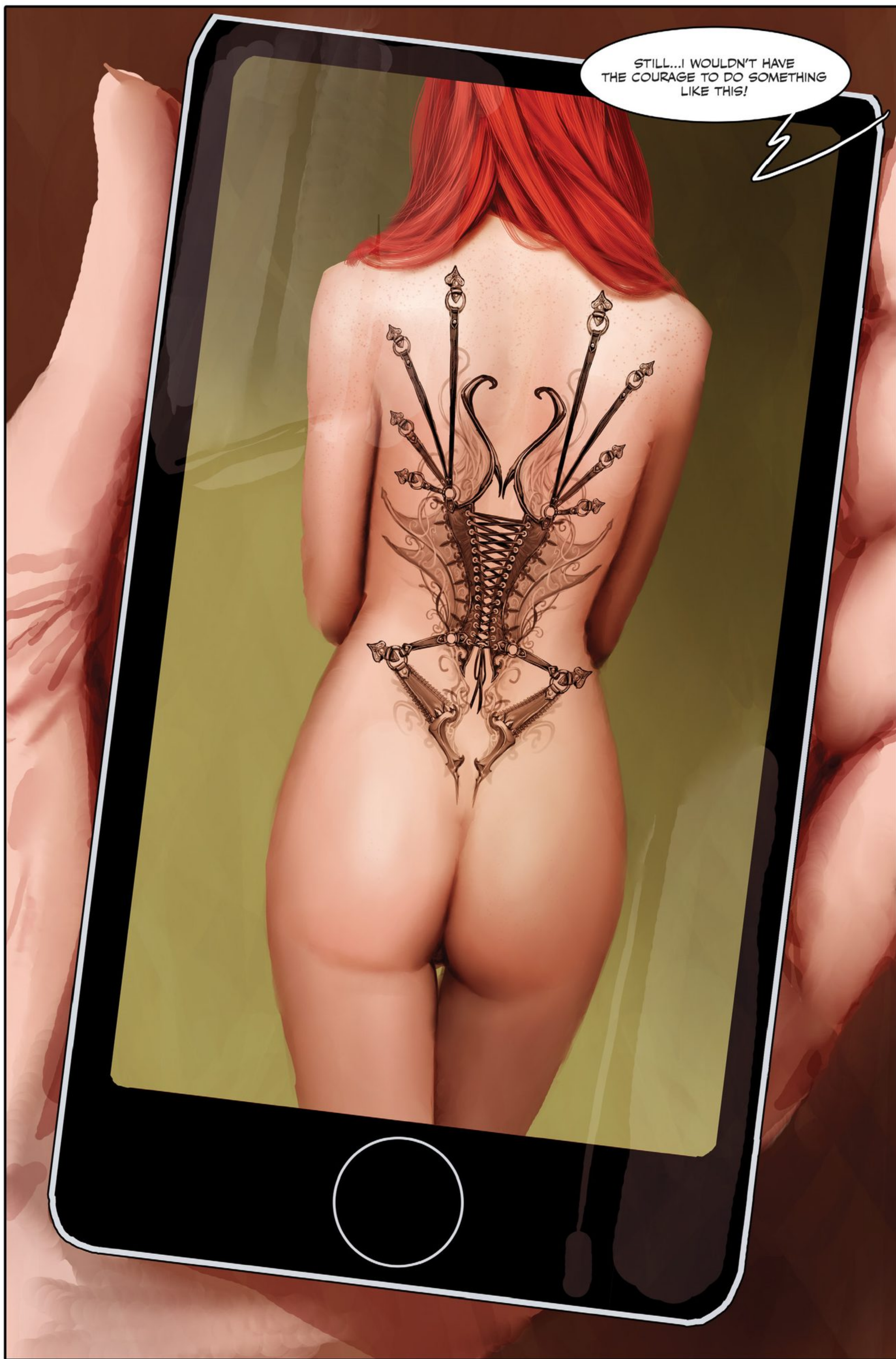


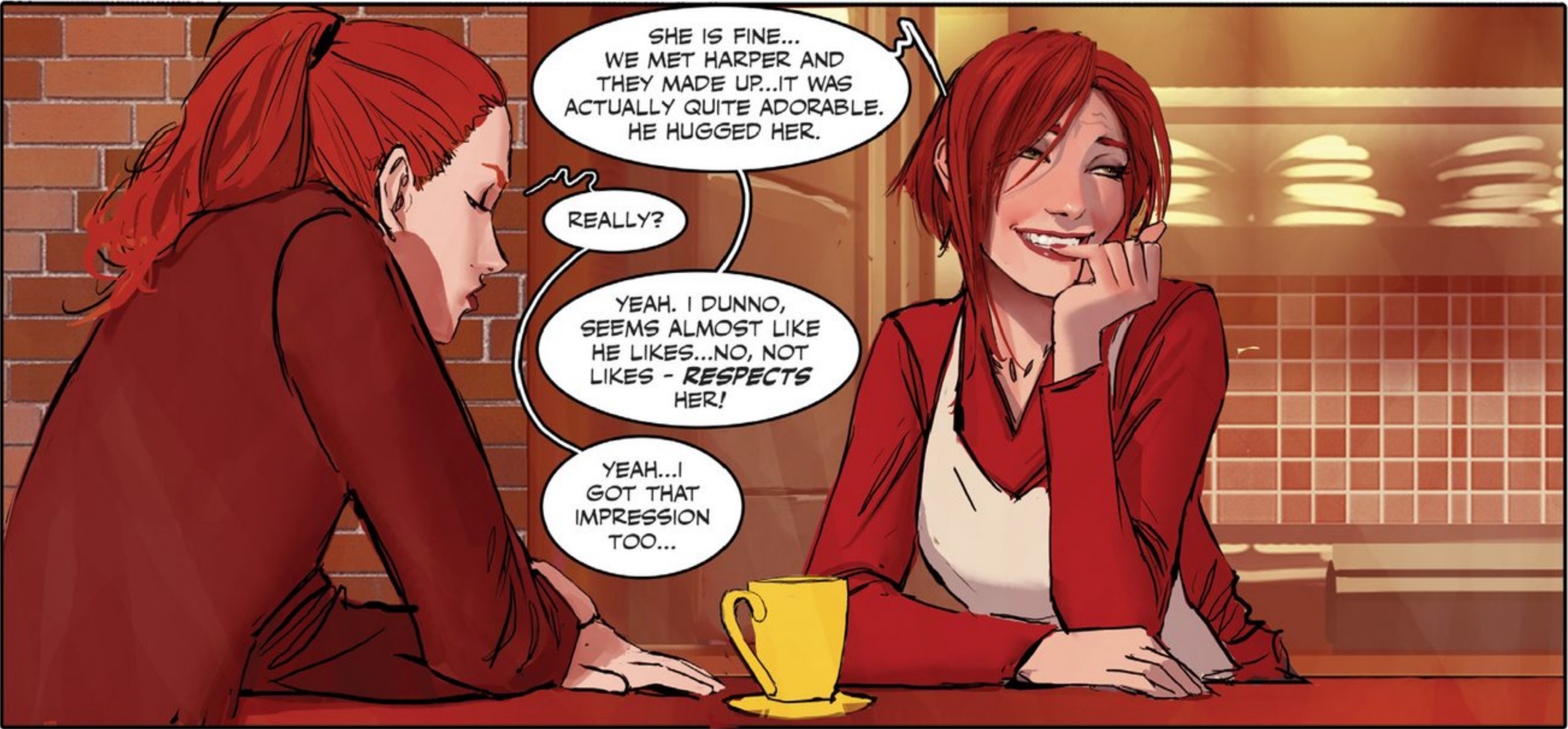
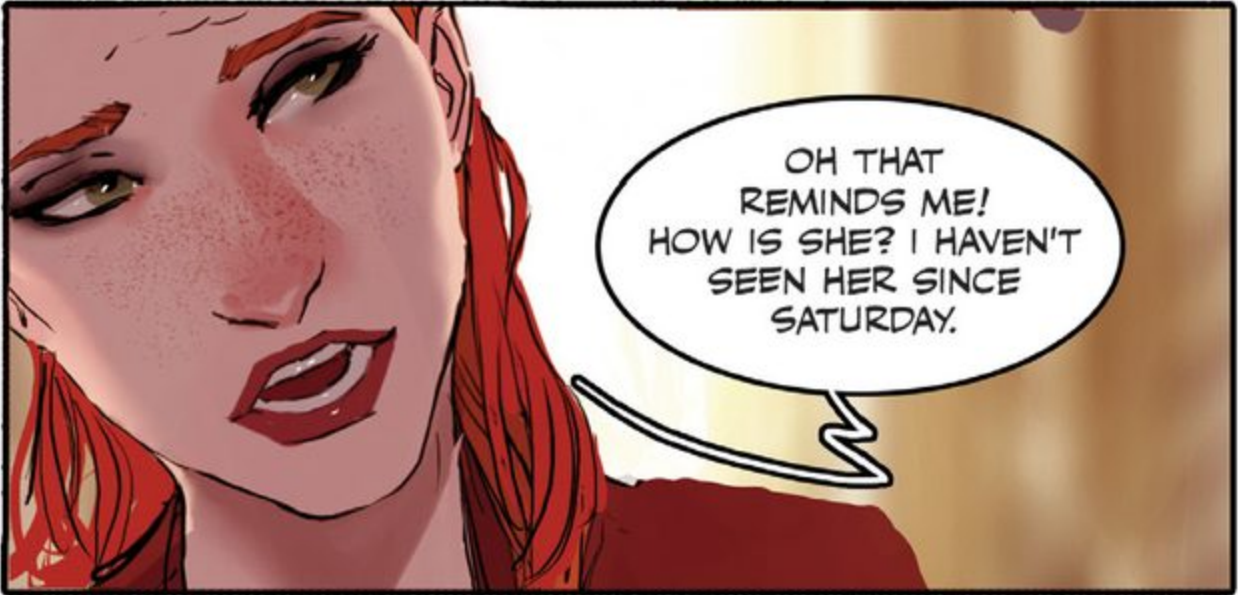
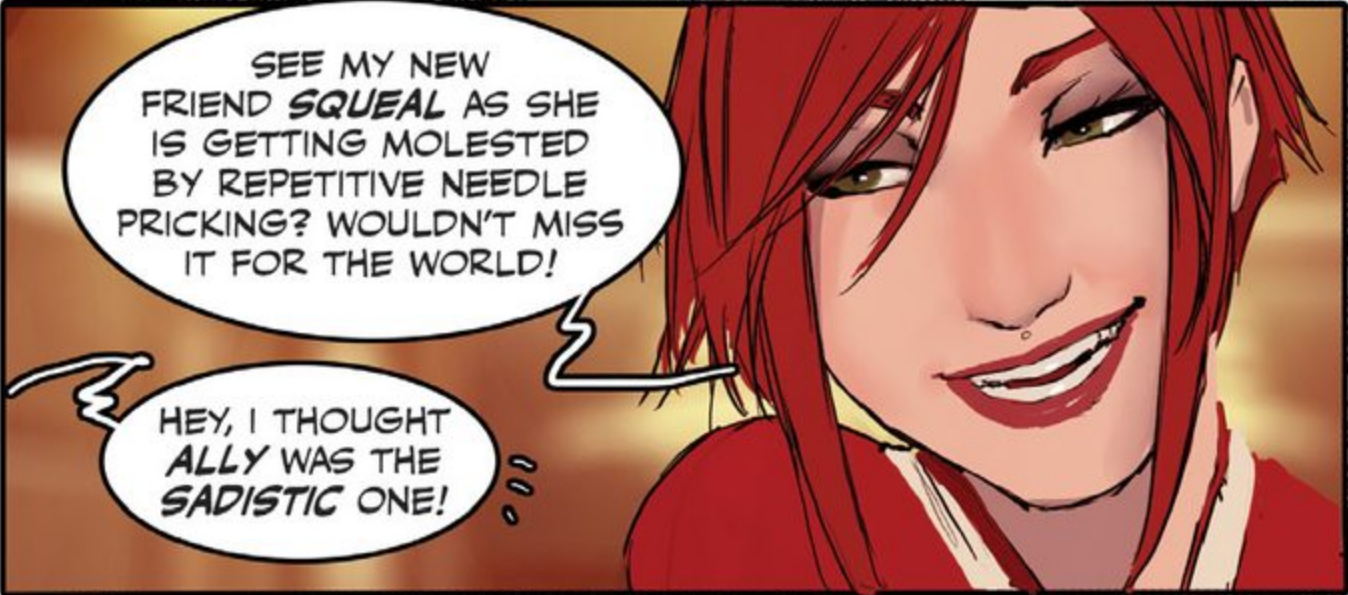






STILL...I WOULDN'T HAVE
THE COURAGE TO DO SOMETHING
LIKE THIS!







SOOO...HOW
ARE THINGS
GOING THEN?

WHAT
THINGS?

Y'KNOOOOW,
YOU AND LADY
WHIPLASH?

WE ARE...
FRIENDS.



YOU KNOW, I HAVE
A BEST FRIEND AS WELL...
WE DON'T SPEND OUR BATHROOM
TIME AS CREATIVELY AS YOU DO.

ANYHOW, MUST BE
ON MY MERRY WAY...WEDNESDAYS
ARE USUALLY A MESS FOR ME. SEE
YOU AROUND, LISA. OH, AND SAY HI
TO YOUR..."FRIEND"!



HEH...YEAH,
I WILL.

OH YES...I EXPECTED THAT
WEDNESDAY TO BE A BIT
OF A MESS FOR ME TOO.
THE BEST KIND OF MESS.

IT WAS THIS EXPECTATION
THAT KEPT ME GRINNING
LIKE A DUMBASS MOST OF
THE DAY.



IN FACT, IT WAS PROBABLY THE
PERPETUAL SMILE THAT GOT
VALERIE'S ATTENTION THAT DAY.

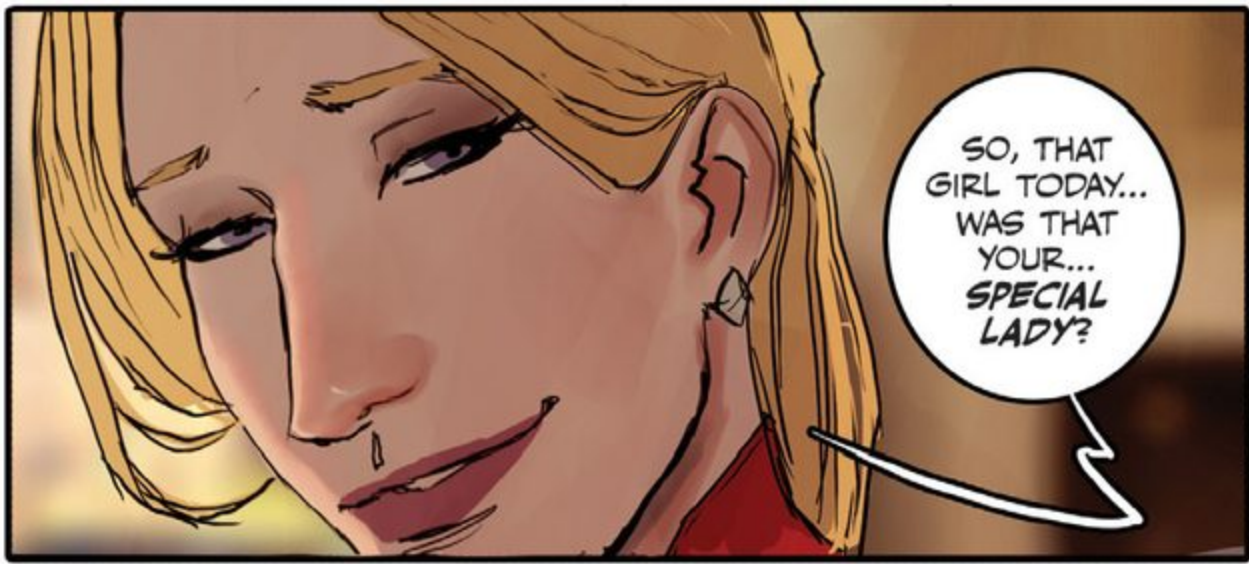
YOU SEEM
CHEERFUL.

T.G.I.W.!

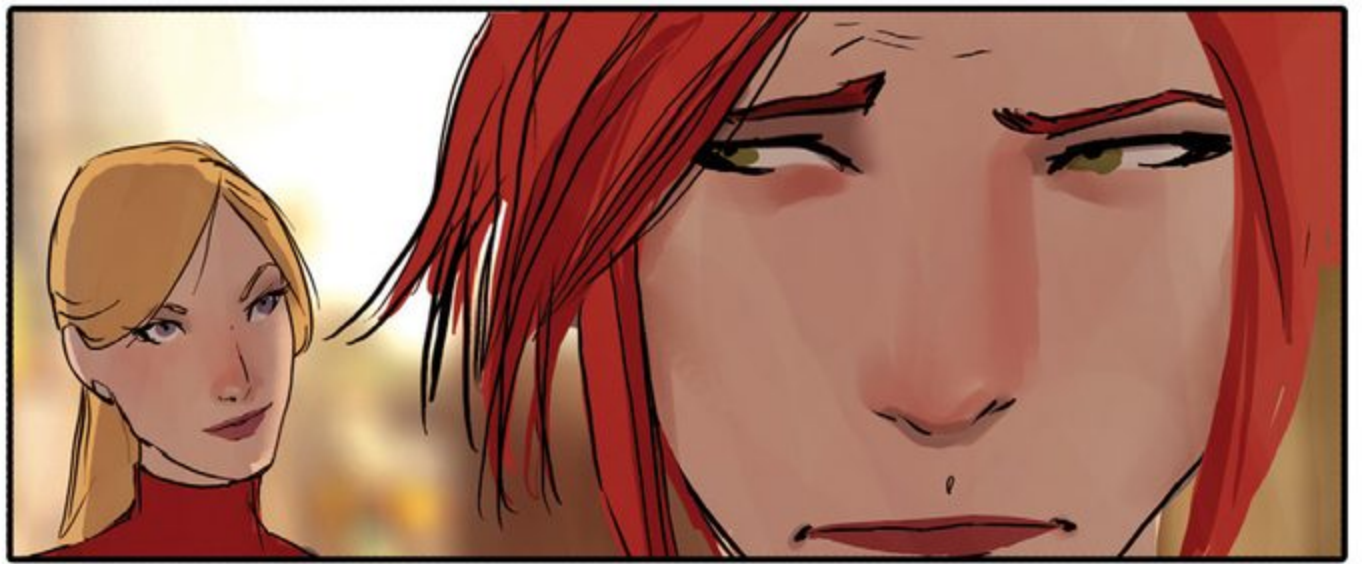
USUALLY THEY
SAY THAT FOR
FRIDAYS.

WHAT
CAN I SAY?
IT'S A GOOD
WEDNESDAY.

UH-HUUH...



SO, THAT GIRL TODAY... WAS THAT YOUR... *SPECIAL LADY?*



YEAH, NO! WE'RE NOT DOING THIS! MY LIFE IS *MY OWN DAMN BUSINESS!*

I...I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T...



I'M NOT GONNA BE JUDGED BY ANYONE, AND THAT *INCLUDES YOU!!!!*



WHO IS THE PMS QUEEN THERE?

THAT'S LISA... DON'T MIND HER, HONEY. SHE'S USUALLY QUITE NICE... BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING I KNOW WHAT MIGHT BE EATING HER.



ANYWAY...

OKAY, I MAY BE EXAGGERATING THE IRONIC TIMING HERE A BIT. BUT YOU GET THE POINT. I WAS WRONG ABOUT VALERIE...

THEN AGAIN, I WAS WRONG ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS...BUT MORE ON THOSE AT A LATER POINT, I THINK.

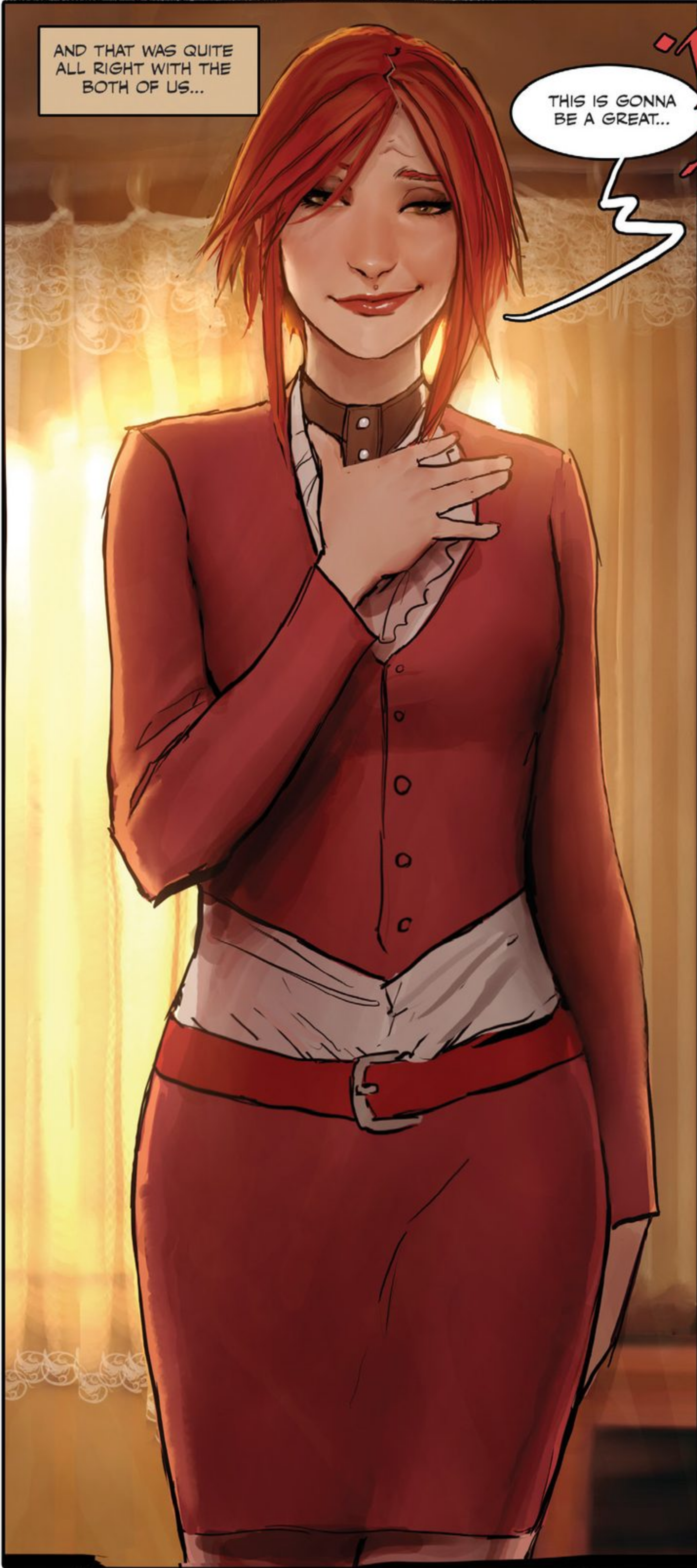


I HAD MORE PRESSING CONCERNS TO DEAL WITH!

IT WAS WEDNESDAY, AUNT FLO HAD LEFT TOWN....AND I HAD THINGS TO DO.



WELL...TECHNICALLY IT'S ALLY WHO WILL BE DOING MOST OF THE WORK...



AND THAT WAS QUITE ALL RIGHT WITH THE BOTH OF US...

THIS IS GONNA BE A GREAT...



DING DONG

NOW WHAT!?



WHO IS IT?



OPEN UP, BETTY!



YOU LOOK
LIKE *CRAP!*



ELISABETH P. WILLIAMS,
IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK
TO YOUR BIG BROTHER?

THE FUCK DOES
"P" STAND FOR?

FOR ABOUT
EIGHT BEERS I HAD
LAST NIGHT WHICH ARE
VERY EAGER TO
EVACUATE MY
PREMISES.

MIKE!
OVERSHARING!

SO YEAH. THAT'S MIKE, MY
OLDER BROTHER. HE WAS GOING
THROUGH SOME...ROUGH TIMES.



YOU AND ELAINE
HAD ANOTHER FIGHT,
DIDN'T YOU?

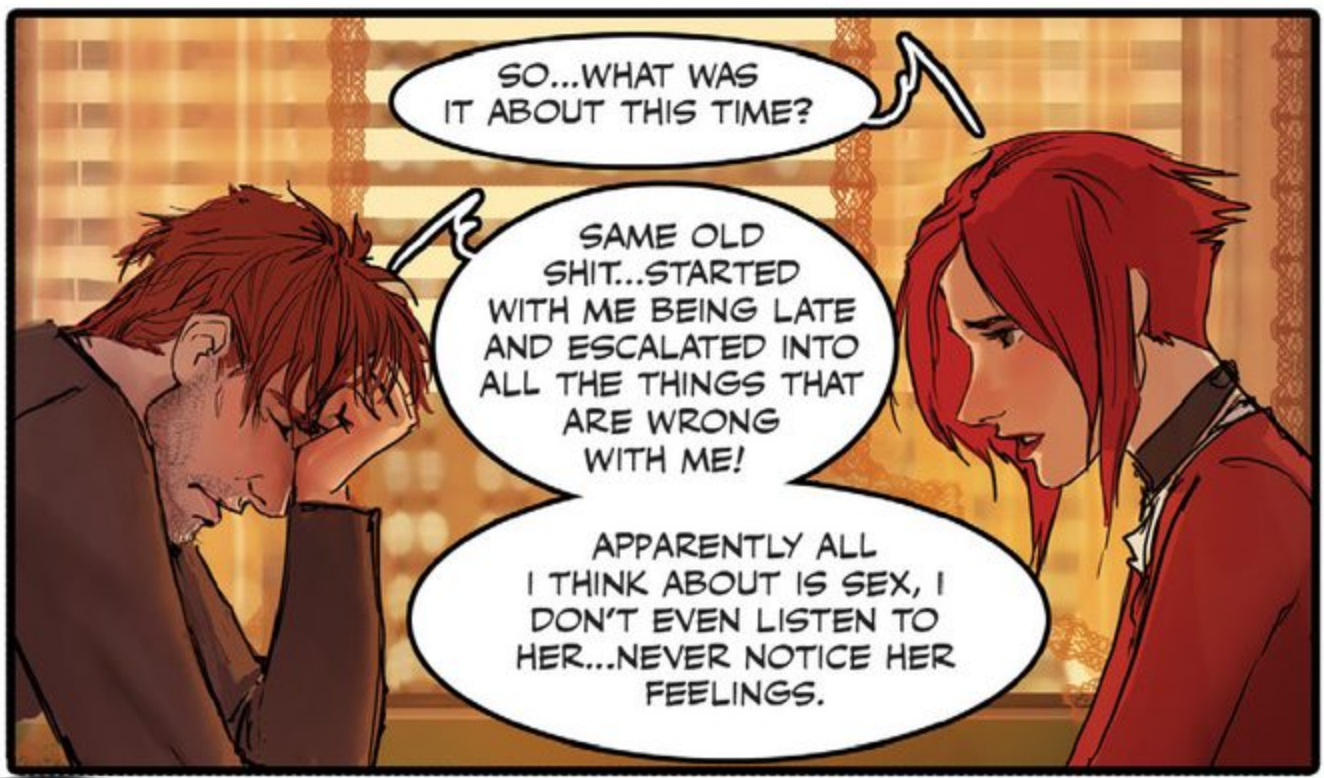


MAYBE...



AND YOU, OF COURSE, WENT OUT FOR AN ALL NIGHT GETTING SHIT-FACED MARATHON.

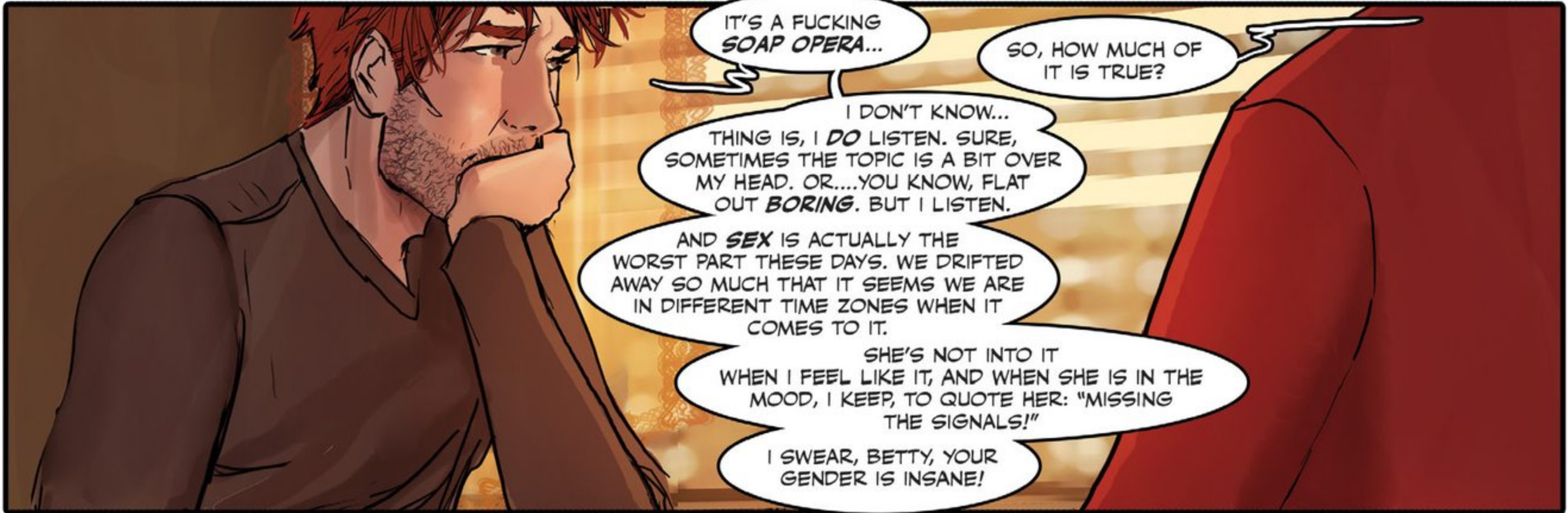
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



SO...WHAT WAS IT ABOUT THIS TIME?

SAME OLD SHIT...STARTED WITH ME BEING LATE AND ESCALATED INTO ALL THE THINGS THAT ARE WRONG WITH ME!

APPARENTLY ALL I THINK ABOUT IS SEX, I DON'T EVEN LISTEN TO HER...NEVER NOTICE HER FEELINGS.



IT'S A FUCKING SOAP OPERA...

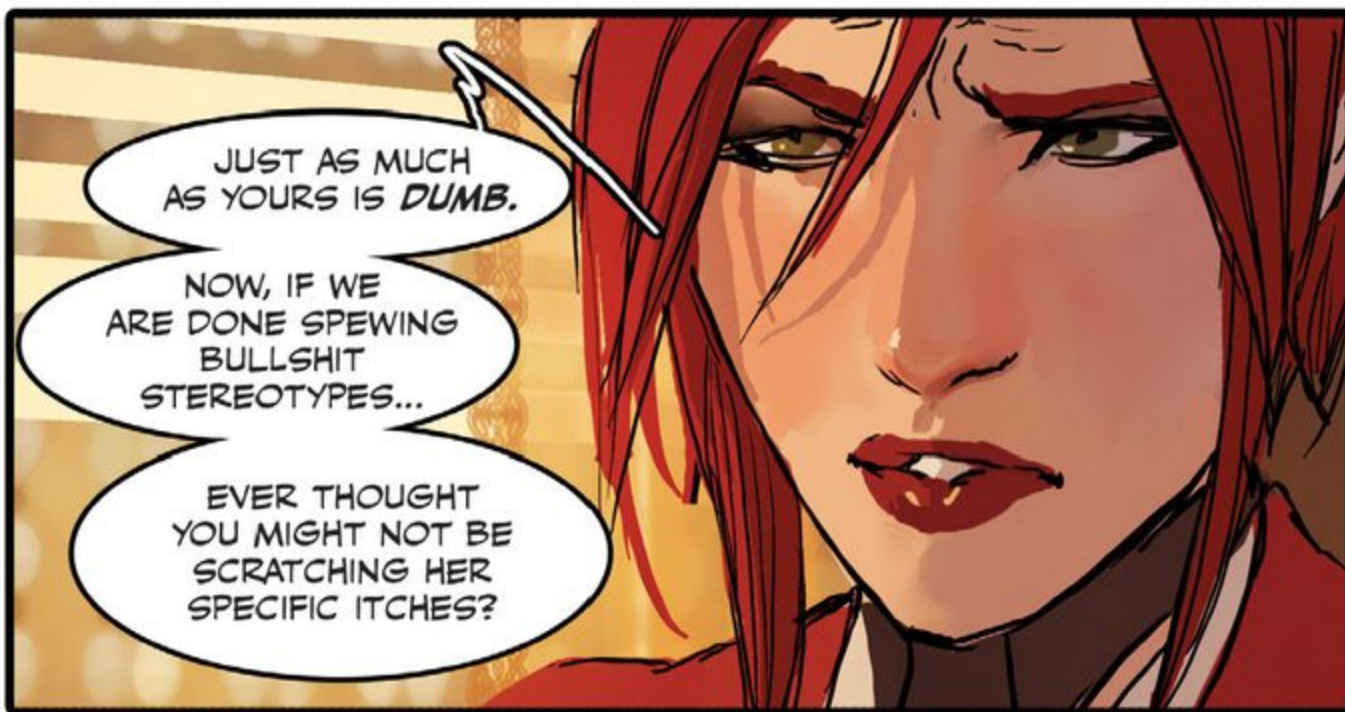
SO, HOW MUCH OF IT IS TRUE?

I DON'T KNOW... THING IS, I *DO* LISTEN. SURE, SOMETIMES THE TOPIC IS A BIT OVER MY HEAD. OR....YOU KNOW, FLAT OUT *BORING*. BUT I LISTEN.

AND *SEX* IS ACTUALLY THE WORST PART THESE DAYS. WE DRIFTED AWAY SO MUCH THAT IT SEEMS WE ARE IN DIFFERENT TIME ZONES WHEN IT COMES TO IT.

SHE'S NOT INTO IT WHEN I FEEL LIKE IT, AND WHEN SHE IS IN THE MOOD, I KEEP, TO QUOTE HER: "MISSING THE SIGNALS!"

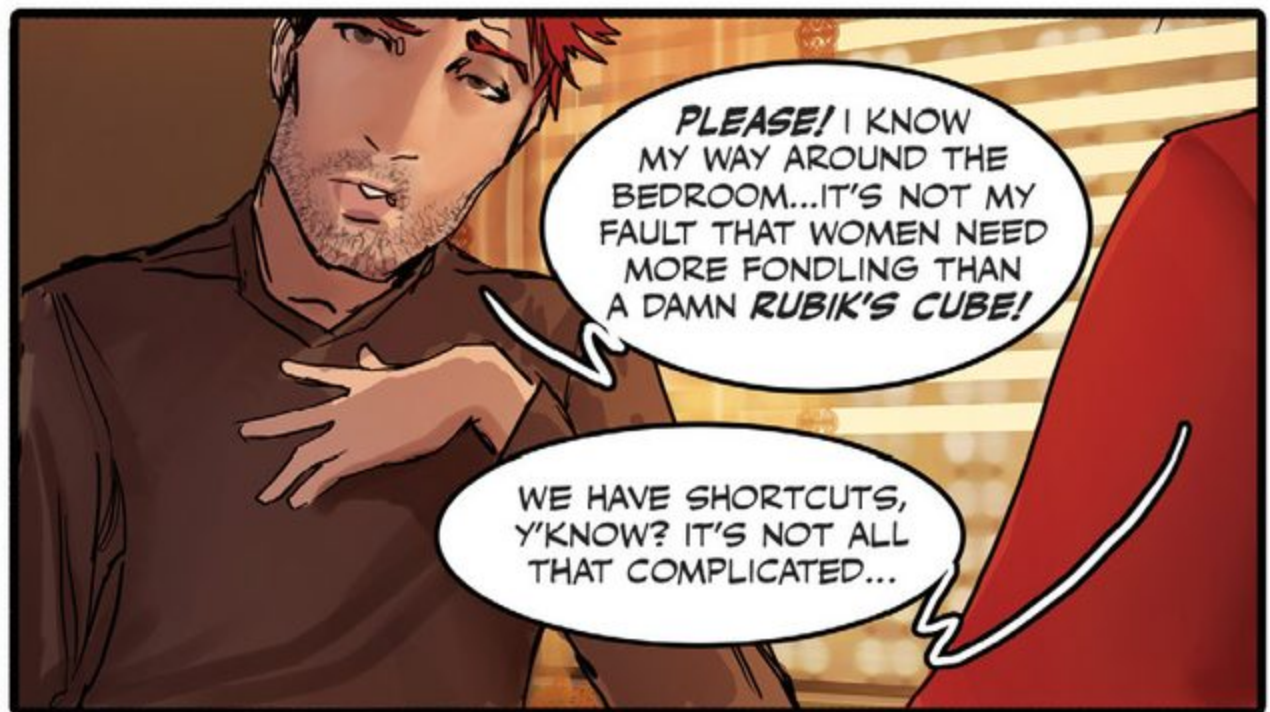
I SWEAR, BETTY, YOUR GENDER IS INSANE!



JUST AS MUCH AS YOURS IS *DUMB*.

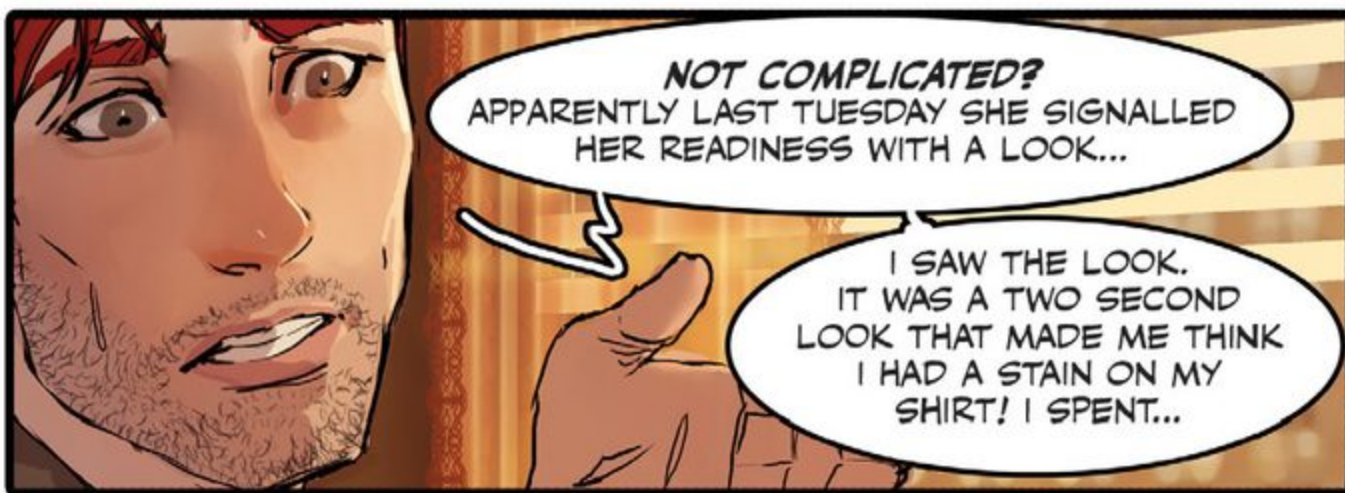
NOW, IF WE ARE DONE SPEWING BULLSHIT STEREOTYPES...

EVER THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NOT BE SCRATCHING HER SPECIFIC ITCHES?



PLEASE! I KNOW MY WAY AROUND THE BEDROOM...IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT WOMEN NEED MORE FONDLING THAN A DAMN RUBIK'S CUBE!

WE HAVE SHORTCUTS, Y'KNOW? IT'S NOT ALL THAT COMPLICATED...



NOT COMPLICATED? APPARENTLY LAST TUESDAY SHE SIGNALLED HER READINESS WITH A LOOK...

I SAW THE LOOK. IT WAS A TWO SECOND LOOK THAT MADE ME THINK I HAD A STAIN ON MY SHIRT! I SPENT...



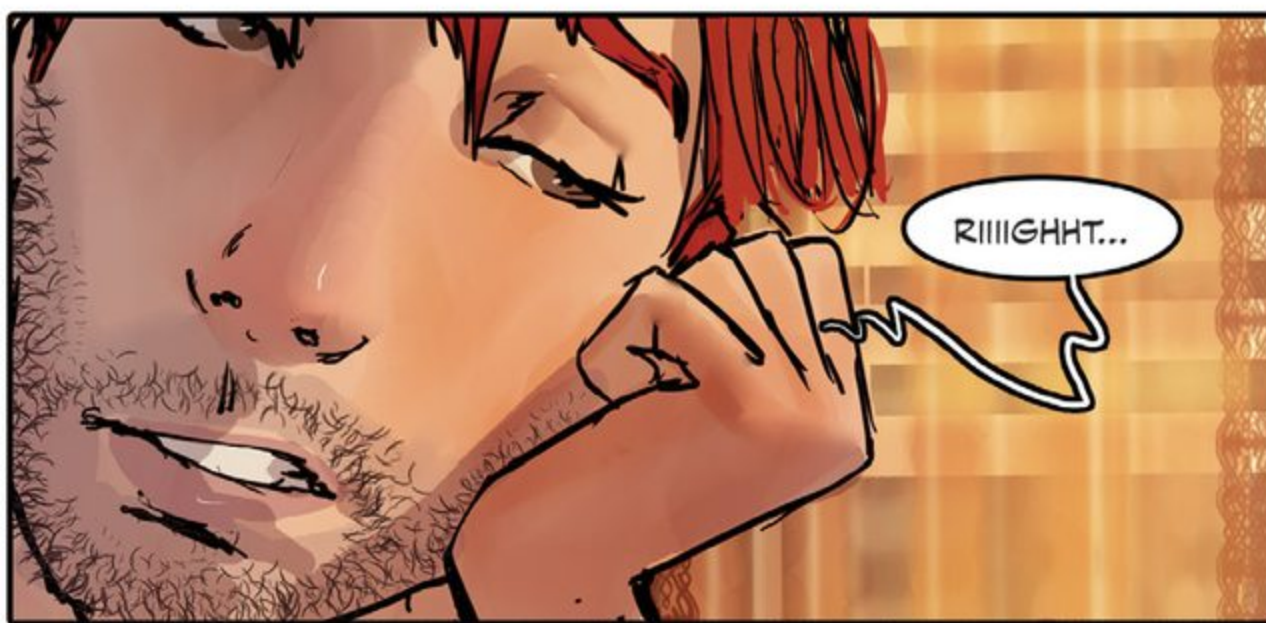
UMMM...SAY BETTY?

WHAT?

FASHION REALLY IS NOT MY FIELD OF EXPERTISE, BUT...WHAAAT'S WITH THE DOG COLLAR?



OH! UM...WHAT, THIS? IT'S JUST AN *ACCESSORY!* IT'S GROWING...Y'KNOW, IN POPULARITY...



RIIIIGHT...



ANYWAYS, DON'T GO SWITCHING TOPICS ON ME, MIKE! WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO NOW?



WAIT FOR HER TO COME BEGGING FOR MY FORGIVENESS, WHAT ELSE?

YEAH, THAT'S NOT HAPPENING. I DON'T NEED A ROOMMATE!

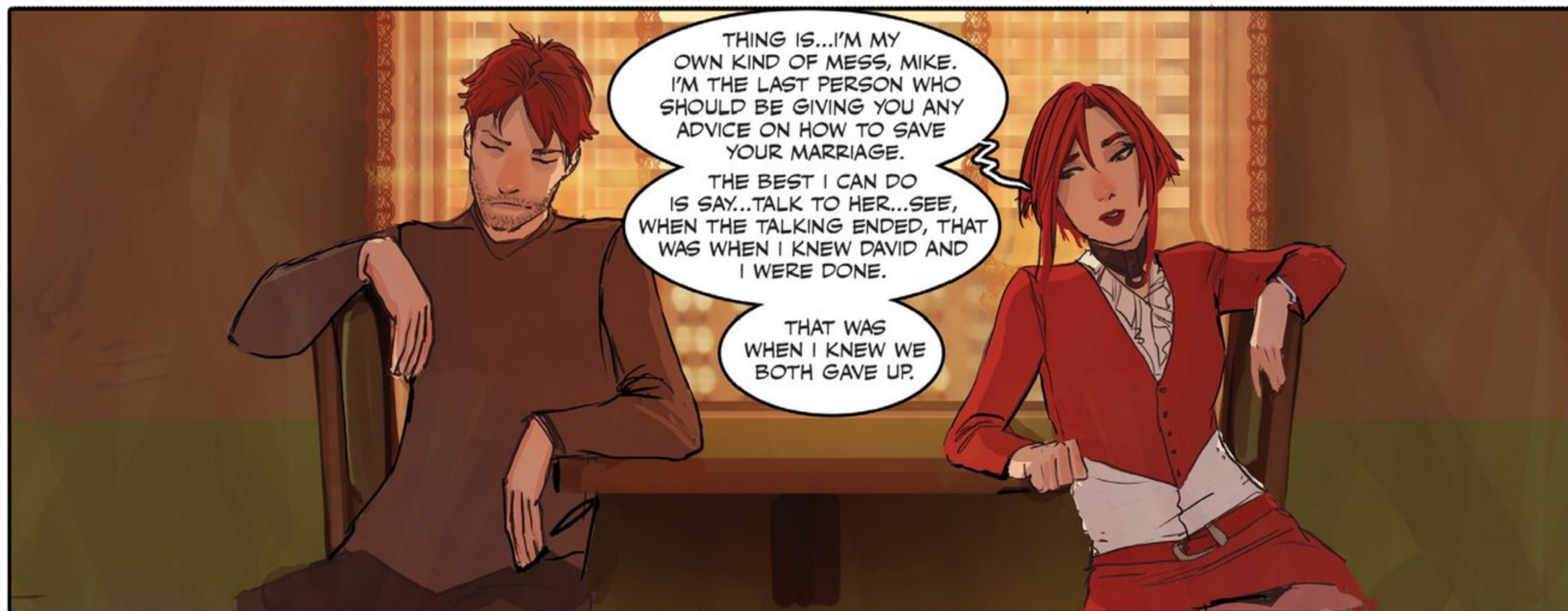
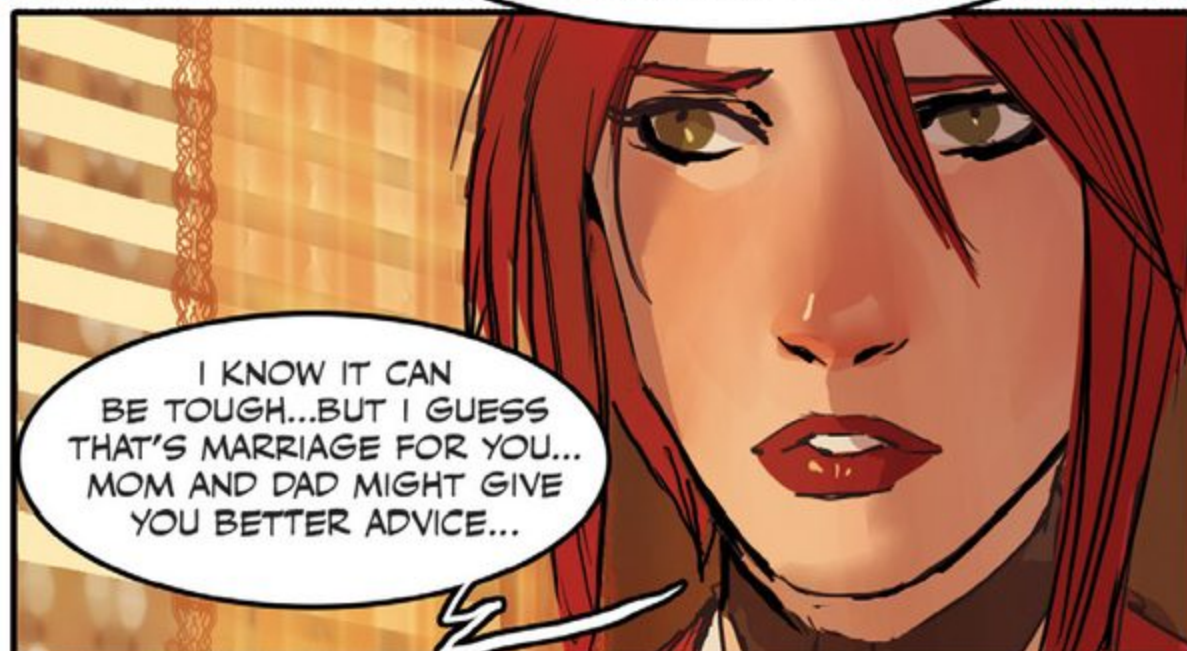
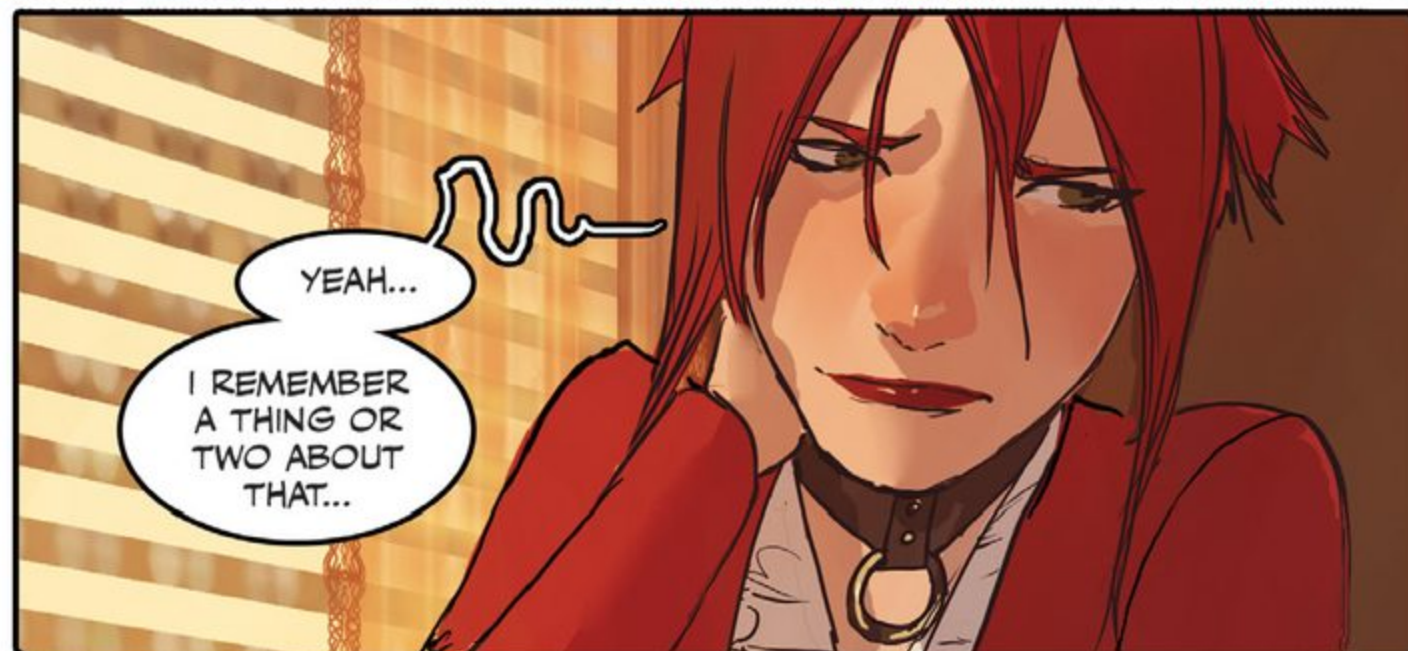
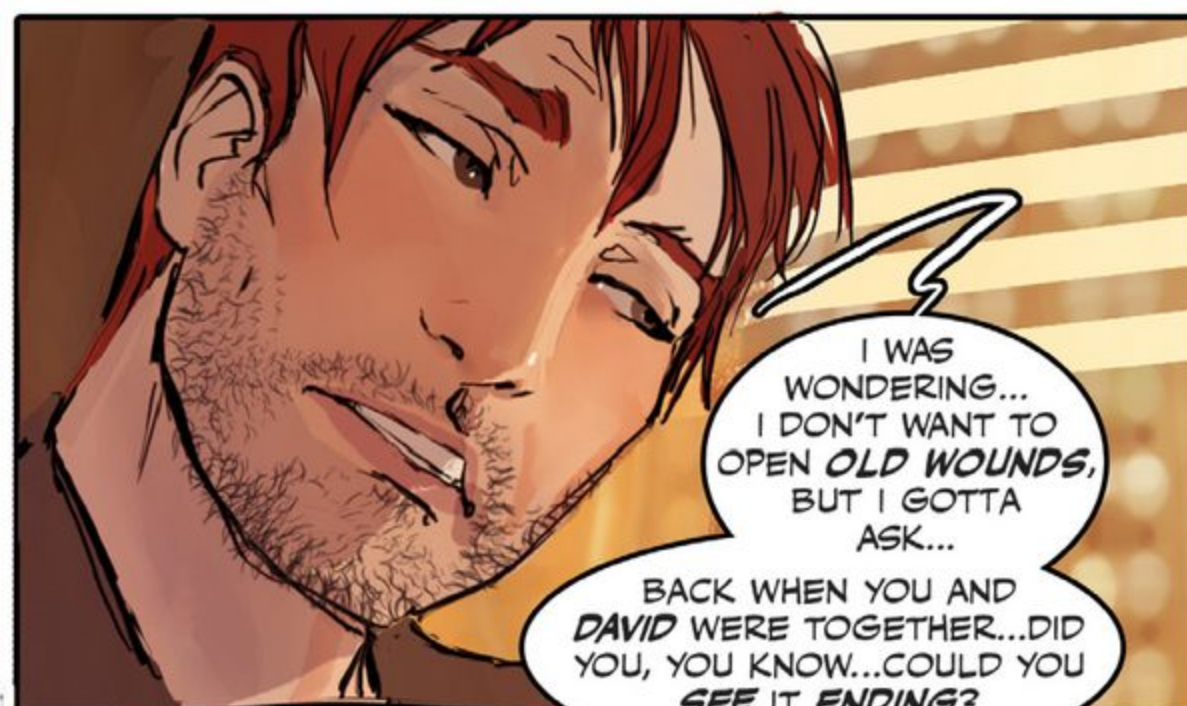


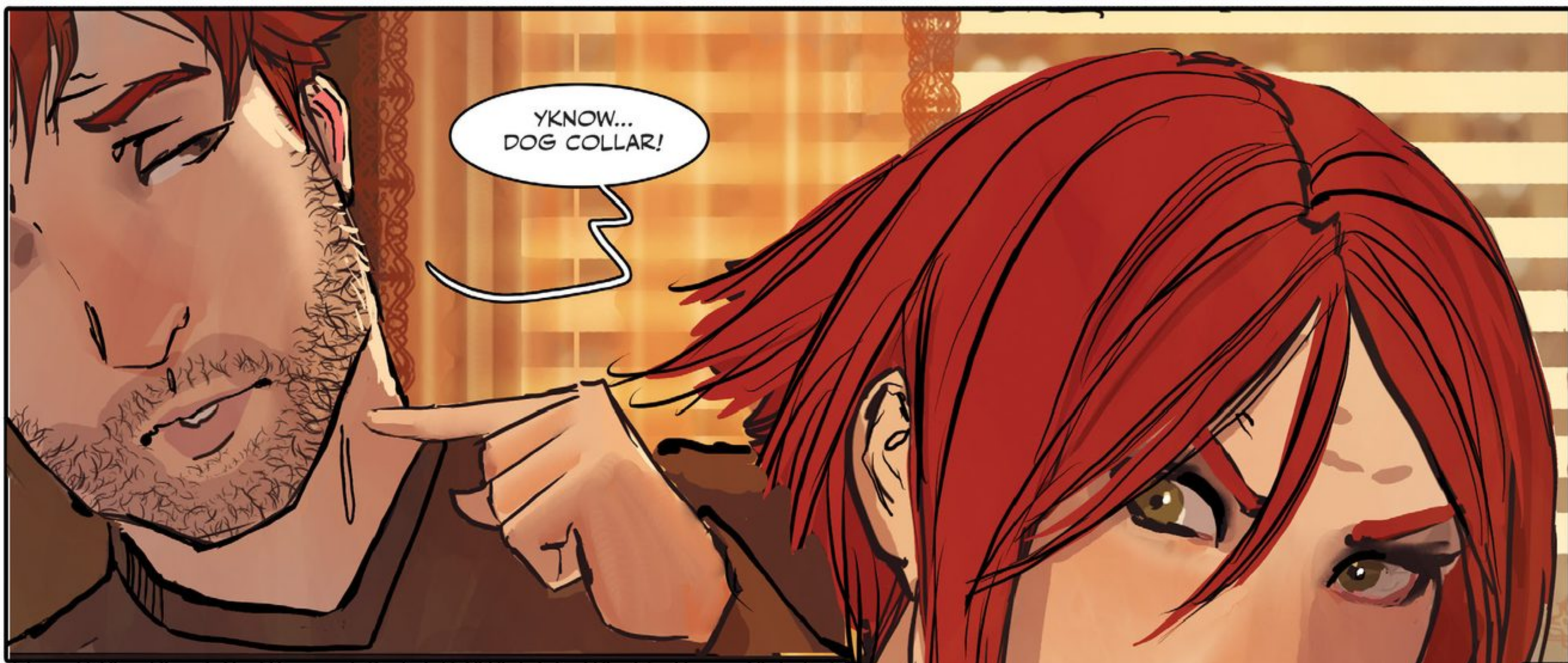
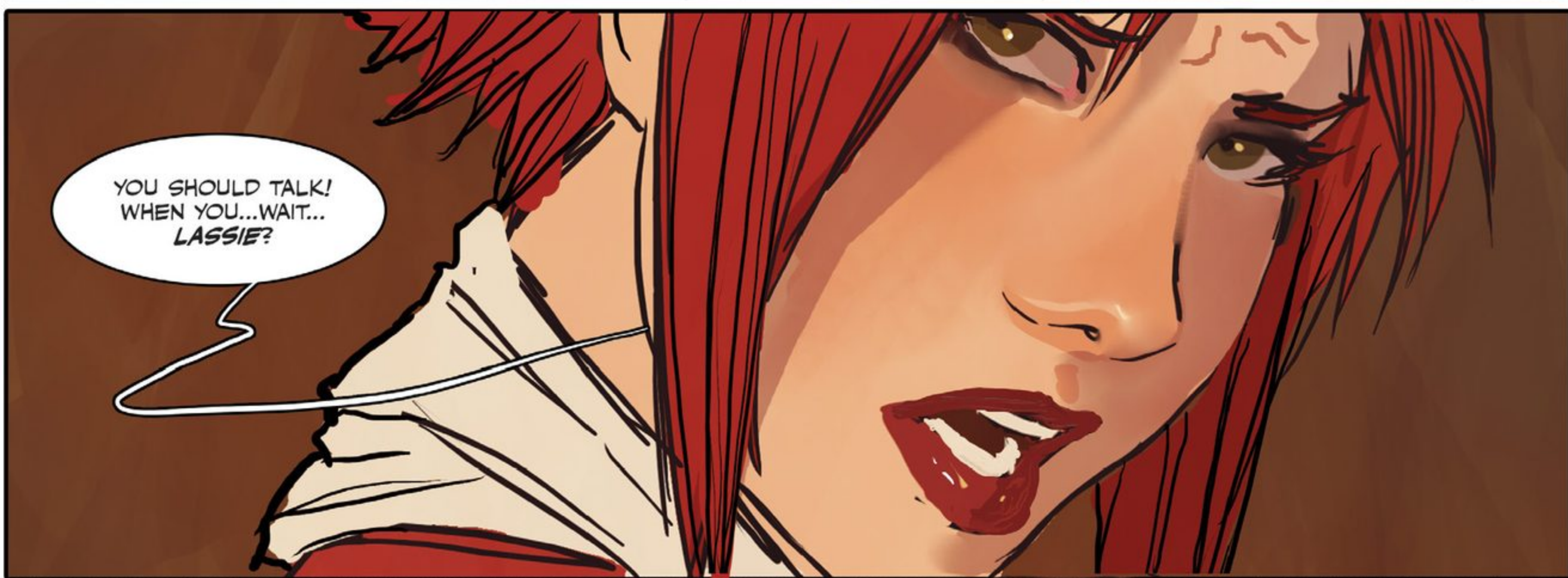
LISTEN, MIKE! I DO HAVE A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT, SO HERE'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN..

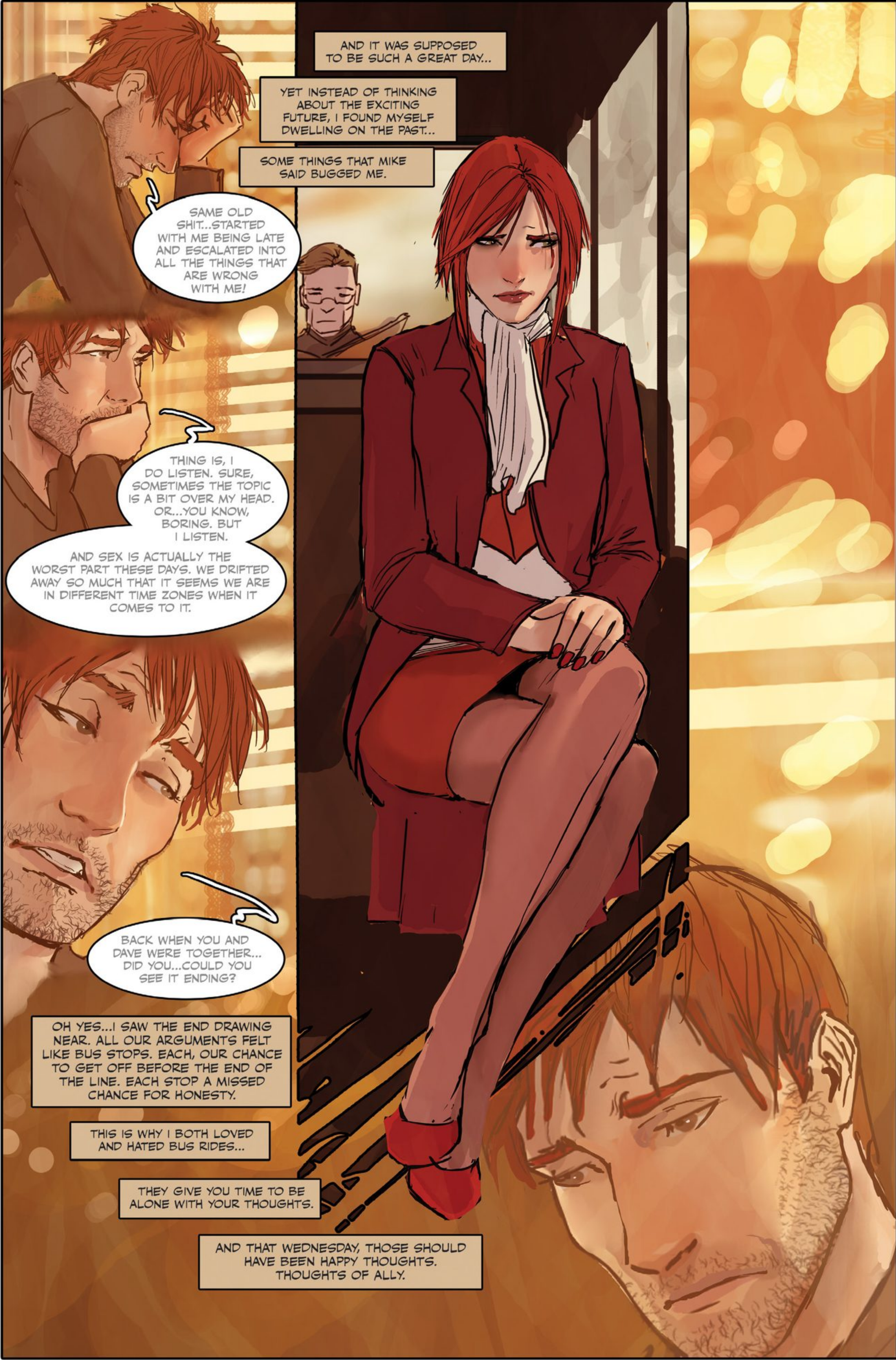


YOU ARE GONNA TAKE A SHOWER, SHAVE, SOBER UP A BIT MORE...

AND THEN YOU ARE GOING TO FIX THIS!







AND IT WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE SUCH A GREAT DAY...

YET INSTEAD OF THINKING
ABOUT THE EXCITING
FUTURE, I FOUND MYSELF
DWELLING ON THE PAST...

SOME THINGS THAT MIKE
SAID BUGGED ME.

SAME OLD
SHIT...STARTED
WITH ME BEING LATE
AND ESCALATED INTO
ALL THE THINGS THAT
ARE WRONG
WITH ME!

THING IS, I
DO LISTEN. SURE,
SOMETIMES THE TOPIC
IS A BIT OVER MY HEAD.
OR...YOU KNOW,
BORING. BUT
I LISTEN.

AND SEX IS ACTUALLY THE
WORST PART THESE DAYS. WE DRIFTED
AWAY SO MUCH THAT IT SEEMS WE ARE
IN DIFFERENT TIME ZONES WHEN IT
COMES TO IT.

BACK WHEN YOU AND
DAVE WERE TOGETHER...
DID YOU...COULD YOU
SEE IT ENDING?

OH YES...I SAW THE END DRAWING
NEAR. ALL OUR ARGUMENTS FELT
LIKE BUS STOPS. EACH, OUR CHANCE
TO GET OFF BEFORE THE END OF
THE LINE. EACH STOP A MISSED
CHANCE FOR HONESTY.

THIS IS WHY I BOTH LOVED
AND HATED BUS RIDES...

THEY GIVE YOU TIME TO BE
ALONE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS.

AND THAT WEDNESDAY, THOSE SHOULD
HAVE BEEN HAPPY THOUGHTS.
THOUGHTS OF ALLY.



YET THERE
I WAS...

THINKING OF
MY EX, DAVID.

I *LOVED* HIM
ONCE.

I *LIED* TO HIM
MANY TIMES.

COME ON, LISA,
WHAT'S WRONG? I'M
NOT AN IDIOT.

NOTHING, I'M
FINE!



DAVID, SERIOUSLY
EVERYTHING'S FINE.



LAST NIGHT
WAS BEYOND MY
WILDEST DREAMS...
REALLY!

I WAS TOO SCARED
TO SHARE MY DESIRES
WITH THE MAN I WAS
THINKING OF MARRYING...

HOW *FUCKED
UP* IS THAT?



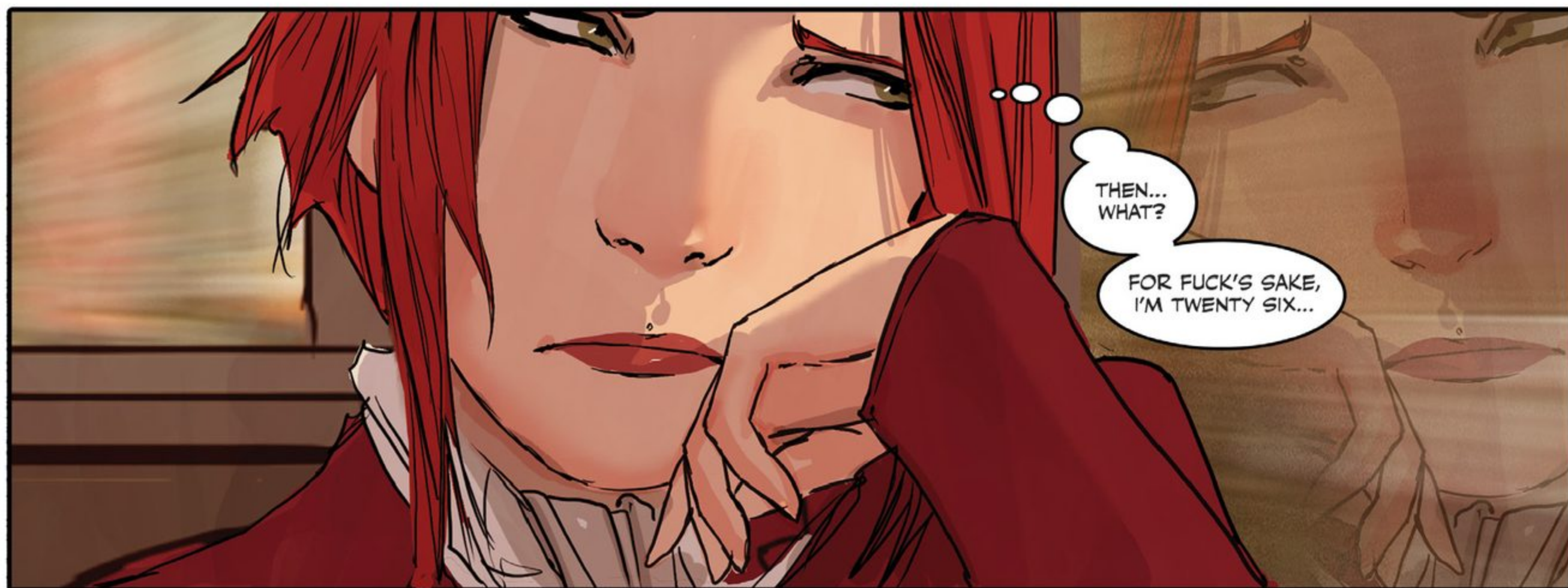
ALL THOSE *NOTHINGS*
AND *FINES*...



SIGH...

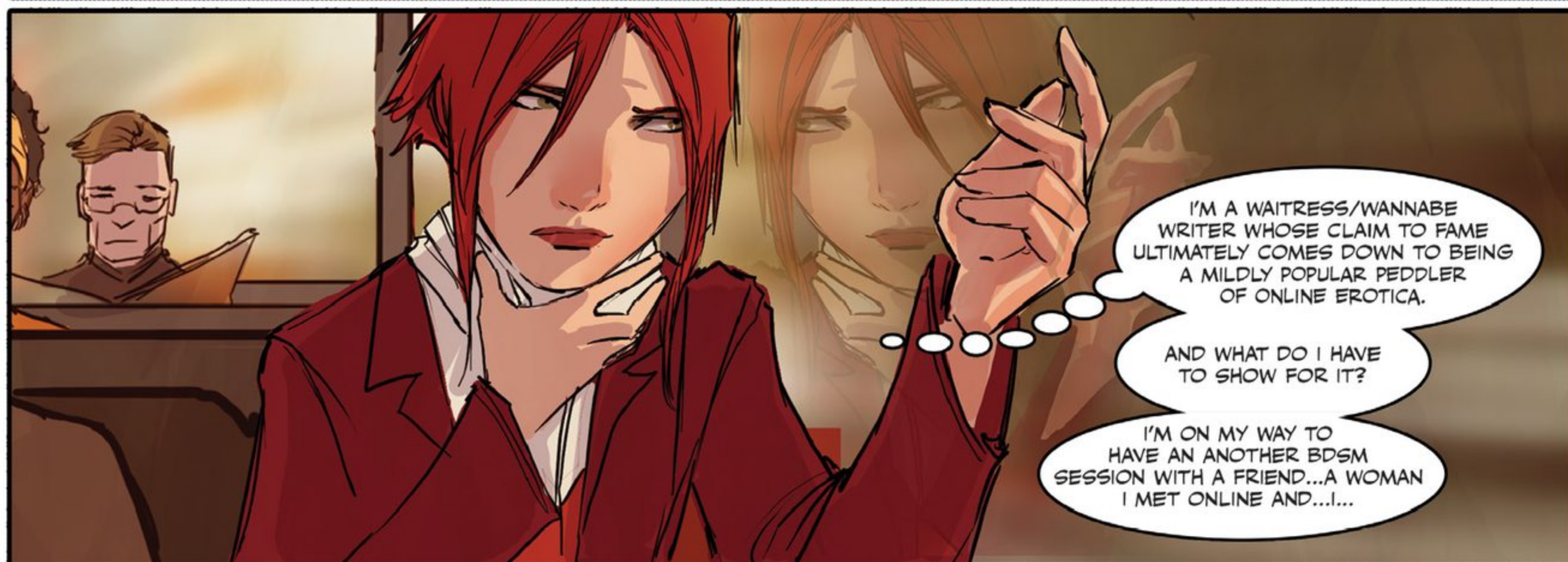
TWO YEARS DOWN
THE DRAIN...THEN TWO MORE
OF...WELL, *NOTHING*...

AND THEN...



THEN...
WHAT?

FOR FUCK'S SAKE,
I'M TWENTY SIX...



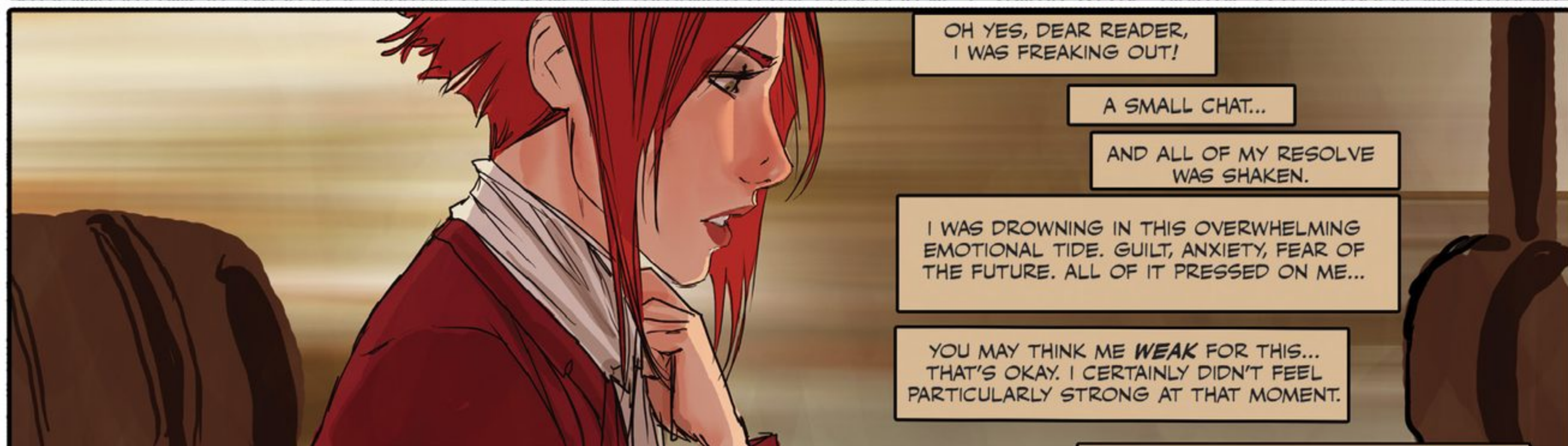
I'M A WAITRESS/WANNABE
WRITER WHOSE CLAIM TO FAME
ULTIMATELY COMES DOWN TO BEING
A MILDLY POPULAR PEDDLER
OF ONLINE EROTICA.

AND WHAT DO I HAVE
TO SHOW FOR IT?

I'M ON MY WAY TO
HAVE AN ANOTHER BDSM
SESSION WITH A FRIEND...A WOMAN
I MET ONLINE AND...I...



WHAT'S WRONG
WITH ME?



OH YES, DEAR READER,
I WAS FREAKING OUT!

A SMALL CHAT...

AND ALL OF MY RESOLVE
WAS SHAKEN.

I WAS DROWNING IN THIS OVERWHELMING
EMOTIONAL TIDE. GUILT, ANXIETY, FEAR OF
THE FUTURE. ALL OF IT PRESSED ON ME...

YOU MAY THINK ME *WEAK* FOR THIS...
THAT'S OKAY. I CERTAINLY DIDN'T FEEL
PARTICULARLY STRONG AT THAT MOMENT.

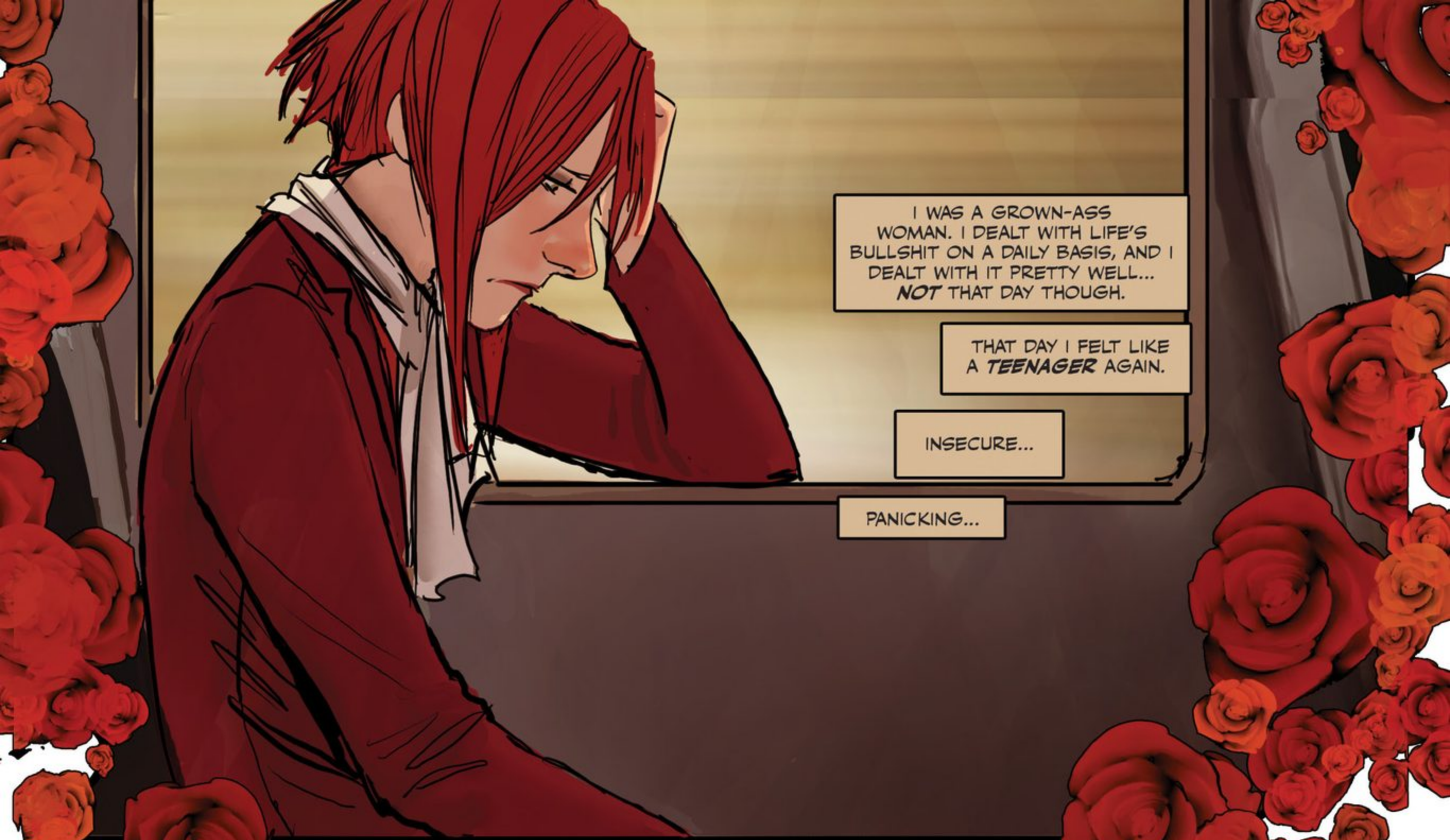


THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
PEOPLE AND *WRITTEN CHARACTERS*.
PEOPLE OFTEN MAKE FAR LESS SENSE.

AND YES! IN HINDSIGHT, MY MELTDOWN
CERTAINLY FEELS *SENSELESS*...

YET, IT ALSO FELT JUSTIFIED TO ME
THAT DAY. FUNNY HOW THAT WORKS.

EVEN THE *COLLAR* I WORE SO
HAPPILY JUST OVER A WEEK AGO
SUDDENLY FELT *TIGHT*...
UNCOMFORTABLE...



I WAS A GROWN-ASS WOMAN. I DEALT WITH LIFE'S BULLSHIT ON A DAILY BASIS, AND I DEALT WITH IT PRETTY WELL... *NOT* THAT DAY THOUGH.

THAT DAY I FELT LIKE A *TEENAGER* AGAIN.

INSECURE...

PANICKING...



I ENTERED THE BUS THINKING OF HOW MUCH I WAS GONNA *ENJOY* THE REST OF THE DAY...

I EXITED THINKING... MAYBE I SHOULD *END* THIS...



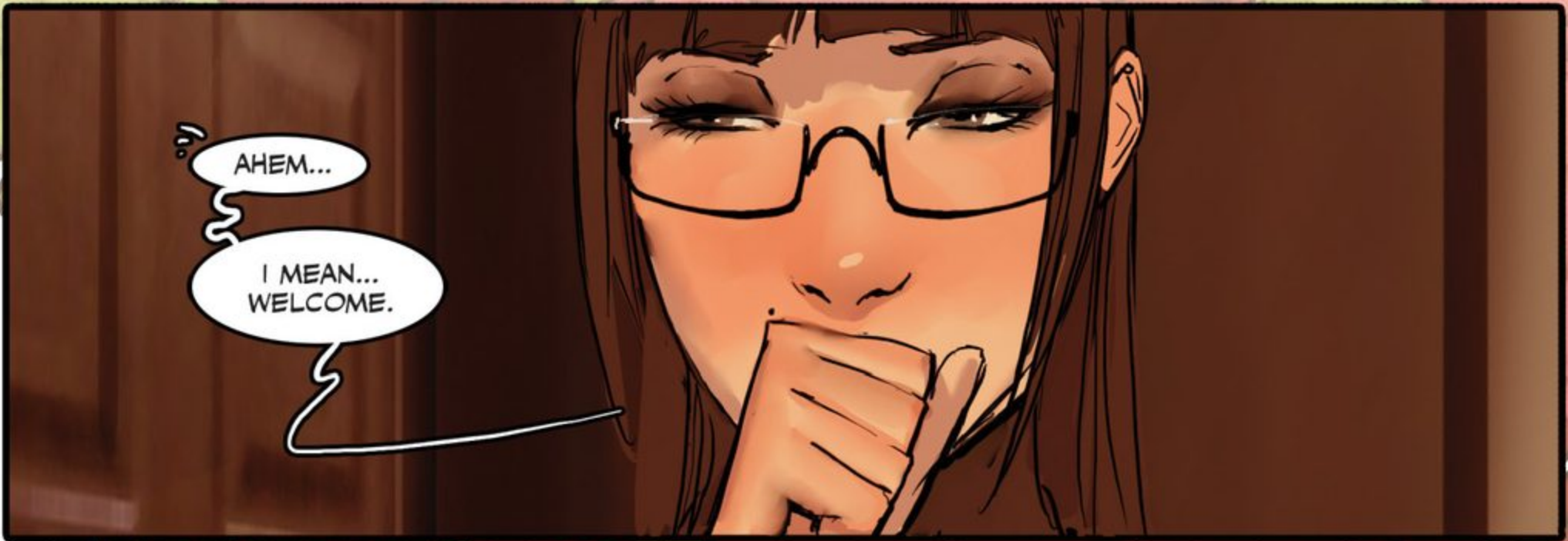
I MEAN...IT'S ALL ONE BIG *NO FUTURE* SELF DELUSION.



BETTER END IT NOW... FOR ALLY'S SAKE TOO...



YES...



FEAR OF
WHAT THE FUTURE
MIGHT BRING...

C'MERE!

IN THAT
MOMENT,
SHE MADE IT
ALL GO AWAY.

I KNEW THEN WHAT
CAUSED MY BUS FREAKOUT.
IT WASN'T ABOUT
REGRETTING THE PAST.

IT WAS *HER*!

ALLISON...

SHE WAS THE STRANGE
OUTCOME OF MY LIFE'S
CROSSROADS, OF MY
MISTAKES AND MY
SUCCESSES...

I WAS FALLING
FOR HER. HARD!

I FEARED IT BECAUSE
IT WAS TOO FAST, AND
IT WAS TOO WONDERFUL.

I FEARED THE
FEELING I REFUSED
TO NAME.

SO I JUST CALLED
IT A CRUSH.

AND I CALLED HER
MY FRIEND.

I MISSED
YOU!

SO YEAH! I QUICKLY
GAVE UP ON THE WHOLE
GIVING UP THING. I MEAN,
I COULDN'T JUST
ABANDON MY...FRIEND.



SO, AFTER MY LITTLE FREAKOUT AND THE SUBSEQUENT SAPPINESS, I GUESS THE TIME HAS FINALLY COME TO ADDRESS THE FLOGGER-CARRYING ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM: THE PUNISHMENT AND DISCIPLINE ASPECT OF BDSM.

I GAVE THIS QUITE A BIT OF THOUGHT OVER TIME AND CAME UP WITH A CONCLUSION THAT I CAN ONLY OFFER MY *PERSONAL* INSIGHT INTO IT.

I WAS A *MODERATELY MASOCHISTIC* SUBMISSIVE. BY THAT I MEAN I LOVED THE DISCIPLINE ASPECT AS A FUN *SPICE* TO THE GAME...TO A CERTAIN DEGREE.

TO PUT THIS METAPHORICALLY...
HOT SAUCE, YES!
GHOST PEPPERS, FUCK NO!

SO, WHAT DID IT FEEL LIKE?

WELL, IT DEPENDS ON THE TOOLS. A HAND FEELS DIFFERENT THAN A PADDLE OR A FLOGGER. ALLY DIDN'T LIKE LONGER WHIPS AS THEY REQUIRED PRACTICE AND COULD BE AN ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN.

HAND SPANKING WAS OKAY...UNLESS SHE ANGLED HER HAND WRONG...THAT WOULD TURN A BITING YET ODDLY PLEASANT STING INTO AN UNPLEASANT DULL PAIN.

TRUST ME, THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

I LIKED PADDLES, THE SOUND AND THE FEEL OF THEM. THEY HURT, BUT...IT'S A STINGING PAIN THAT MAKES YOUR BUTT FEEL TINGLY AND HOT.

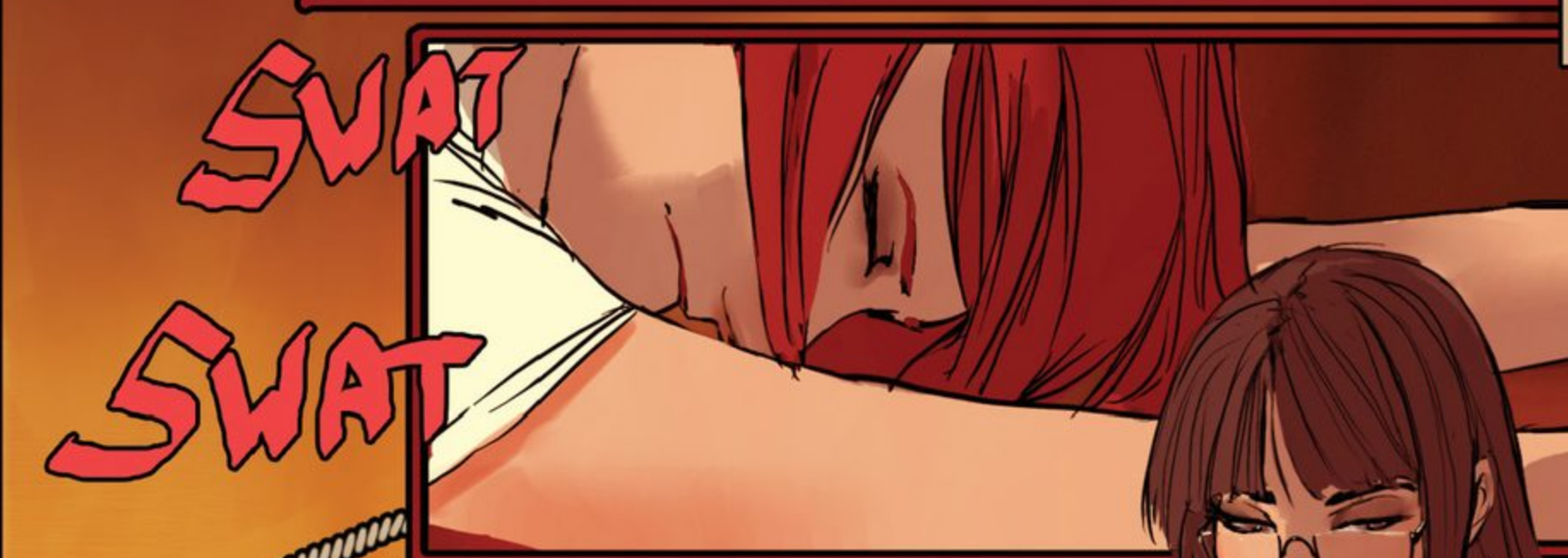
I *DO* RECOMMEND!

AND THEN THERE IS MY PERSONAL FAVORITE, *THE FLOGGER!*

WONDERFULLY TENDER AND SENSUAL WHEN NEEDED, AND POWERFULLY BITING WHEN REQUIRED!

AND NOW FOR THE MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION: WHY?

AGAIN, MY PERSONAL REASONS: I LIKE THE FEELING OF SURRENDER, THE ADRENALINE RUSH FROM NOT KNOWING WHAT COMES NEXT, PLEASURE OR PAIN...AND THEN THERE IS A BIT OF GOOD OLD *GUILT!*



THE WAY I SEE IT, THERE IS A BURDEN OF SOCIETALLY PROGRAMMED *GUILT* MANY OF US FEEL ABOUT OUR SEXUALITY.

SOME OF US *LIVE* WITH IT, OTHERS *SHAKE IT OFF...*

ME? I USE THAT SHIT TO *FUEL* MY ORGASMS!

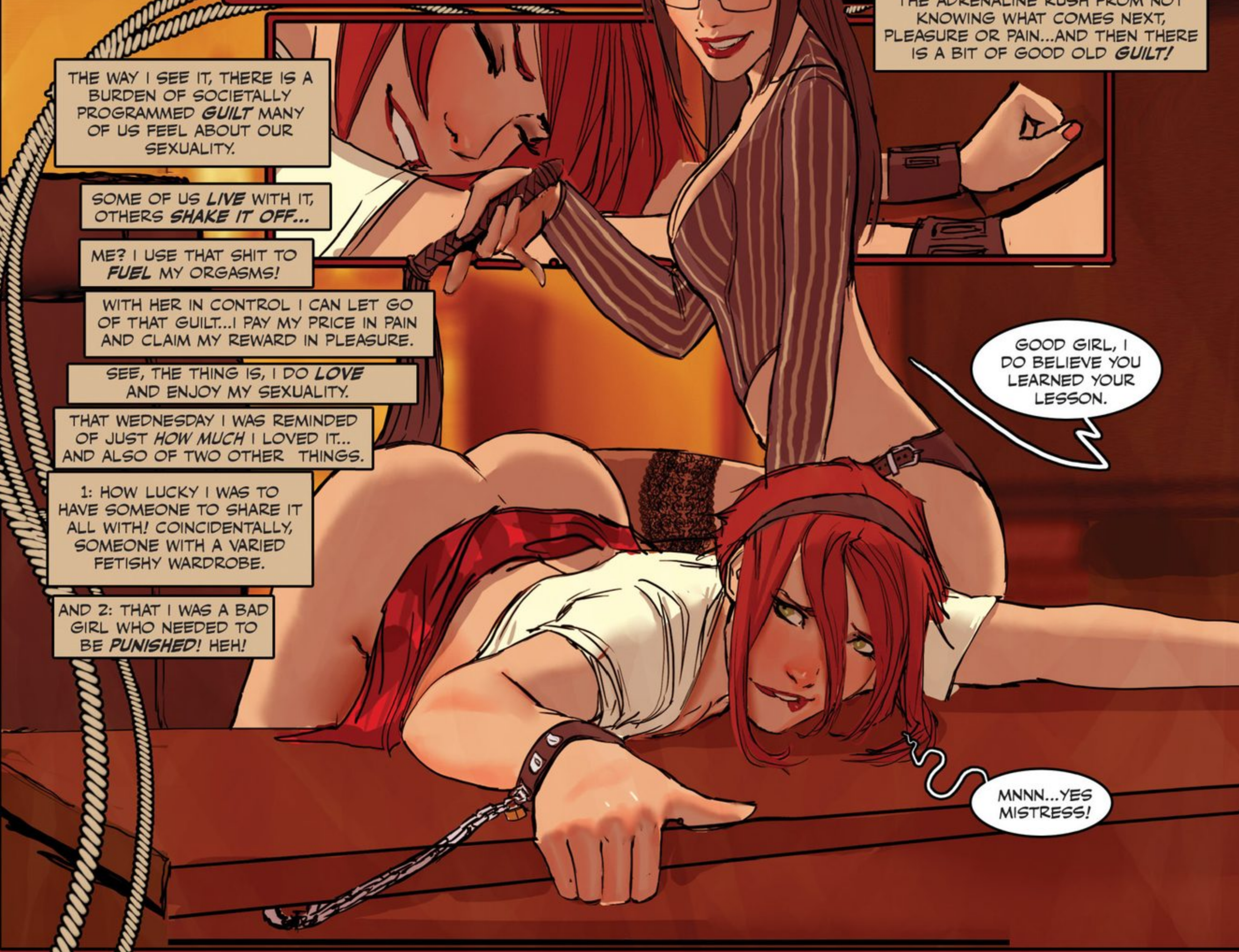
WITH HER IN CONTROL I CAN LET GO OF THAT *GUILT*...I PAY MY PRICE IN PAIN AND CLAIM MY REWARD IN PLEASURE.

SEE, THE THING IS, I *DO LOVE* AND ENJOY MY SEXUALITY.

THAT WEDNESDAY I WAS REMINDED OF JUST *HOW MUCH* I LOVED IT... AND ALSO OF TWO OTHER THINGS.

1: HOW LUCKY I WAS TO HAVE SOMEONE TO SHARE IT ALL WITH! COINCIDENTALLY, SOMEONE WITH A VARIED FETISHY WARDROBE.

AND 2: THAT I WAS A BAD GIRL WHO NEEDED TO BE *PUNISHED!* HEH!



GOOD GIRL, I DO BELIEVE YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON.

MNNN...YES MISTRESS!



AND NOW,
I'LL NEED YOU TO
HOLD ONTO MY FLOGGER...
AND WHATEVER YOU DO,
DON'T DROP IT.

AWKK...



TIME TO
REWARD YOU FOR
TAKING YOUR
LICKS!

GNNNNN!

AAAAANYWAYS...

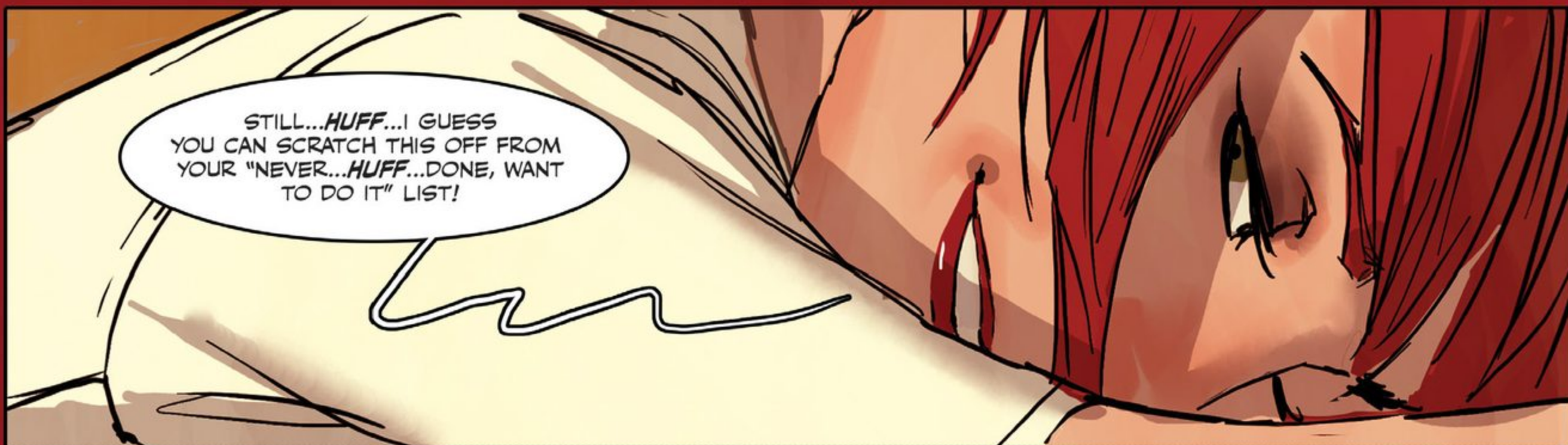


A...BIT
LATER.

HUFF...Y'KNOW...PUFF
I HAVE A NEW...**HUFF**, NEWFOUND
RESPECT FOR GUYS!

PANT...MY
NONEXISTANT...**HUFF**,
ABS ARE GONNA BE
SORE...**HUFF**...IN
THE MORNING..

PANT...NOT...
JUST YOUR ABS...



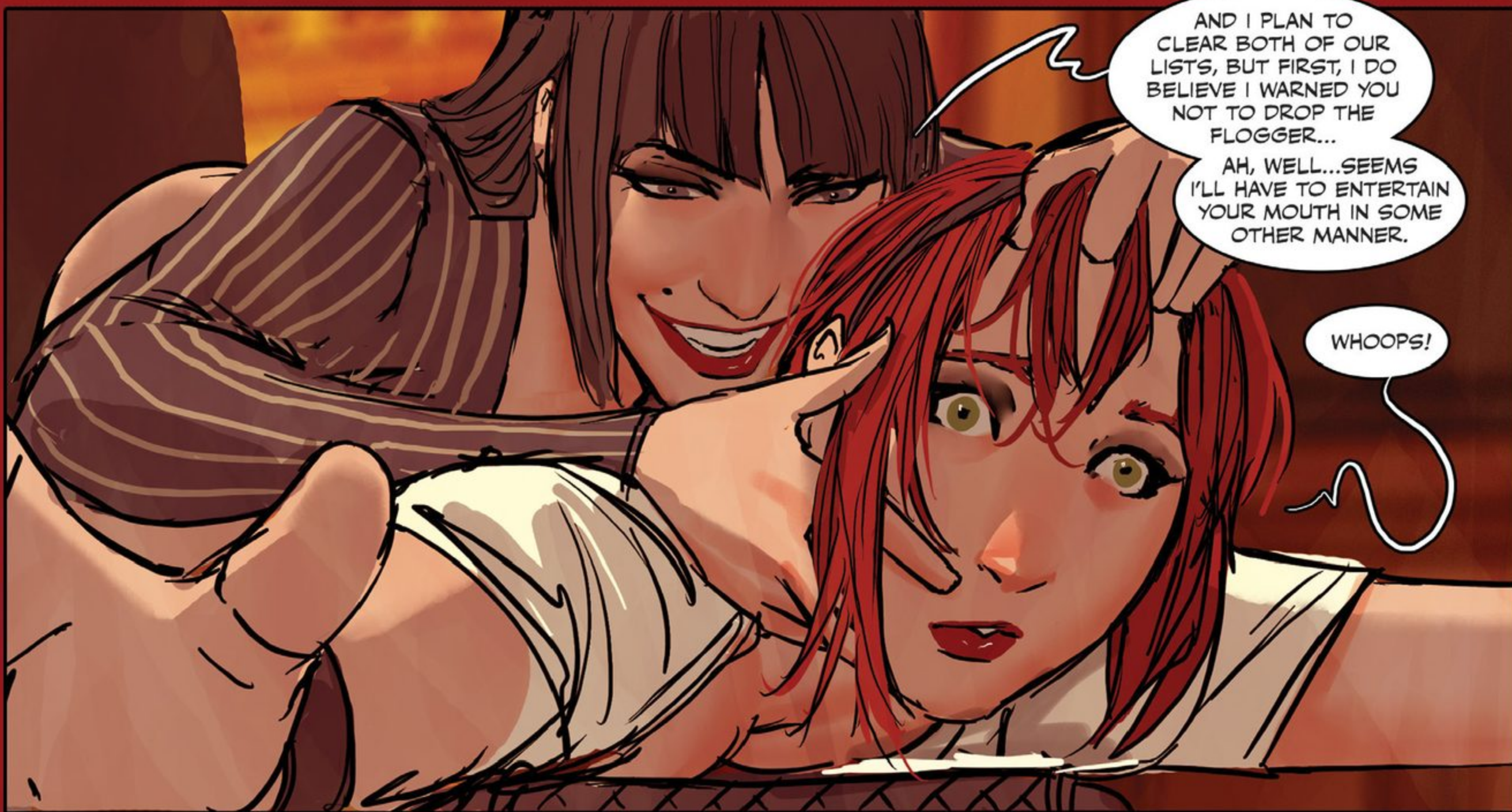
STILL...*HUFF*...I GUESS YOU CAN SCRATCH THIS OFF FROM YOUR "NEVER...*HUFF*...DONE, WANT TO DO IT" LIST!



PHEW...IT'S A LONG LIST, THOUGH!



SO IS MINE!



AND I PLAN TO CLEAR BOTH OF OUR LISTS, BUT FIRST, I DO BELIEVE I WARNED YOU NOT TO DROP THE FLOGGER...
AH, WELL...SEEMS I'LL HAVE TO ENTERTAIN YOUR MOUTH IN SOME OTHER MANNER.

WHOOPS!

MEANWHILE, IN ANNE'S APARTMENT...

SO...UM...THAT REALLY *DOES* IT FOR YOU?

OH YES, IT'LL LOOK *AMAZING!*

N-NO, I MEAN ALL THAT GETTING *TIED UP* AND WHIPPED STUFF.

WELL, YEAH! I TOLD YOU, IT'S JUST A BIT OF FUN ROLEPLAY.

COULD HAVE FOOLED ME...

LEMME GUESS, *GOOGLED* IT?

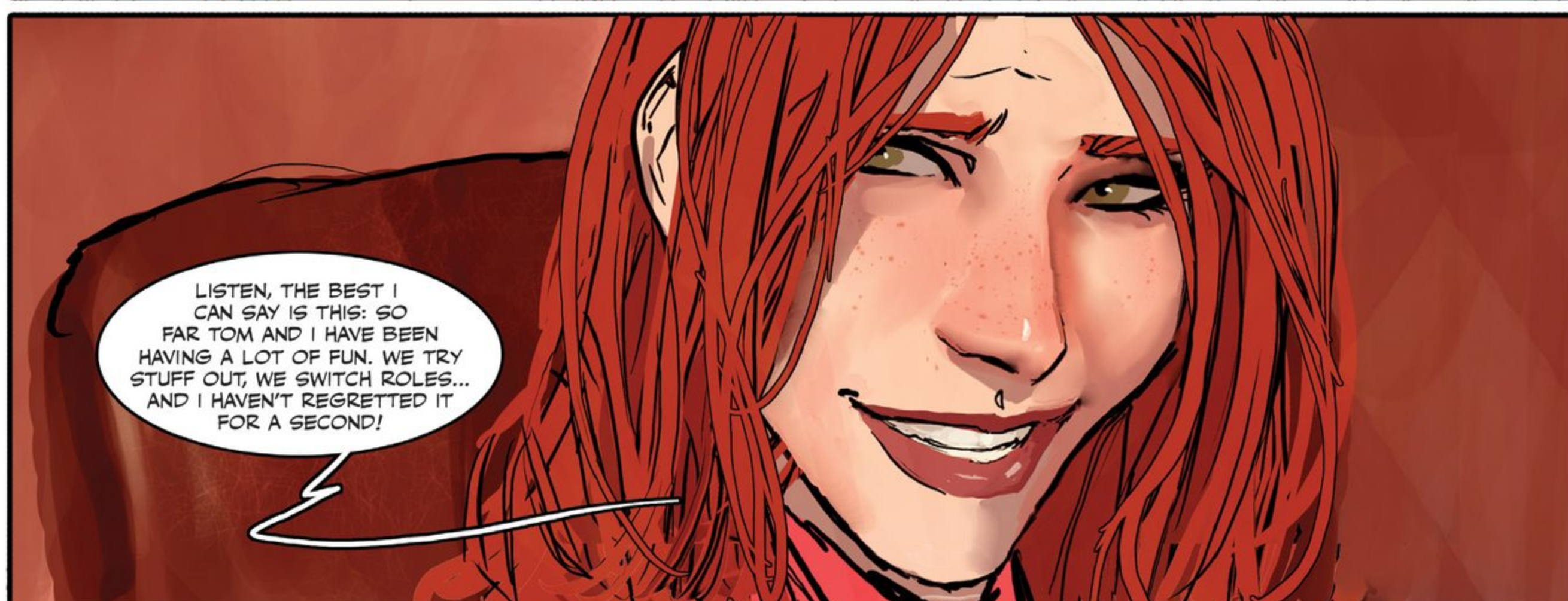
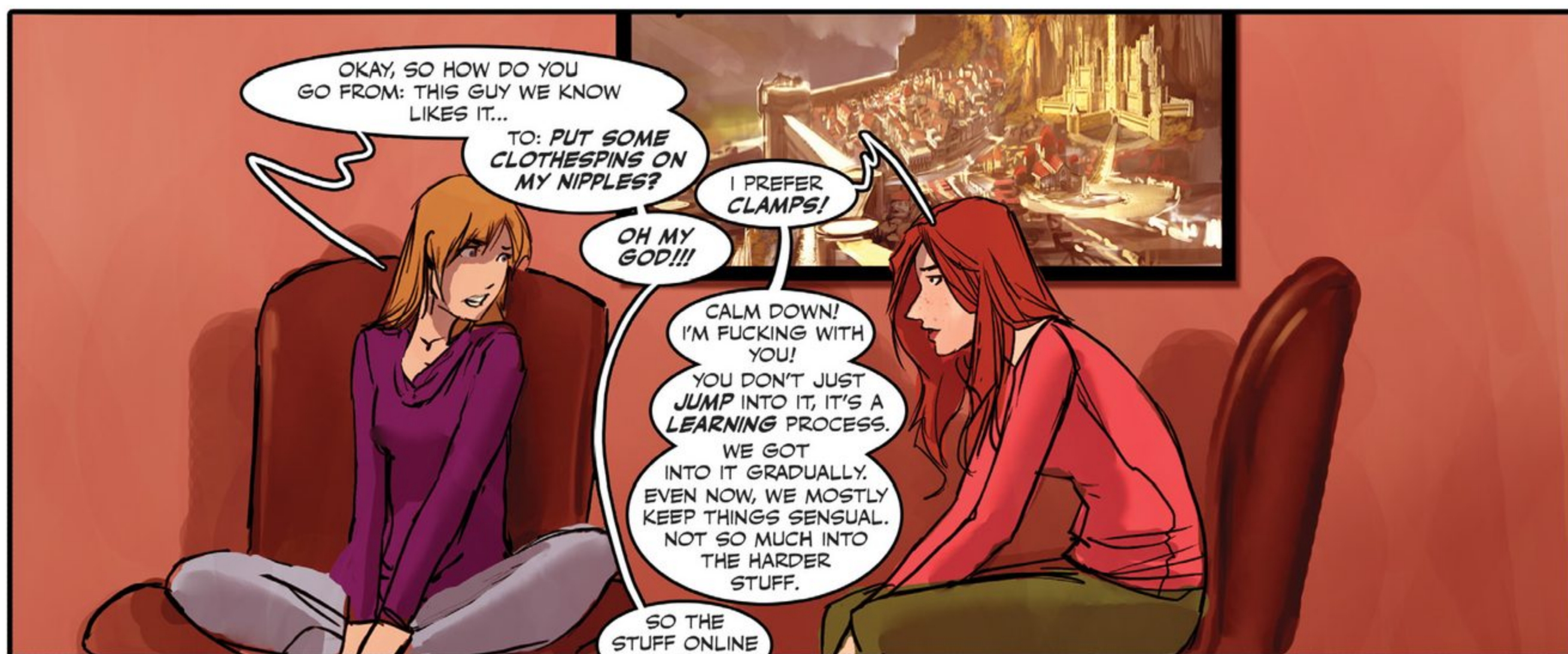
MEBBE?

SIGH...

WHAT CAN I SAY? I *LIKE* IT, OKAY?

BUT...WHY? HOW? WHEN???

OKAY, OKAY! IT STARTED A FEW YEARS AGO - *CHRIS* AND HIS FRIEND *ALAN* STARTED MAKING THAT STUFF YOU SAW IN THE CLUB. INITIALLY I WAS WEIRDED OUT, BUT THEN I MET *ALAN*. TOM AND I BOTH BEFRIENDED HIM ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...HE WAS VERY *OPEN* ABOUT THIS WHOLE BDSM THING.





IT IS ACTUALLY STRANGELY
LIBERATING TO BE TIED UP. YOU
SURRENDER, AND COMPLETELY
TRUST YOUR PARTNER.



AND ALSO SUBMITTING IS
REEEALLY EXCITING...



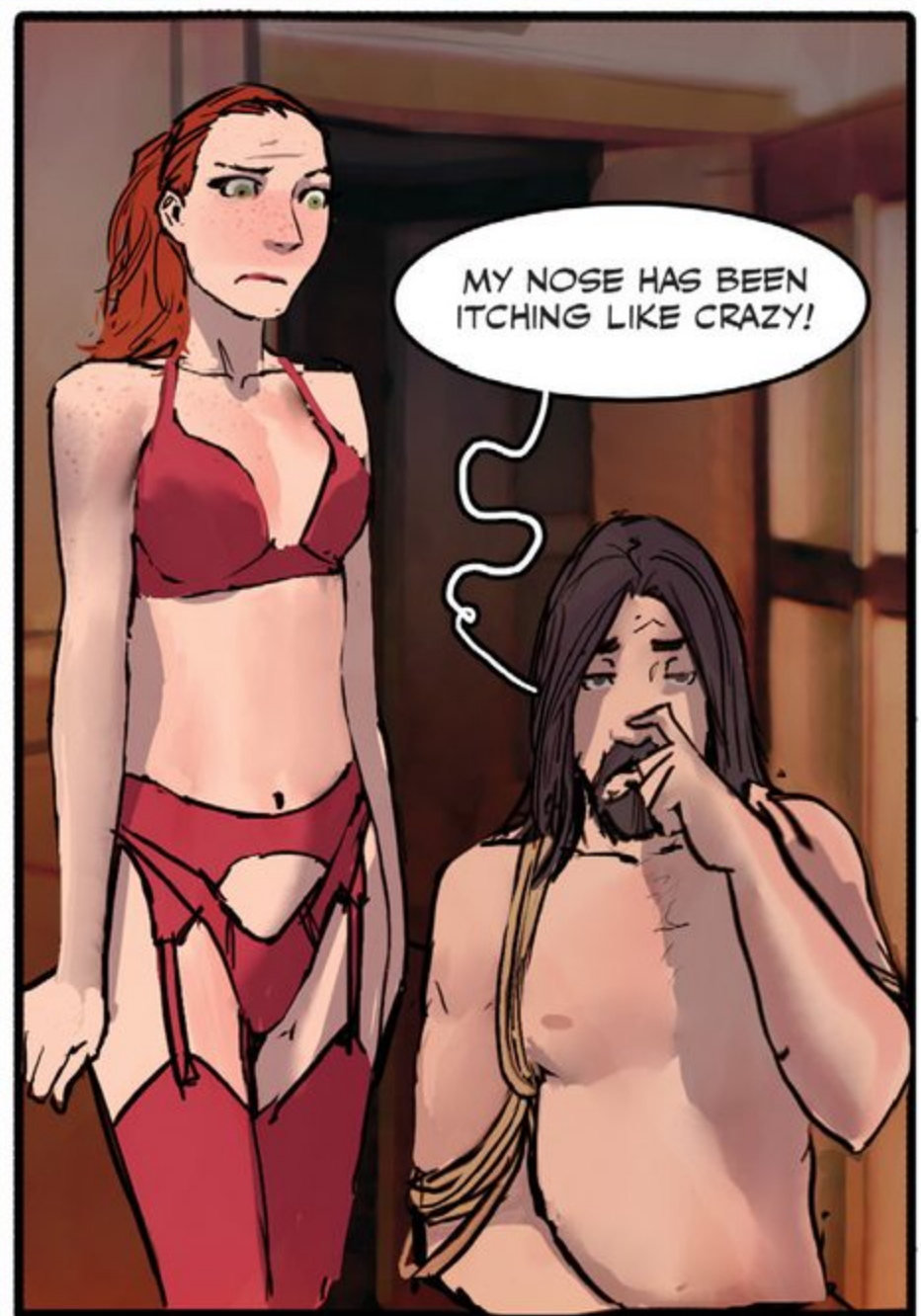
AND DOMINATING...
FEELS SO EMPOWERING...
BUT ALSO STRANGELY
GENEROUS AS YOU ULTIMATELY
REWARD YOUR PARTNER.

ANNND DONE!

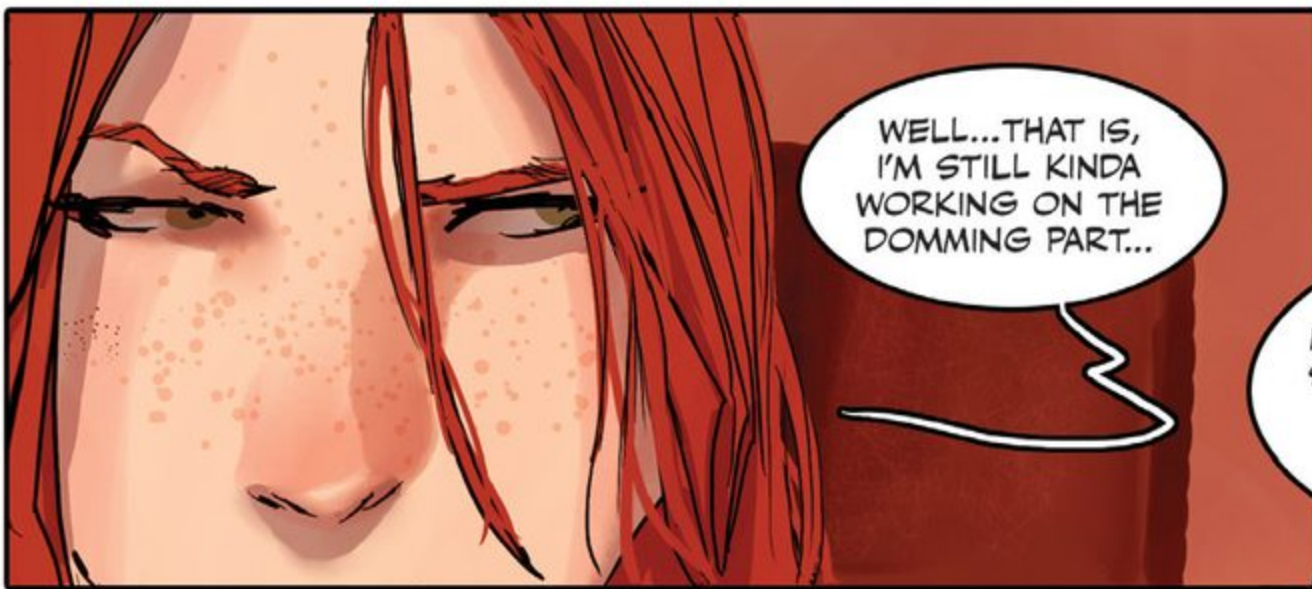


AND NOW...
YOU ARE MY
HELPLESS LITTLE
TOY! HEH HEH!

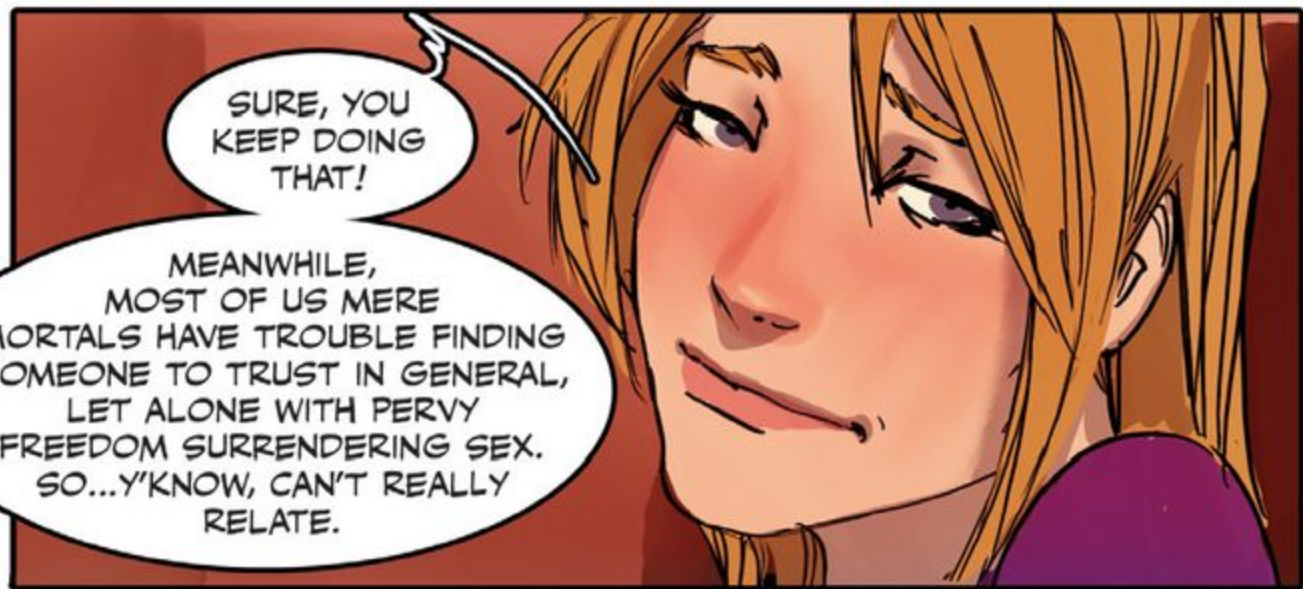
UH HUH, UM
JUST GIMME
A SEC!



MY NOSE HAS BEEN
ITCHING LIKE CRAZY!



WELL...THAT IS, I'M STILL KINDA WORKING ON THE DOMMING PART...



SURE, YOU KEEP DOING THAT!

MEANWHILE, MOST OF US MERE MORTALS HAVE TROUBLE FINDING SOMEONE TO TRUST IN GENERAL, LET ALONE WITH PERVY FREEDOM SURRENDERING SEX. SO...Y'KNOW, CAN'T REALLY RELATE.



SIGH...

RE-DUM-DE-DUM-DING



MMMYELLOW?

HEY ALAN, DID YOU FINISH MAKING THAT GIFT FOR LISA?

YEAH, BUT YOU SAID YOU'LL NEED IT FOR THE WEEKEND.

UH-HUH, CHANGE OF PLANS, YOU FREE?



WELL, I GUESS I COULD GET ALL THESE GIRLS OUT OF HERE AND DROP IT OFF.

IN AN HOUR OKAY?

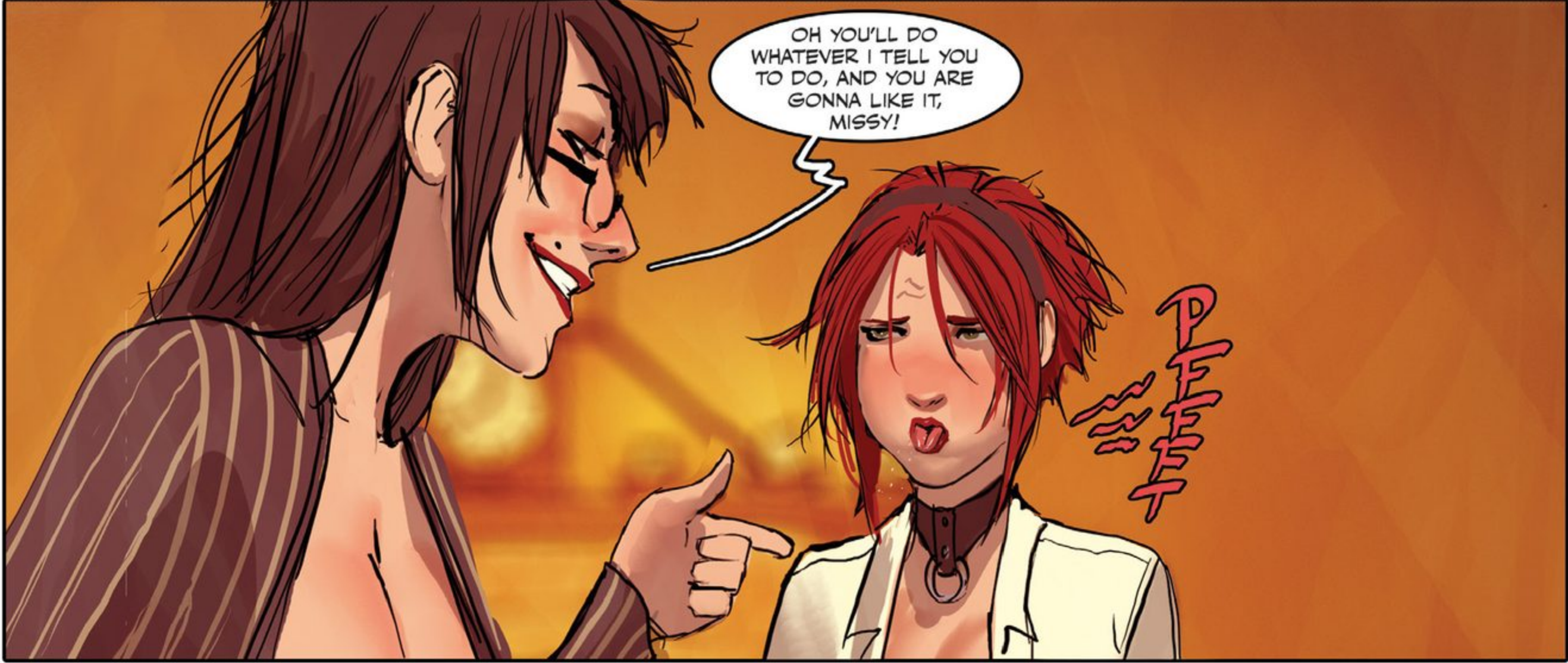
PERFECT! OH, AND SAY HI TO THE GIRLS!

FUNNY!



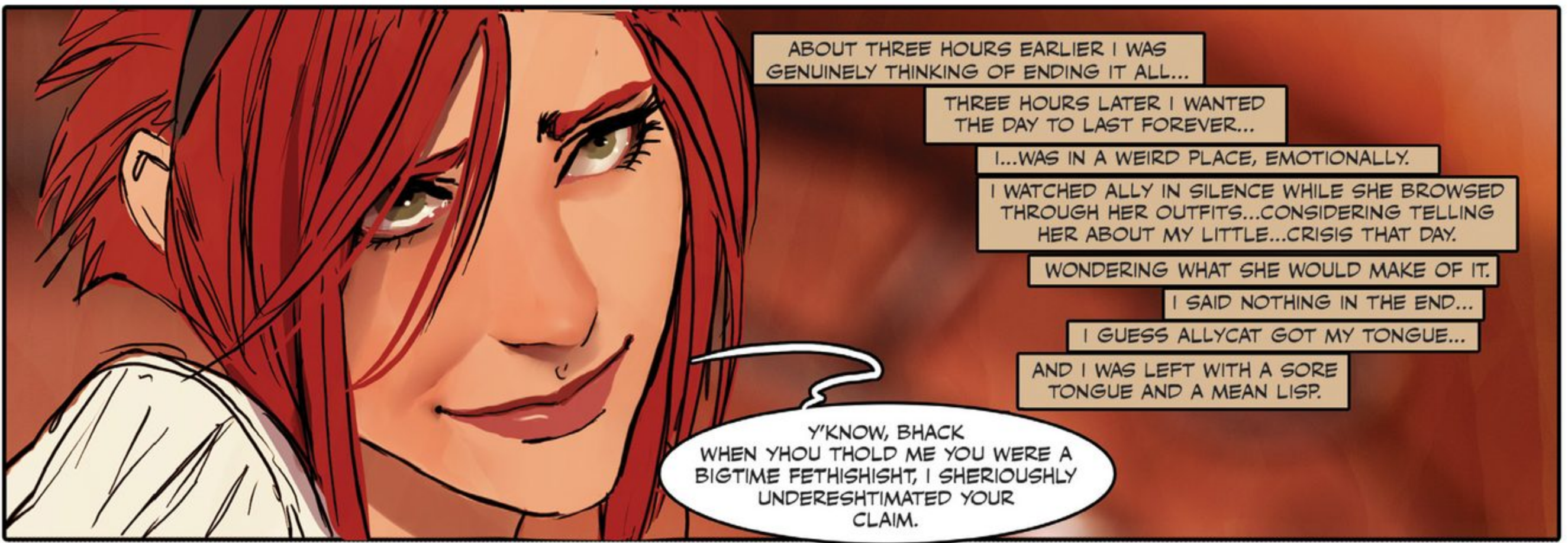
YESSS! HE IS COMING!

YEASH...OW... I'M GONNA SHTAY TONIGHT, BUT I'M NOT GOING DOWN ON YOU ANYMORE, MY TONGUE ISH ALL NUMB!



OH YOU'LL DO WHATEVER I TELL YOU TO DO, AND YOU ARE GONNA LIKE IT, MISSY!

PFFFT



ABOUT THREE HOURS EARLIER I WAS GENUINELY THINKING OF ENDING IT ALL...

THREE HOURS LATER I WANTED THE DAY TO LAST FOREVER...

I...WAS IN A WEIRD PLACE, EMOTIONALLY.

I WATCHED ALLY IN SILENCE WHILE SHE BROWSED THROUGH HER OUTFITS...CONSIDERING TELLING HER ABOUT MY LITTLE...CRISIS THAT DAY.

WONDERING WHAT SHE WOULD MAKE OF IT.

I SAID NOTHING IN THE END...

I GUESS ALLYCAT GOT MY TONGUE...

AND I WAS LEFT WITH A SORE TONGUE AND A MEAN LISP.

Y'KNOW, BHACK WHEN YHOU THOLD ME YOU WERE A BIGTIME FETHISHIST, I SHERIOUSLY UNDERESHTIMATED YOUR CLAIM.



WHAT CAN I SAY? ALAN MAKES FOR A CRAPPY SUB, BUT DUDE CAN MAKE FETISHWEAR WITH THE BEST OF THEM.



BUT, I DO STAND BY WHAT I SAID, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH MY STUPID...

AND I SHTAND WITH WHAT I SHAID... HE'SH OKAY SHO...ITSH FINE WITH ME.

HEH! THANK YOU. ALSO, DAMN! YOUR TONGUE REALLY TOOK A POUNDING!

YOU ARE SHAYING THAT LIKE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

YOU COULD HAVE SHTOPPED ME.

NAH, IT'SH OK. IT'SH MOSHTLY THAT SHMALL MEMBRANE THING UNDER IT THAT ISH SHORE... ALSHO, SHTOP MOCKING ME!

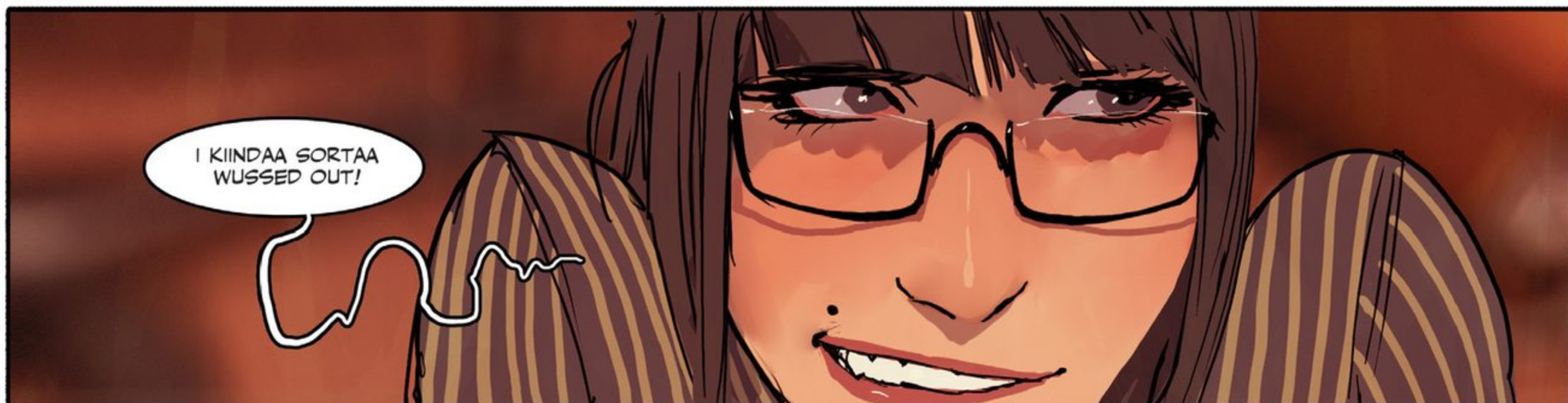
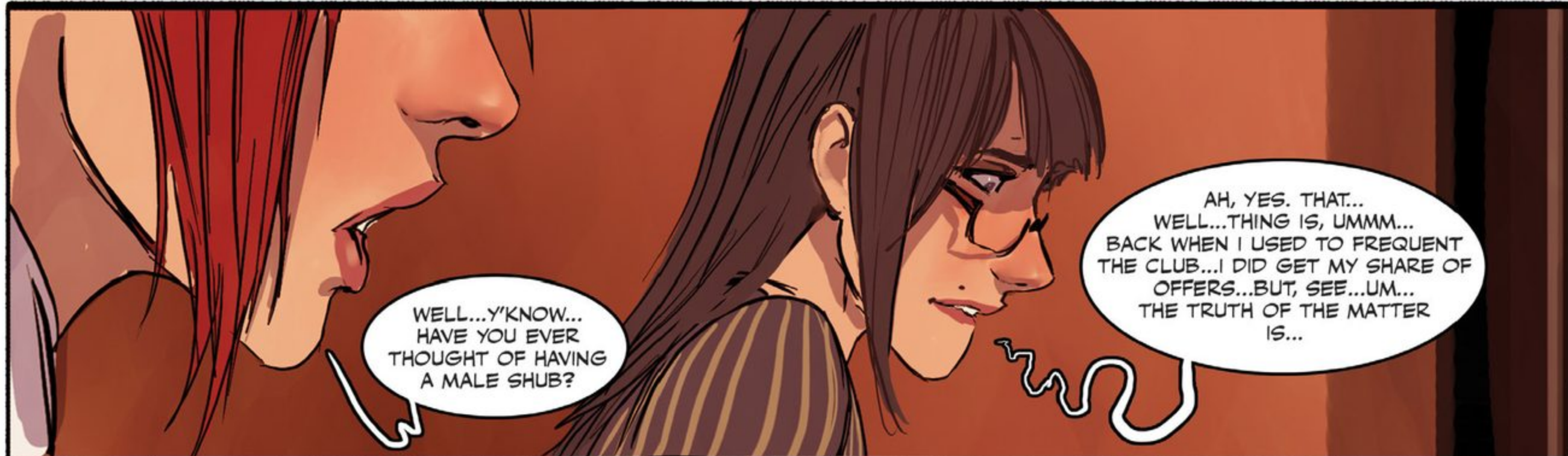
SHORRY!

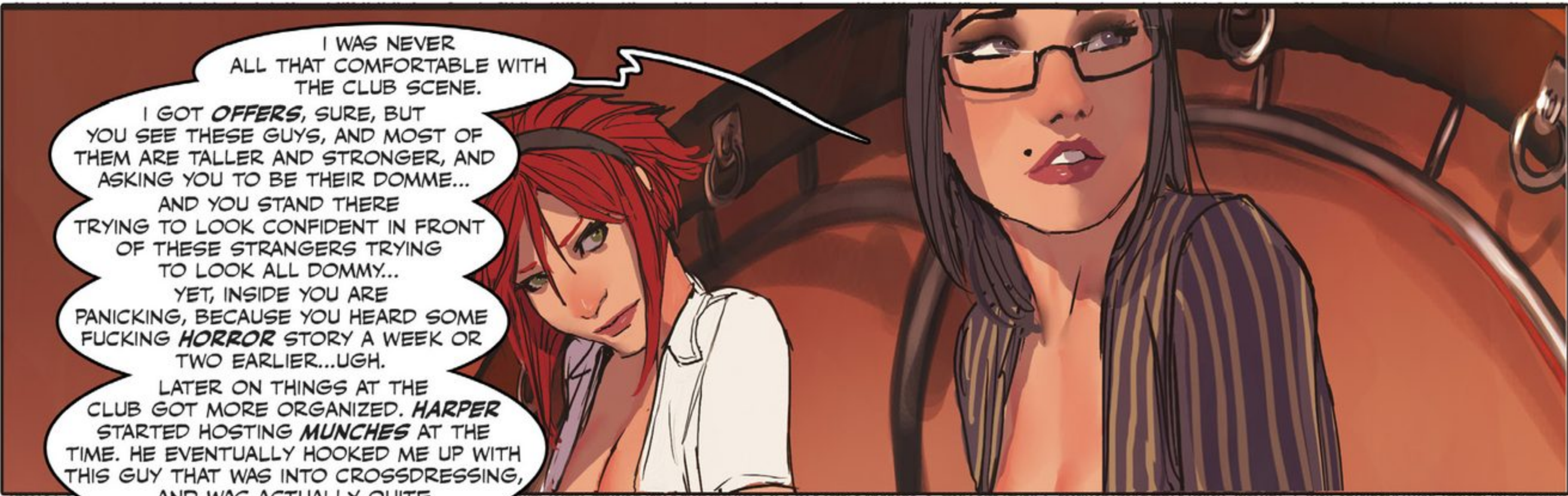


SHTILL... I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE...

WHAT?

IT'SH ALL WELL...LINGERIE... Y'KNOW, FOR WOMEN.





I WAS NEVER ALL THAT COMFORTABLE WITH THE CLUB SCENE.

I GOT *OFFERS*, SURE, BUT YOU SEE THESE GUYS, AND MOST OF THEM ARE TALLER AND STRONGER, AND ASKING YOU TO BE THEIR DOMME...

AND YOU STAND THERE TRYING TO LOOK CONFIDENT IN FRONT OF THESE STRANGERS TRYING TO LOOK ALL DOMMY...

YET, INSIDE YOU ARE PANICKING, BECAUSE YOU HEARD SOME FUCKING *HORROR* STORY A WEEK OR TWO EARLIER...UGH.

LATER ON THINGS AT THE CLUB GOT MORE ORGANIZED. *HARPER* STARTED HOSTING *MUNCHES* AT THE TIME. HE EVENTUALLY HOOKED ME UP WITH THIS GUY THAT WAS INTO CROSSDRESSING, AND WAS ACTUALLY QUITE TIMID...



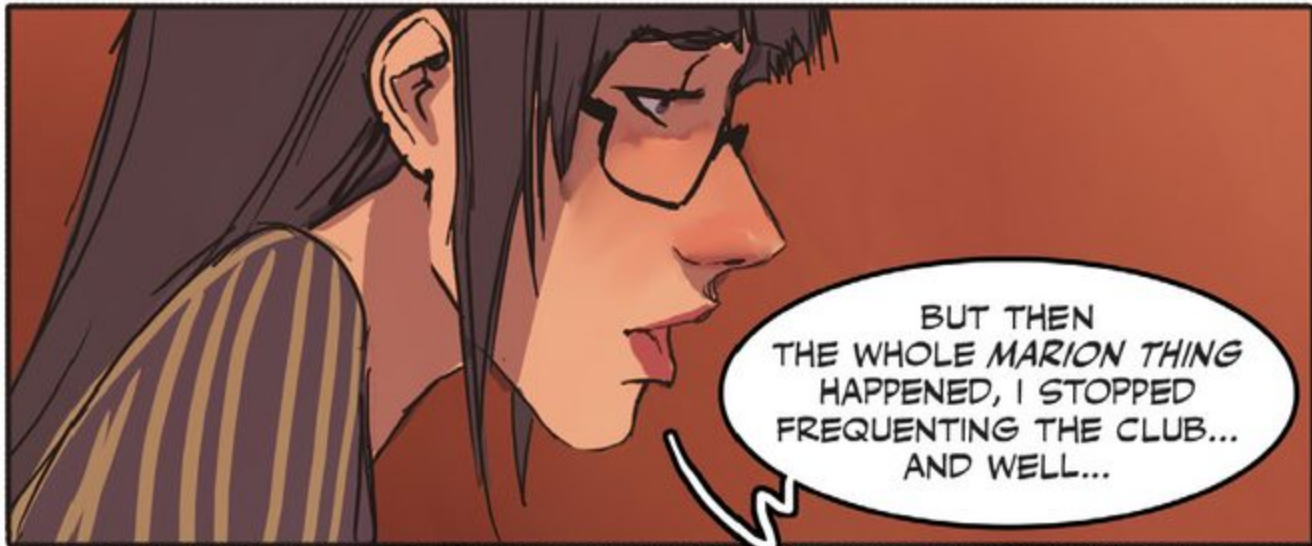
SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I WAS ALL LIKE, "HELLZYEAH! THIS IS SOMEONE EVEN MY GUNS CAN HANDLE!"

PFFFTTT...

I'M SERIOUS, THAT GUY MADE ALAN LOOK *MANLY*!



YEAH...IT SEEMED LIKE I WAS *FINALLY* GONNA HAVE SOME FUN.



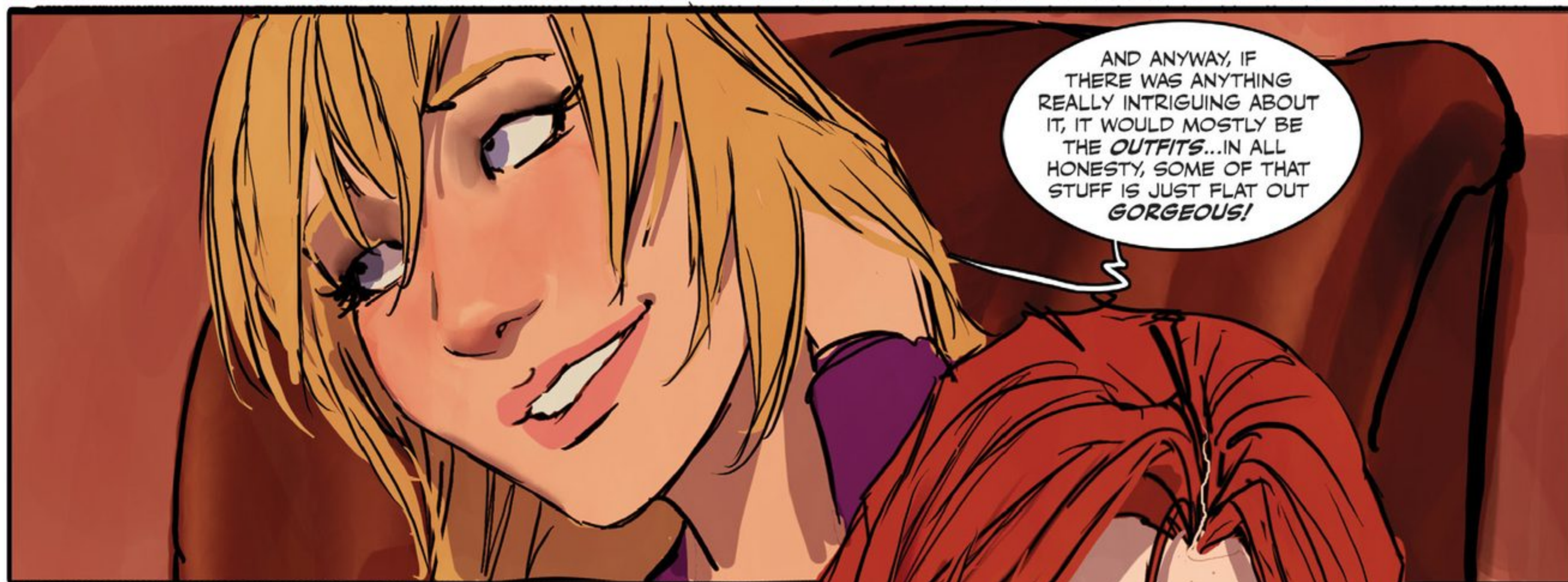
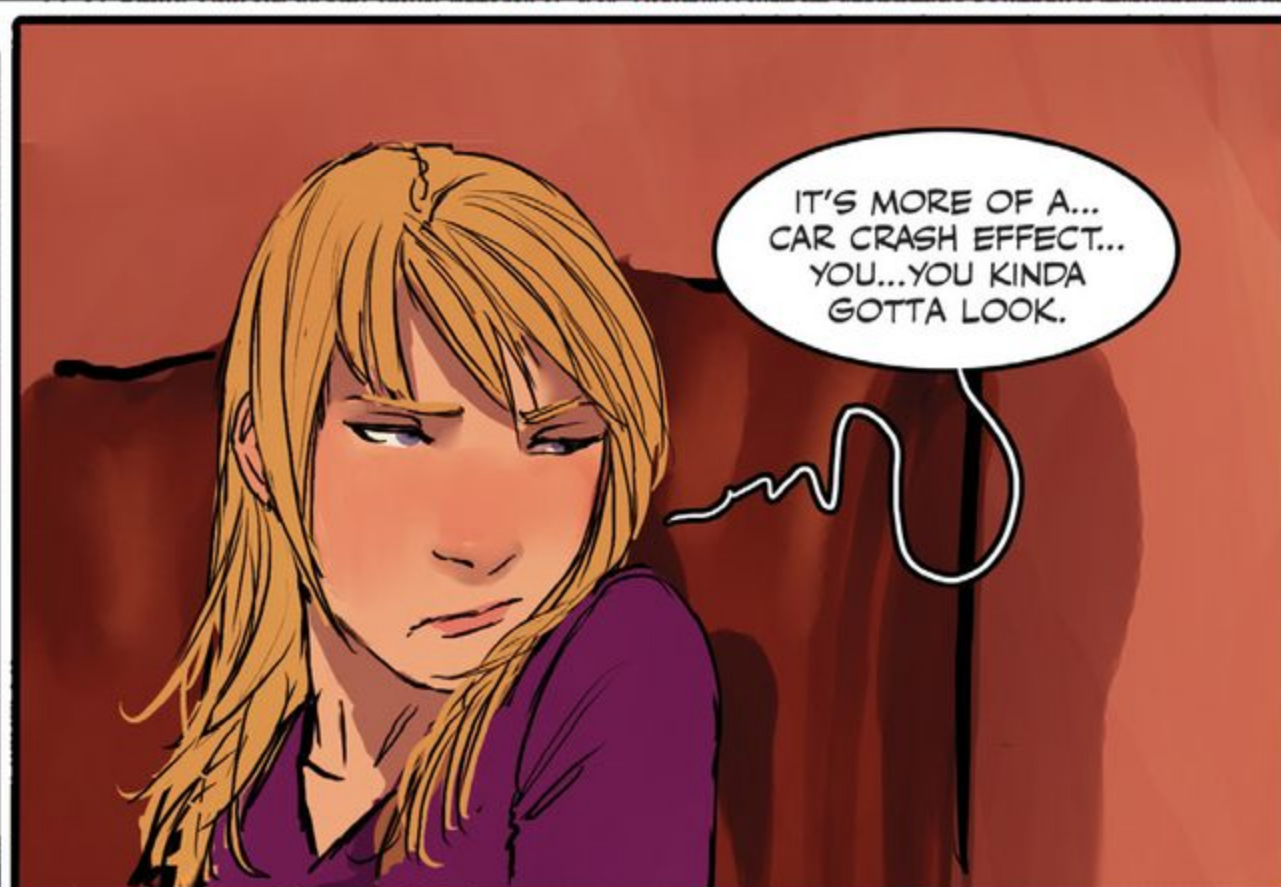
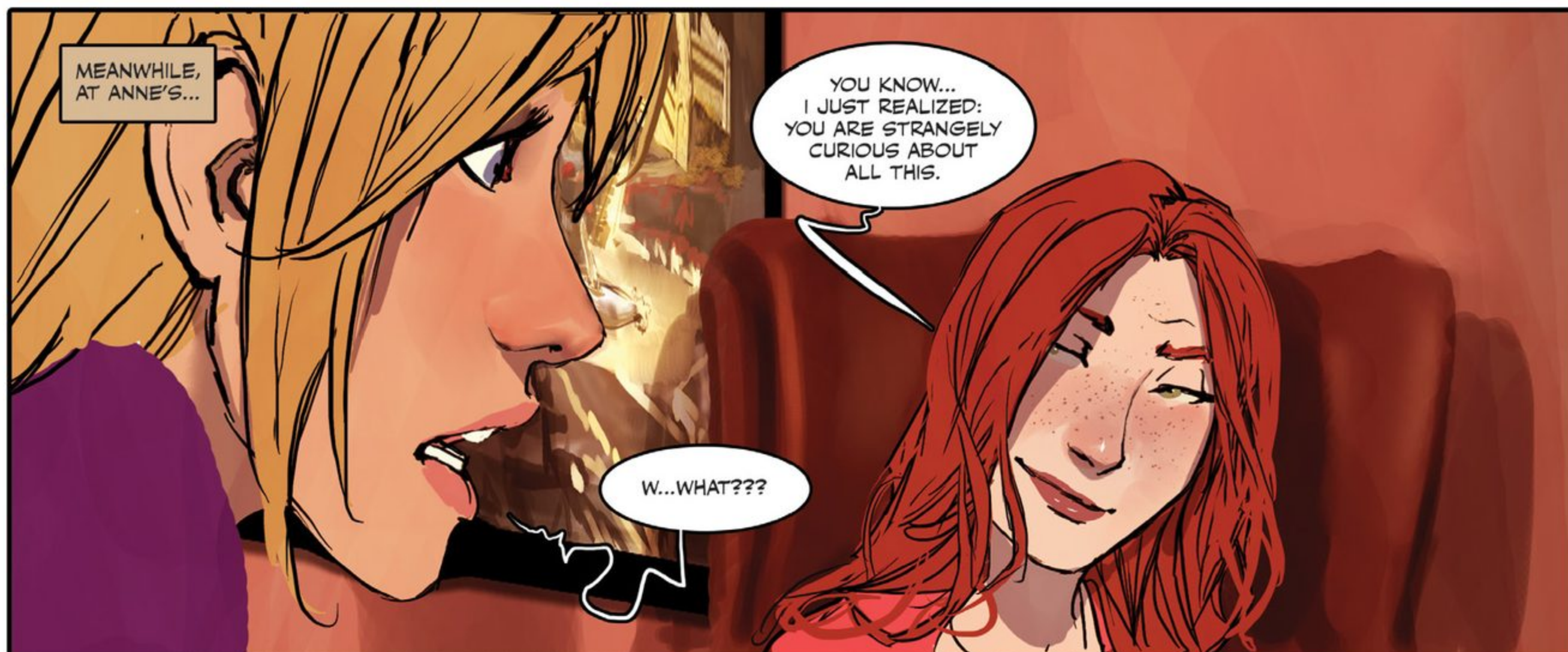
BUT THEN THE WHOLE *MARION* THING HAPPENED, I STOPPED FREQUENTING THE CLUB... AND WELL...



AWWWW, BUT DON'T YOU SHEEE? IT'SH DESHTINYYY! BECAUSE OF YOUR WUSSHYNESSH I WASH YOUR FIRSHT SHUB!



YOU ARE A BIT OF A *DOUCHE*, YOU KNOW THAT?



AMAZING...YOU KNOW
I GOTTA SHAY, ALAN REALLY
KNOWSH HIGH *LINGERIE*!

I USED TO TRY
TO GET HIM TO
WEAR IT!

NO WAY!

YEAH...
THAT'S WHAT
HE SAID...

DAMN SHAME,
TOO! DUDE COULD
REALLY ROCK THE
LIPSTICK.

YOU KNOW, I
ALWAYS HATED THESE
MOMENTS IN
MOVIES!

MOMENTS?

"TRYING SHIT
OUT" SCENES!

YEAH, WELL,
WELCOME TO THE
WORLD OF HIGH-END
FETISHWEAR.

TRYING SHIT
OUT IS PRETTY
MUCH HALF
THE FUN!

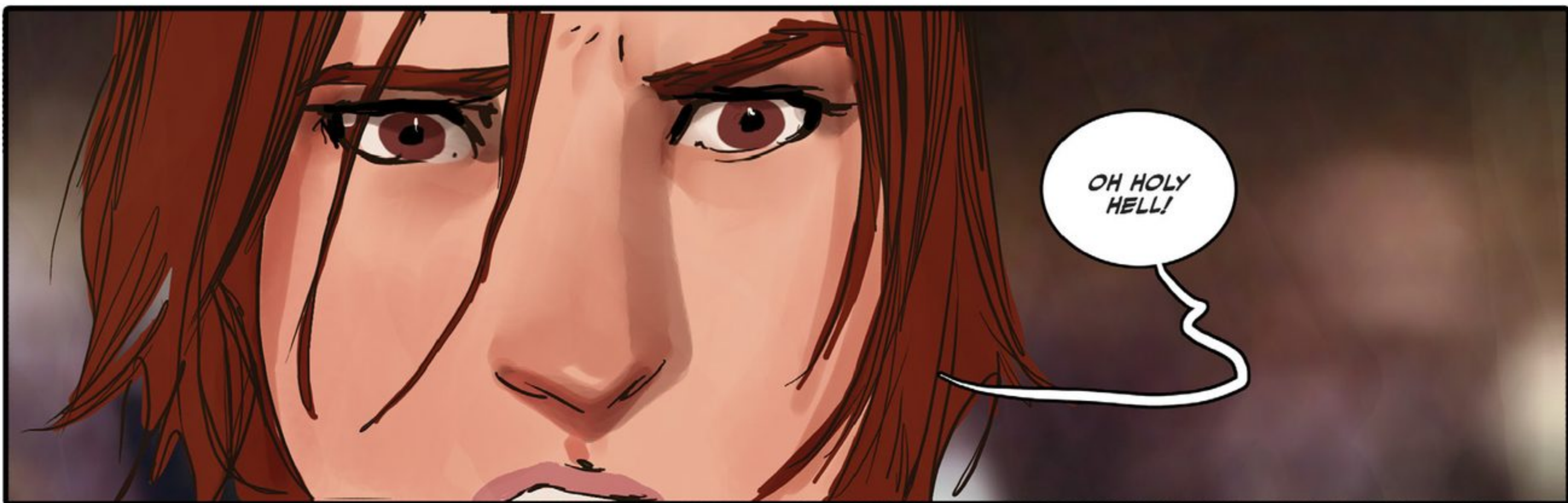
DID
I MENTION
THIS WAS ONE
OF MY FAVORITE
OUTFITS?

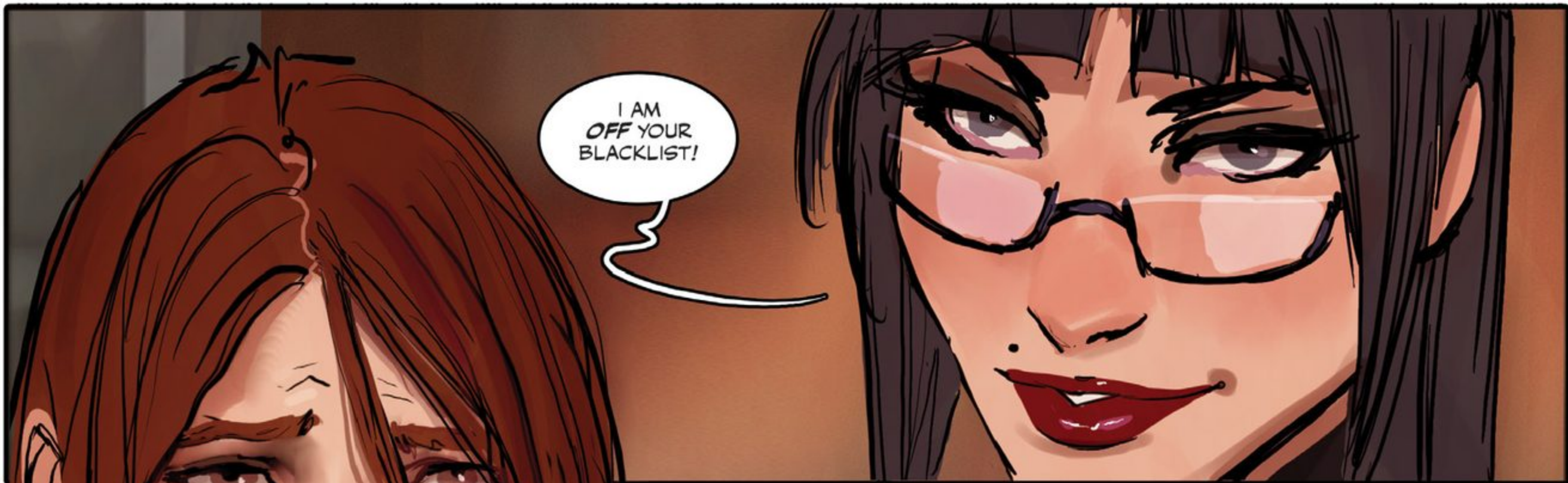
OWW! YEAH,
I SHEE ITSH...
POTENTIAL.

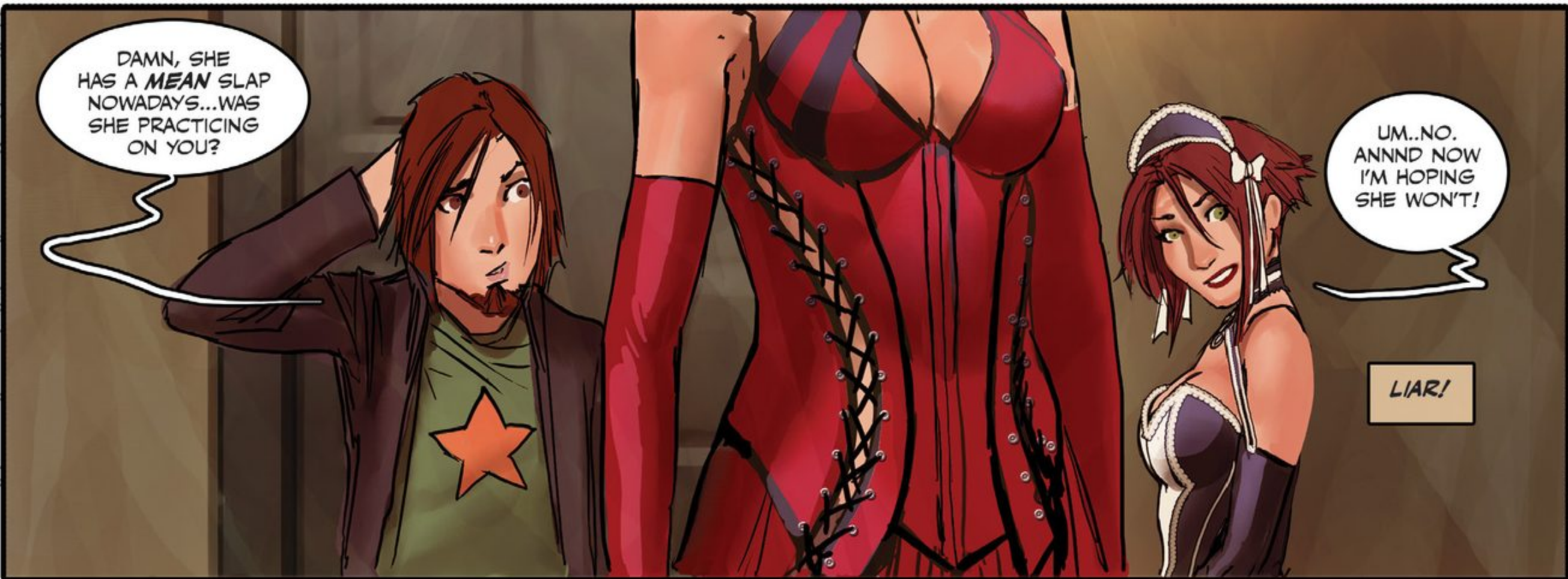
NOW, TAKE
OFF THE CLAMPSH!













EVER HAD THAT MOMENT WHEN YOU ARE WITH YOUR FRIENDS AND YOU REALIZE...DAMN, THIS IS LIKE HALF A STEP AWAY FROM TURNING INTO AN ALL-OUT *ORGY*?

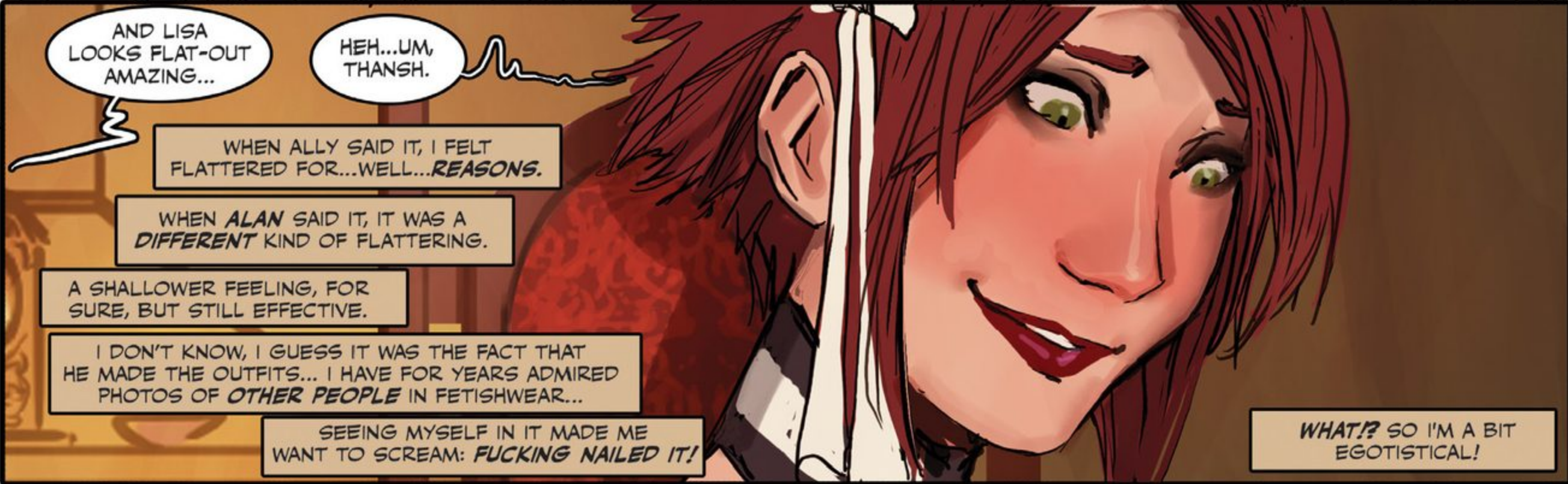
NO?...MUST BE JUST ME THEN.

SO, WHAT'S IT LIKE SEEING YOUR CREATIONS USED *THIS WELL*?



YOU DO REMEMBER I MAKE A LOT OF THIS STUFF FOR THE CLUB? IT'S NOT REALLY MY FIRST TIME...

BUT I'LL GIVE YOU THIS - YOU LOOK GREAT...



AND LISA LOOKS FLAT-OUT AMAZING...

HEH...UM, THANSH.

WHEN ALLY SAID IT, I FELT FLATTERED FOR...WELL...*REASONS*.

WHEN *ALAN* SAID IT, IT WAS A *DIFFERENT* KIND OF FLATTERING.

A SHALLOWER FEELING, FOR SURE, BUT STILL EFFECTIVE.

I DON'T KNOW, I GUESS IT WAS THE FACT THAT HE MADE THE OUTFITS... I HAVE FOR YEARS ADMIRERED PHOTOS OF *OTHER PEOPLE* IN FETISHWEAR...

SEEING MYSELF IN IT MADE ME WANT TO SCREAM: *FUCKING NAILED IT!*

WHAT!? SO I'M A BIT EGOTISTICAL!



BUT HEY, I'LL GIVE HIM THIS... FOR A GUY WHO WAS ON A TWO YEAR DRY SPELL, HE PUT UP A VALIANT EFFORT.

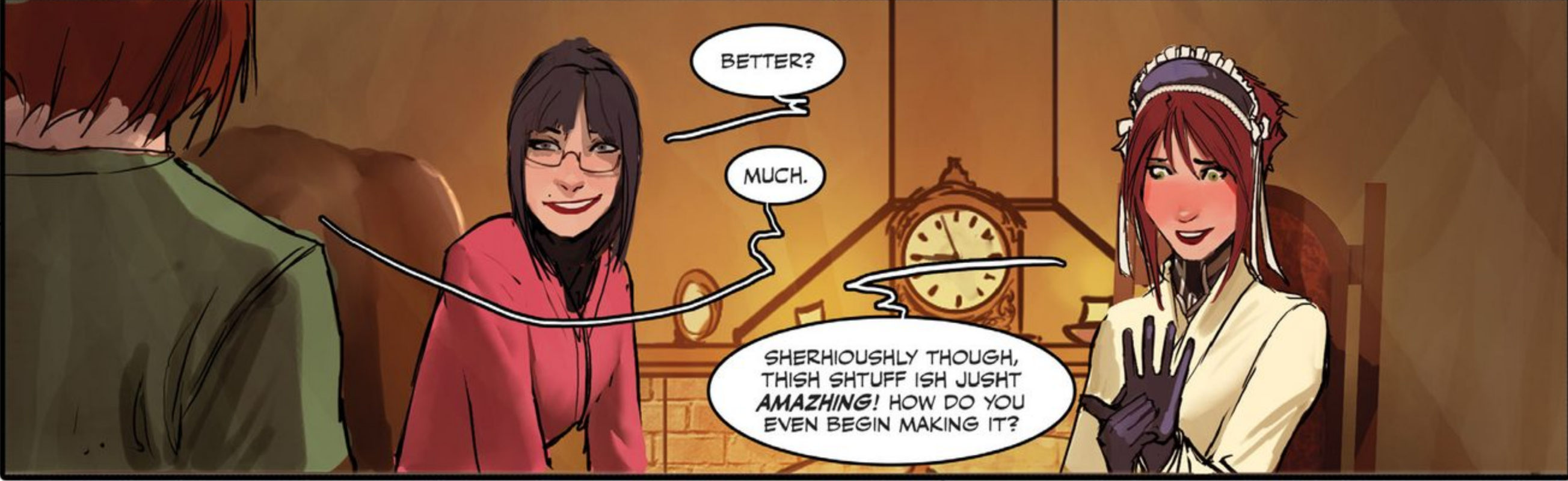
I WOULD KNOW.

YEAH...UM...YOU TWO ARE GONNA HAVE TO PUT ON SOME ROBES OR SOMETHING...

NOW, WHILE I WAS TRYING NOT TO BLUSH...

ALAN WAS STRUGGLING WITH A WHOLE NOTHER INVOLUNTARY RESPONSE.

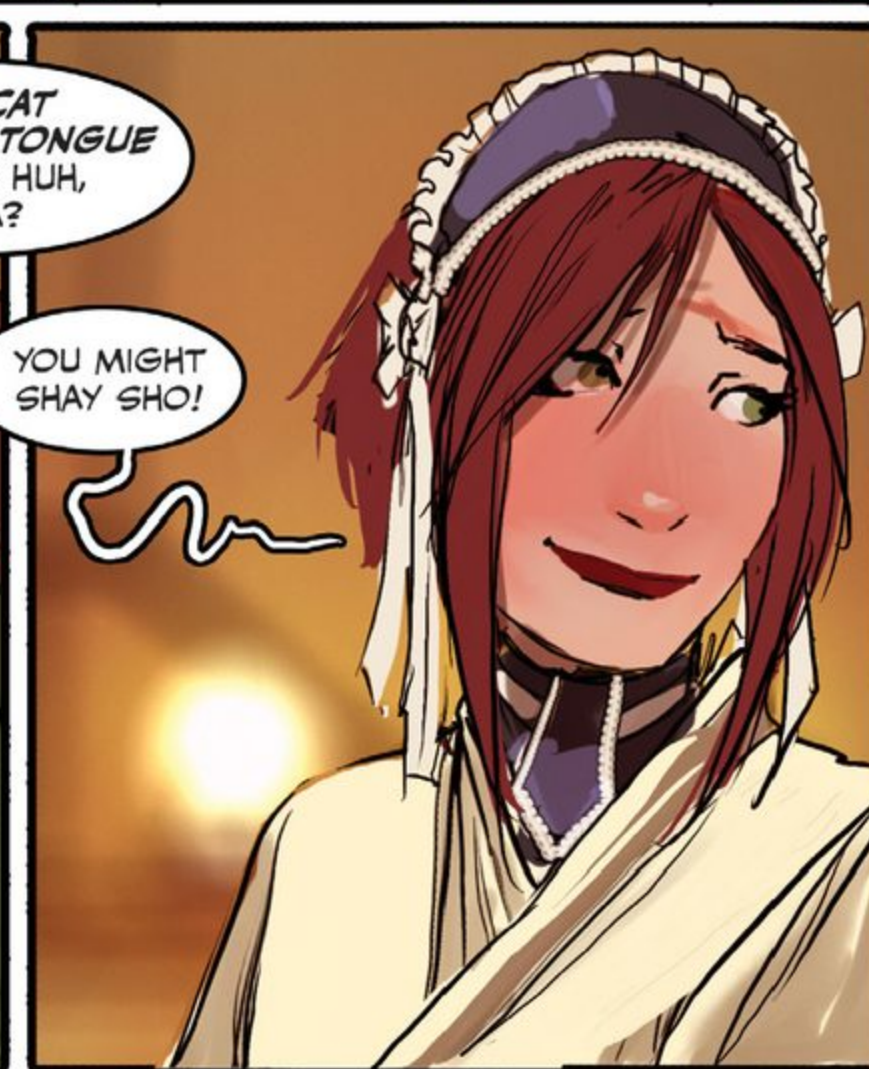
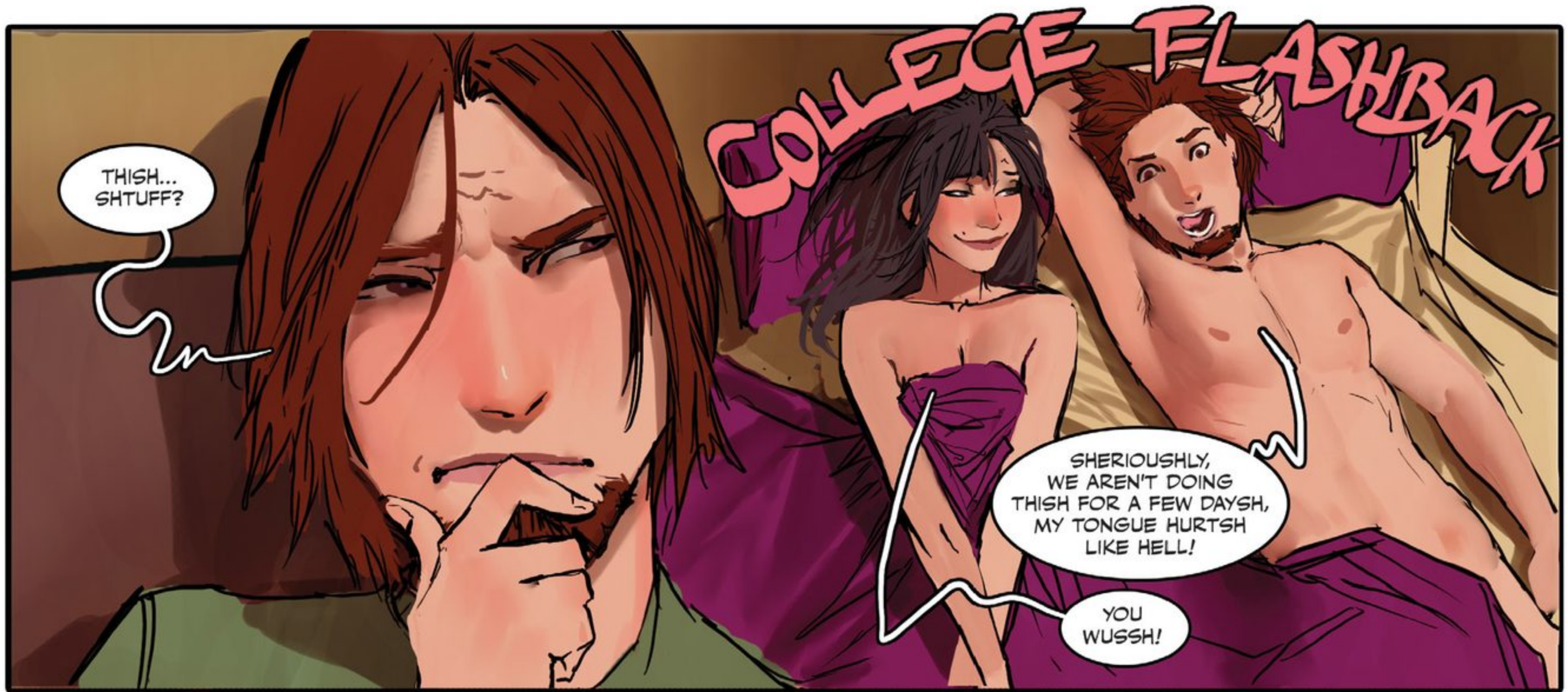
IT WAS THE SIGHT AND SOUND OF LATEX. HIS PERSONAL *KRYPTONITE*.

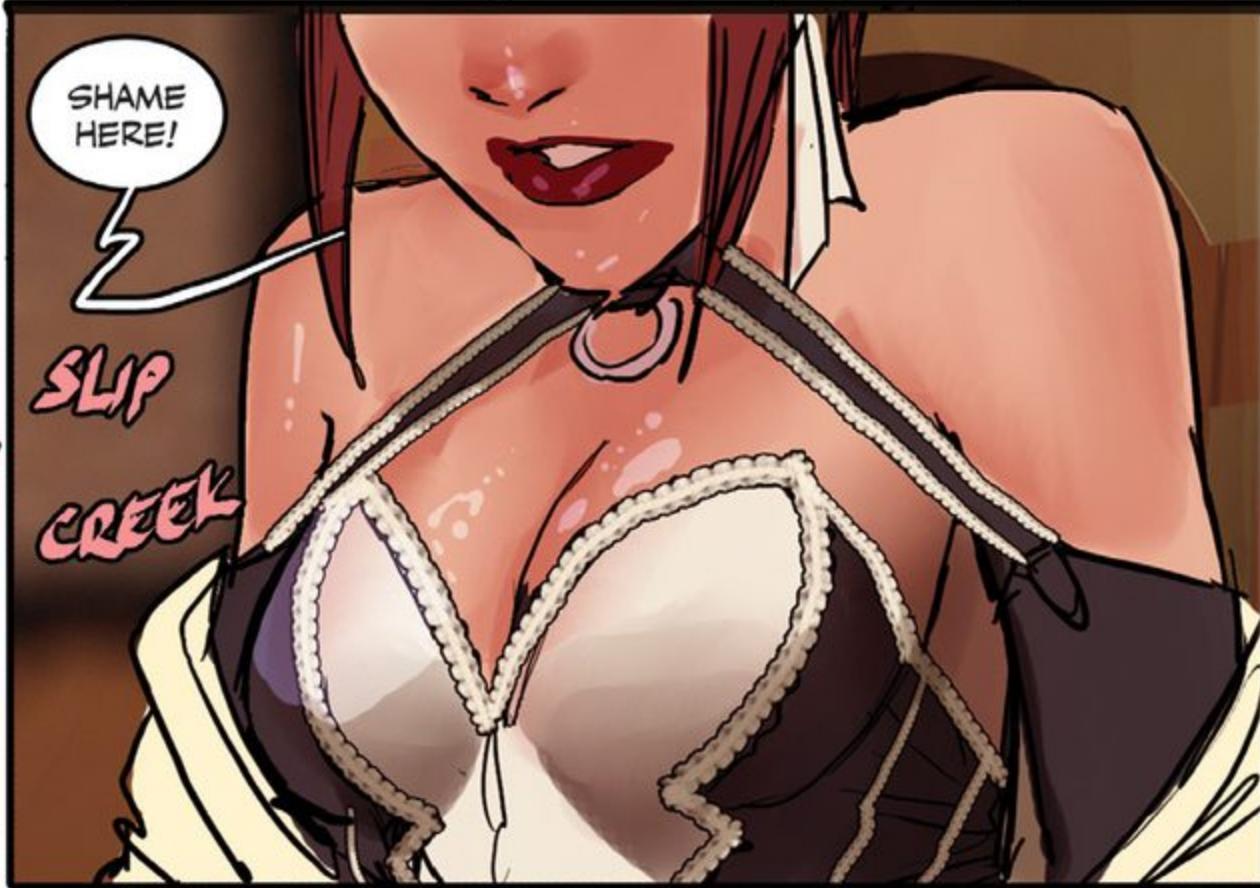


BETTER?

MUCH.

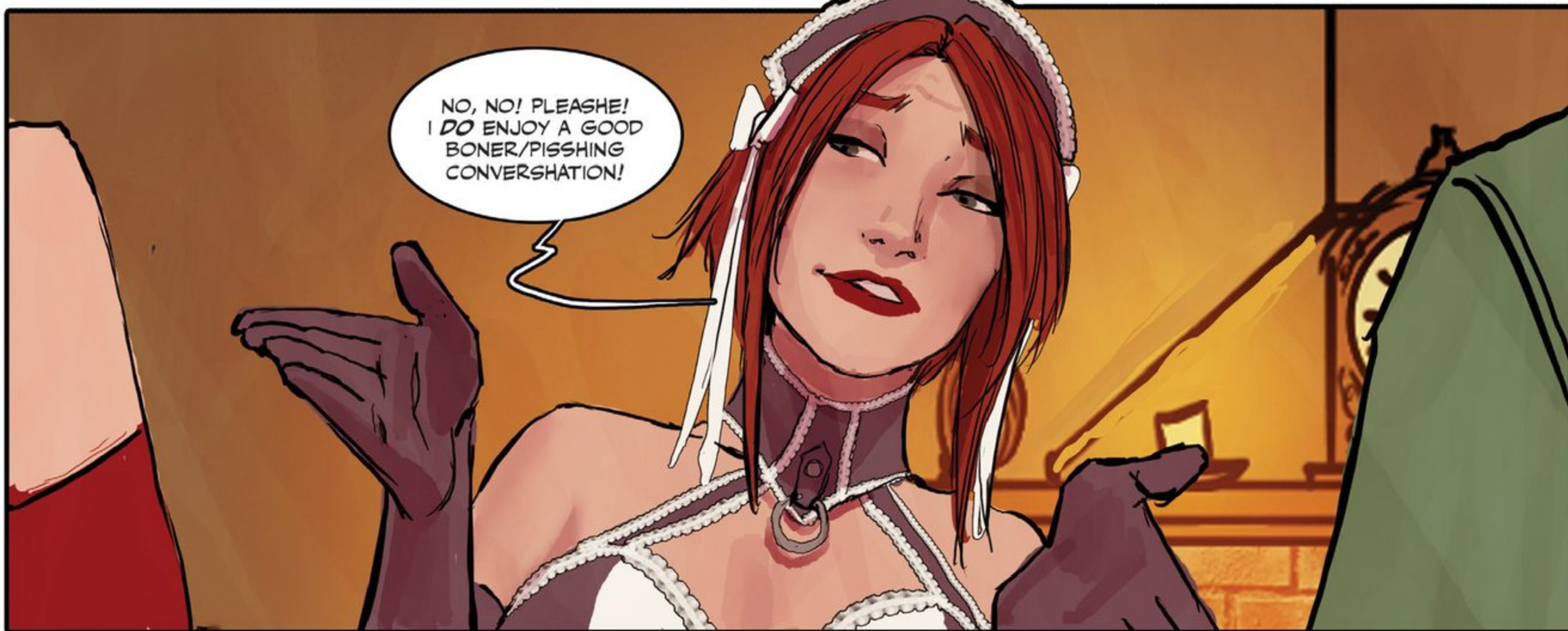
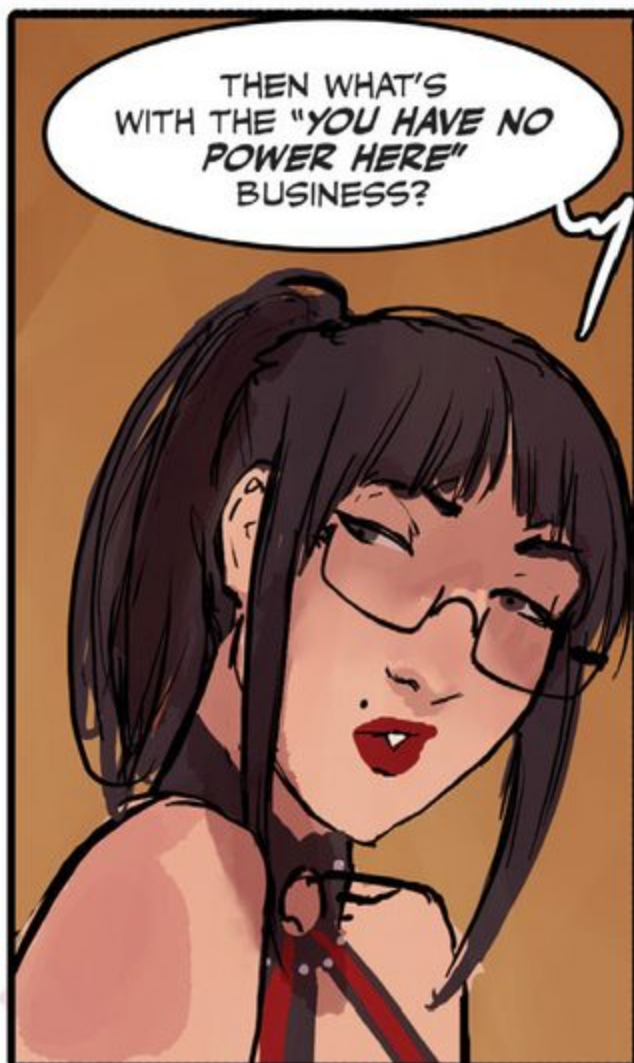
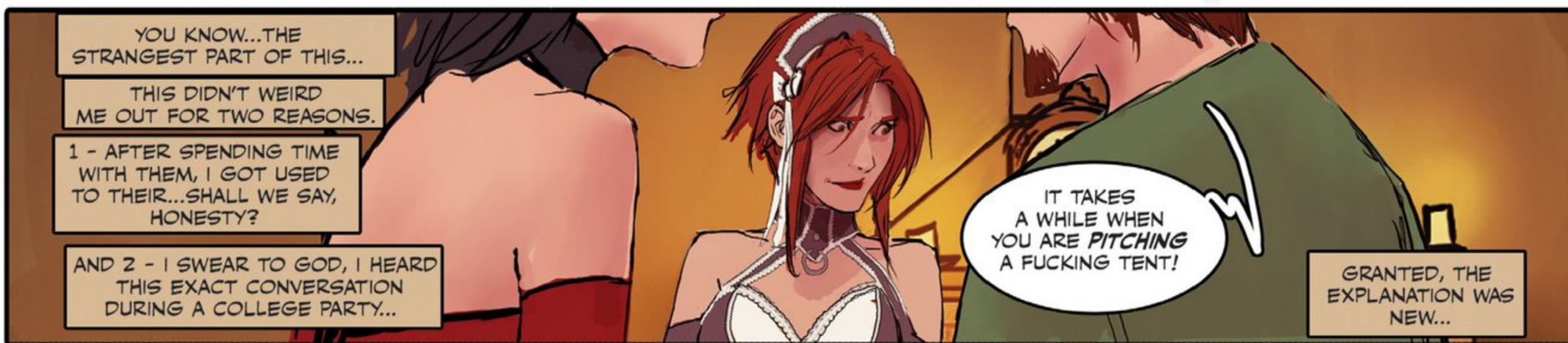
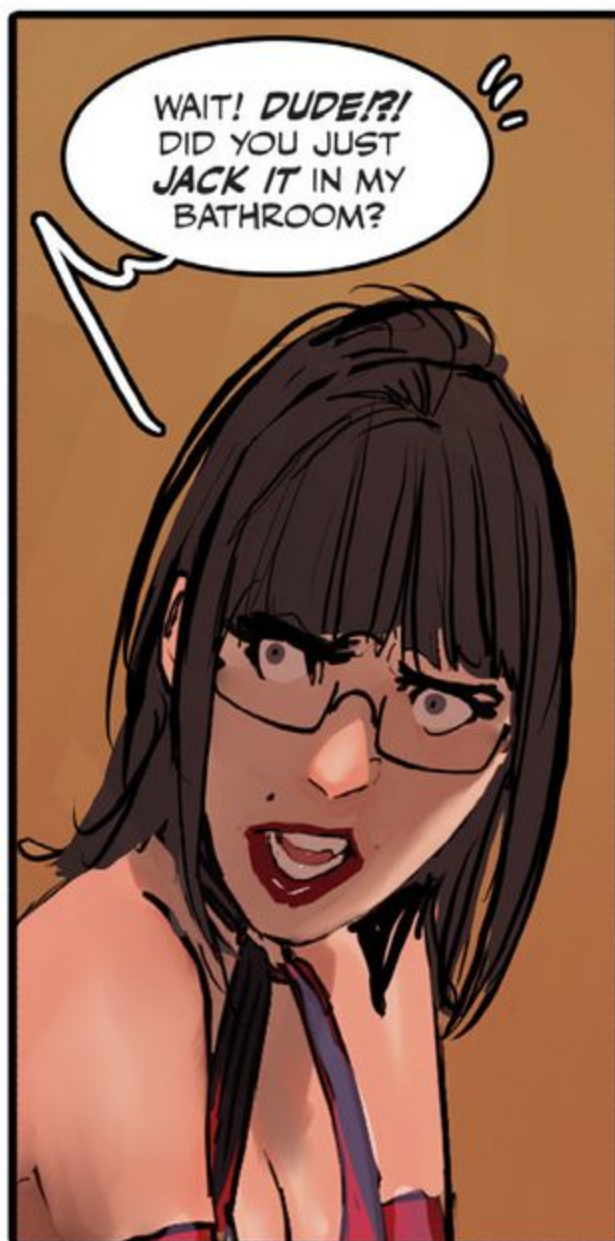
SHERHIOUSLY THOUGH, THISH SHUFF ISH JUSHT *AMAZING!* HOW DO YOU EVEN BEGIN MAKING IT?

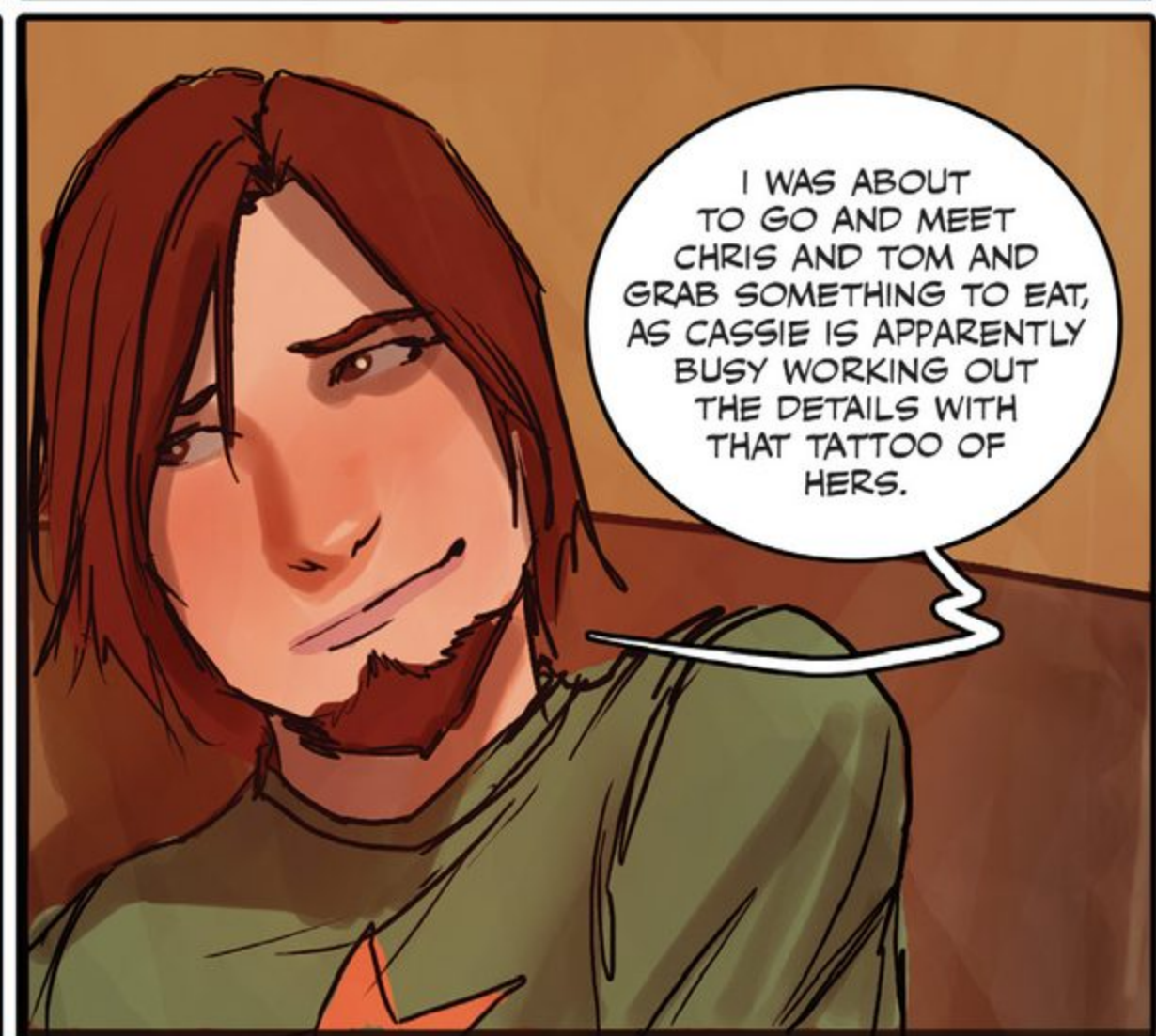
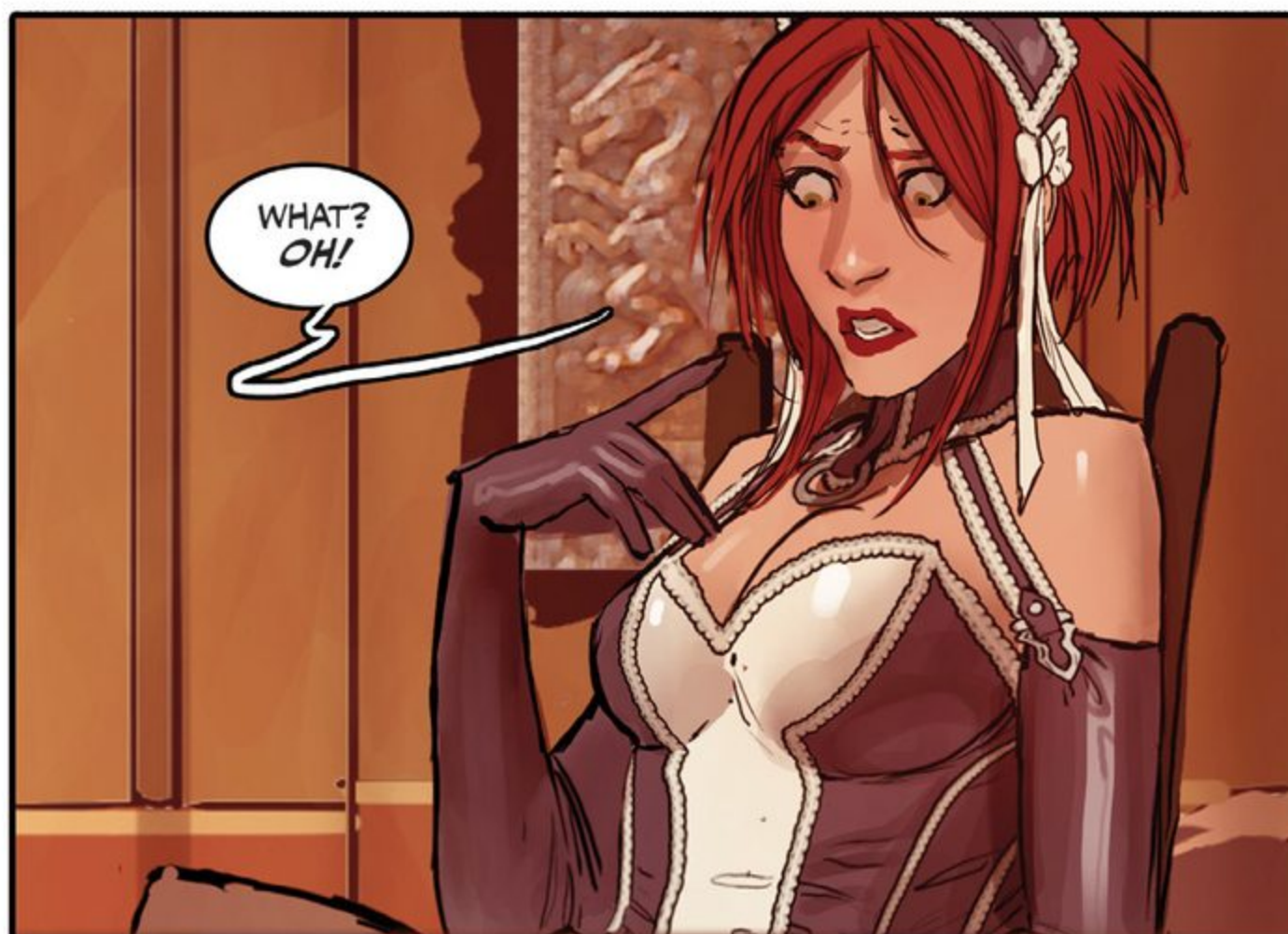
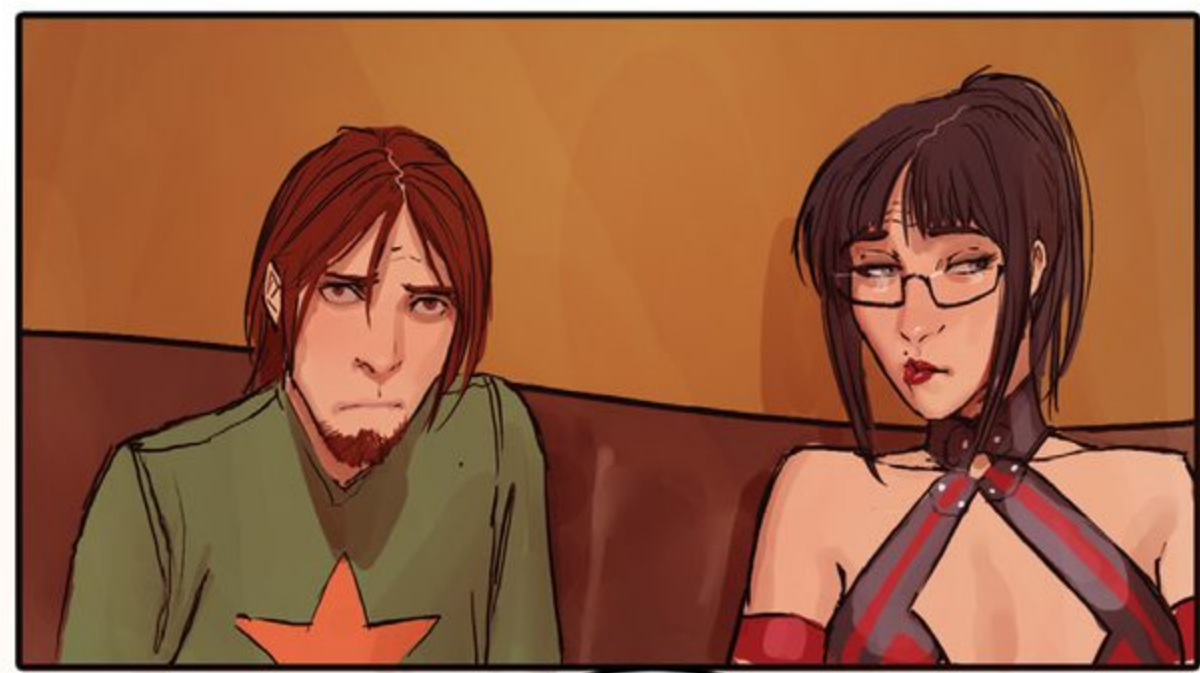


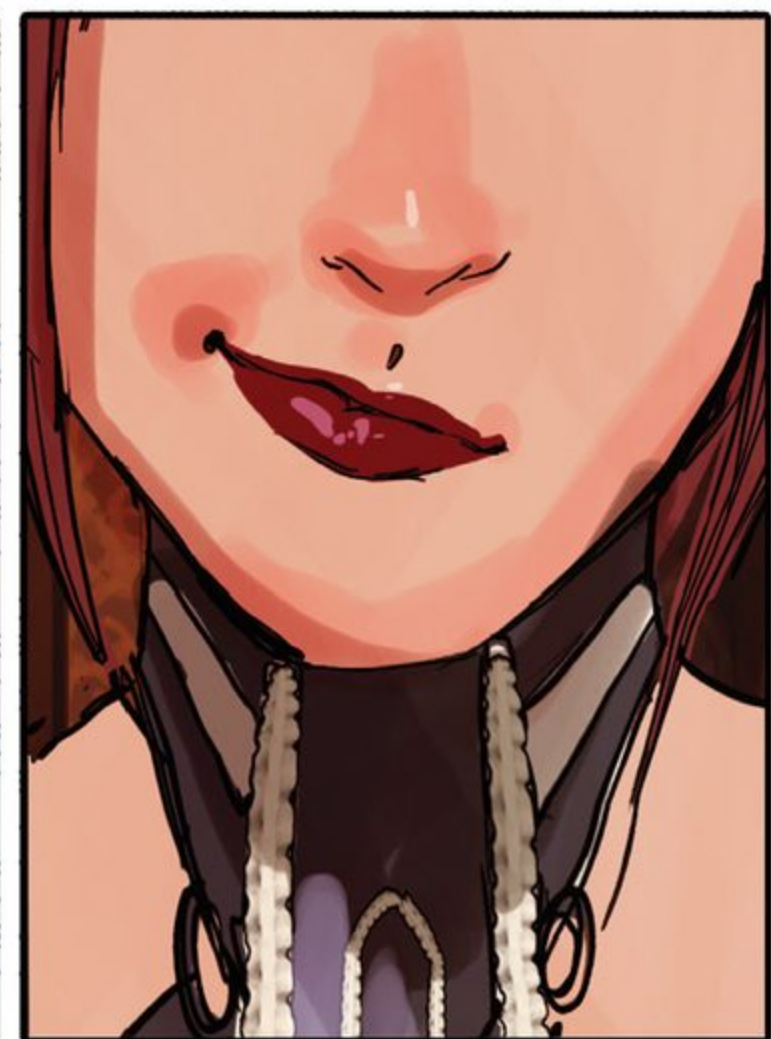
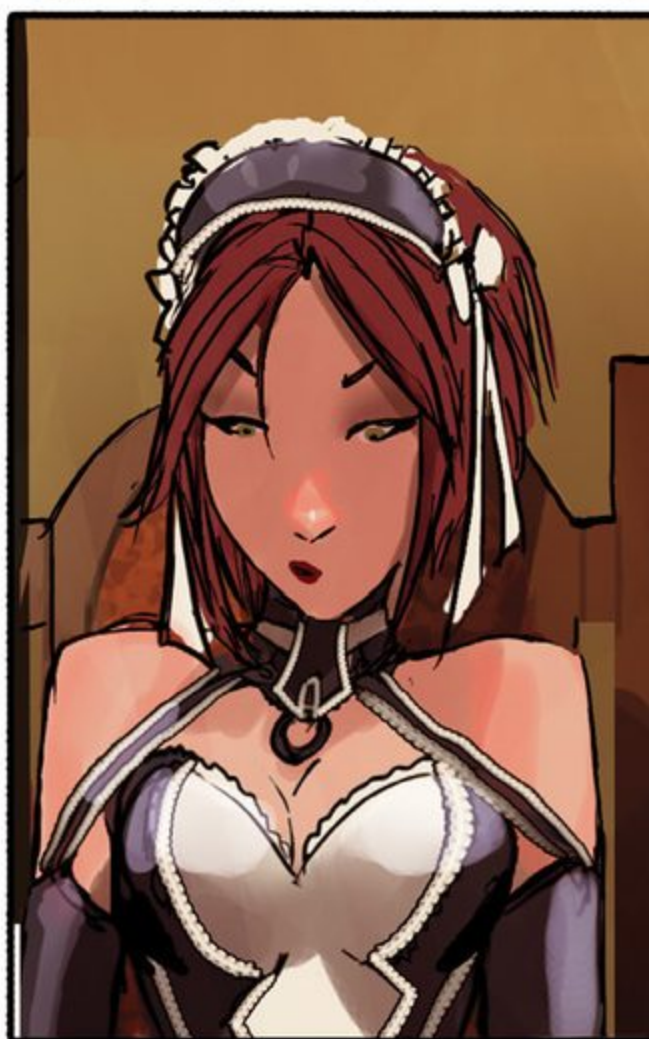
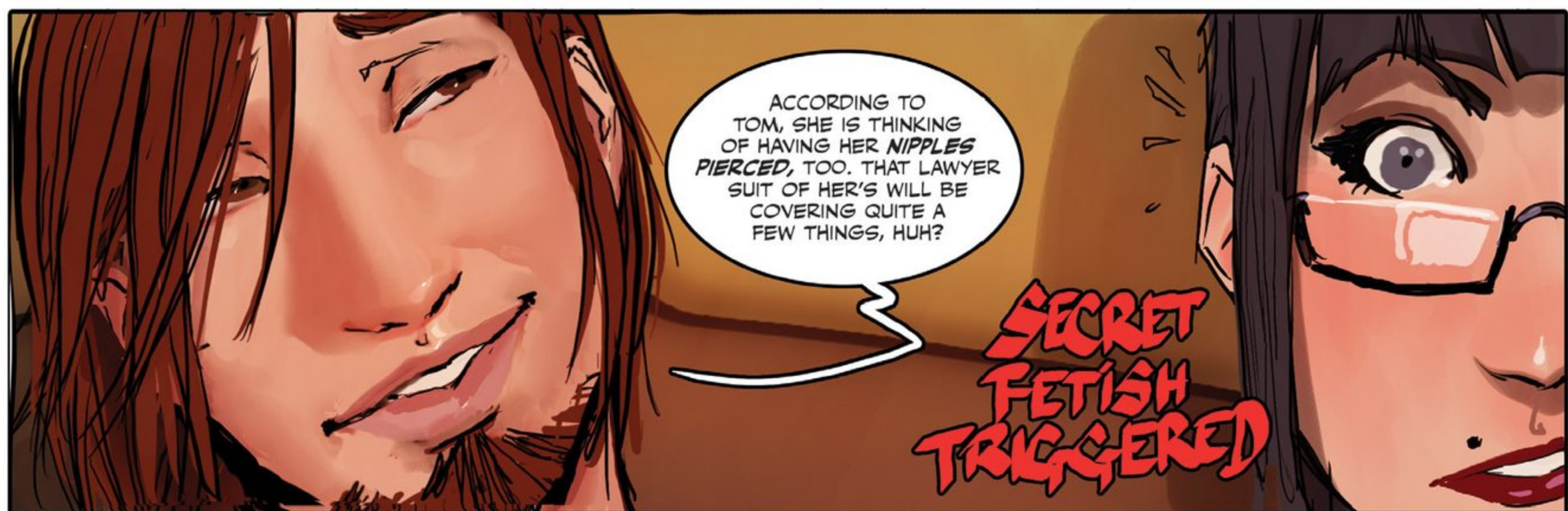
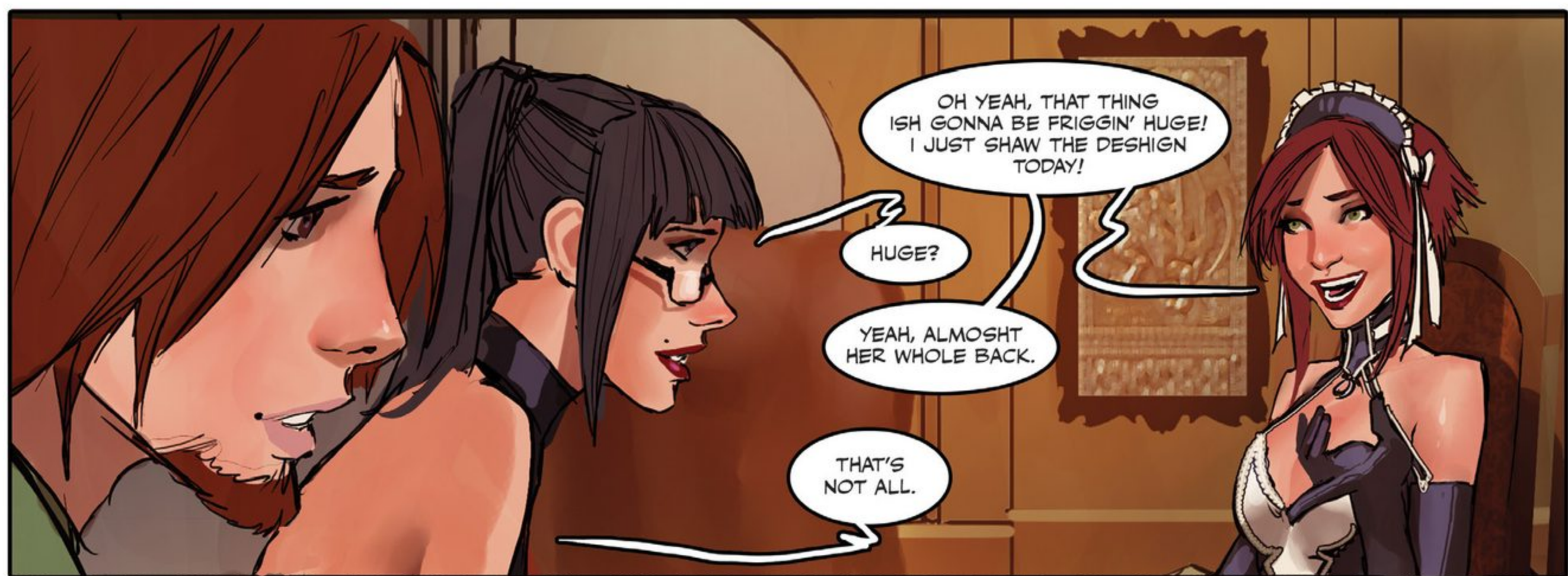


A BIT LATER..











YOU GIRLS PLANNING ON DROPPING BY THE CLUB THIS WEEKEND?

YOU KNOW WHAT... I'LL PROBABLY STAY AWAY FROM THE CLUB AT LEAST FOR A FEW WEEKS...

AWWW... COME ON LISA, DO YOUR THING!

HUH? OH... UM NAH, I'M GOOD.

SO I MENTIONED EARLIER THAT LATEX, UNLIKE FABRIC, HAS THIS CURIOUS QUALITY OF FIGHTING YOUR BODY.

IT **CONFORMS**, ADAPTS AND HUGS YOU RELENTLESSLY. YOU ARE **AWARE** OF IT AT ALL TIMES. IT MAKES YOU **SWEAT**. STRANGELY ENOUGH, SURPRISINGLY FAST, ITS RUBBERY SMELL TURNS FROM SLIGHTLY UNPLEASANT TO INTOXICATINGLY EXCITING.



NOW, LATEX UNDIES ARE DOWNRIGHT **EVIL**. LIKE ANY OTHER PIECE OF LATEX FETISHWEAR, THEY GRAB A HOLD OF YOU...AND...DIG IN.

THINK OF A **WEDGIE**...ON BOTH SIDES...THAT PRESSES ON YOU BOTH UNCOMFORTABLY AND AROUSINGLY.

AND EVERYTHING IS WET...AND YOU KNOW IT'S **NOT** JUST SWEAT...

AND NO SQUIRMING WILL MAKE IT STOP...

ON THE CONTRARY.



SO YEAH, AFTER A WHILE I KINDA SPACED OUT ON THE CONVERSATIONS...

...IS TO PLANT THE HAMMER IN THE MONKEY'S BACKPACK.

THAT'S IT?

APPARENTLY I WASN'T MISSING MUCH!



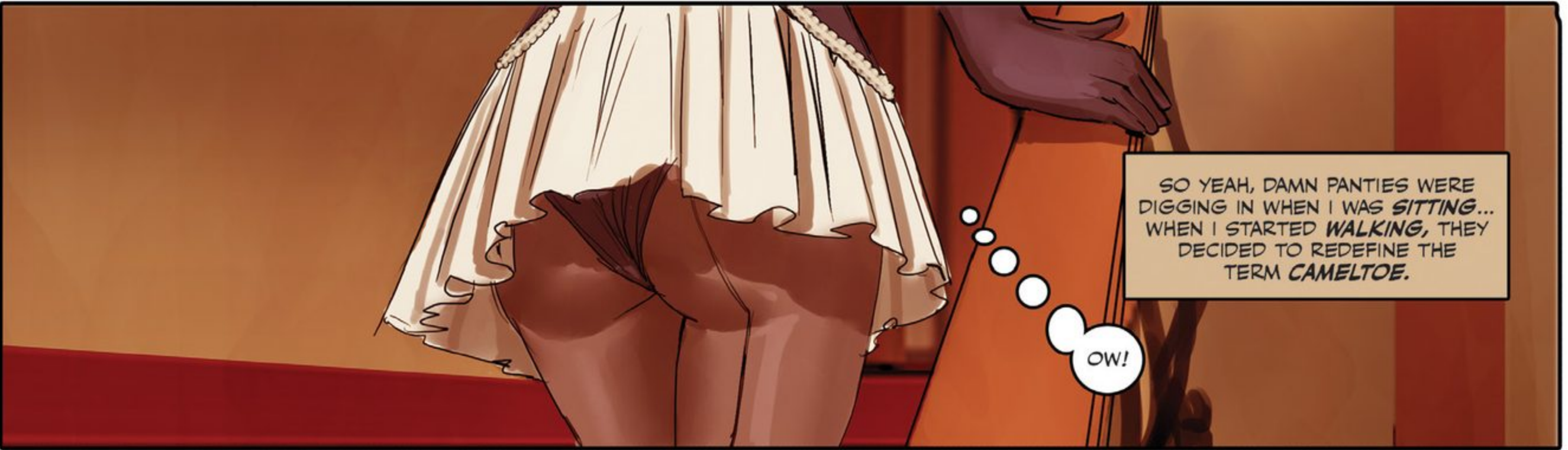
SOON, IT BECAME APPARENT THAT THOSE WEDGIES WEREN'T GONNA SORT THEMSELVES OUT...

SO, I NEED TO GO GET CHANGED CAUSE...**SWEAT** AND STUFF...

YEAH, I GOTTA GO ANYWAYS. SO, YOU KNOW... SEE YOU AROUND, LISA!

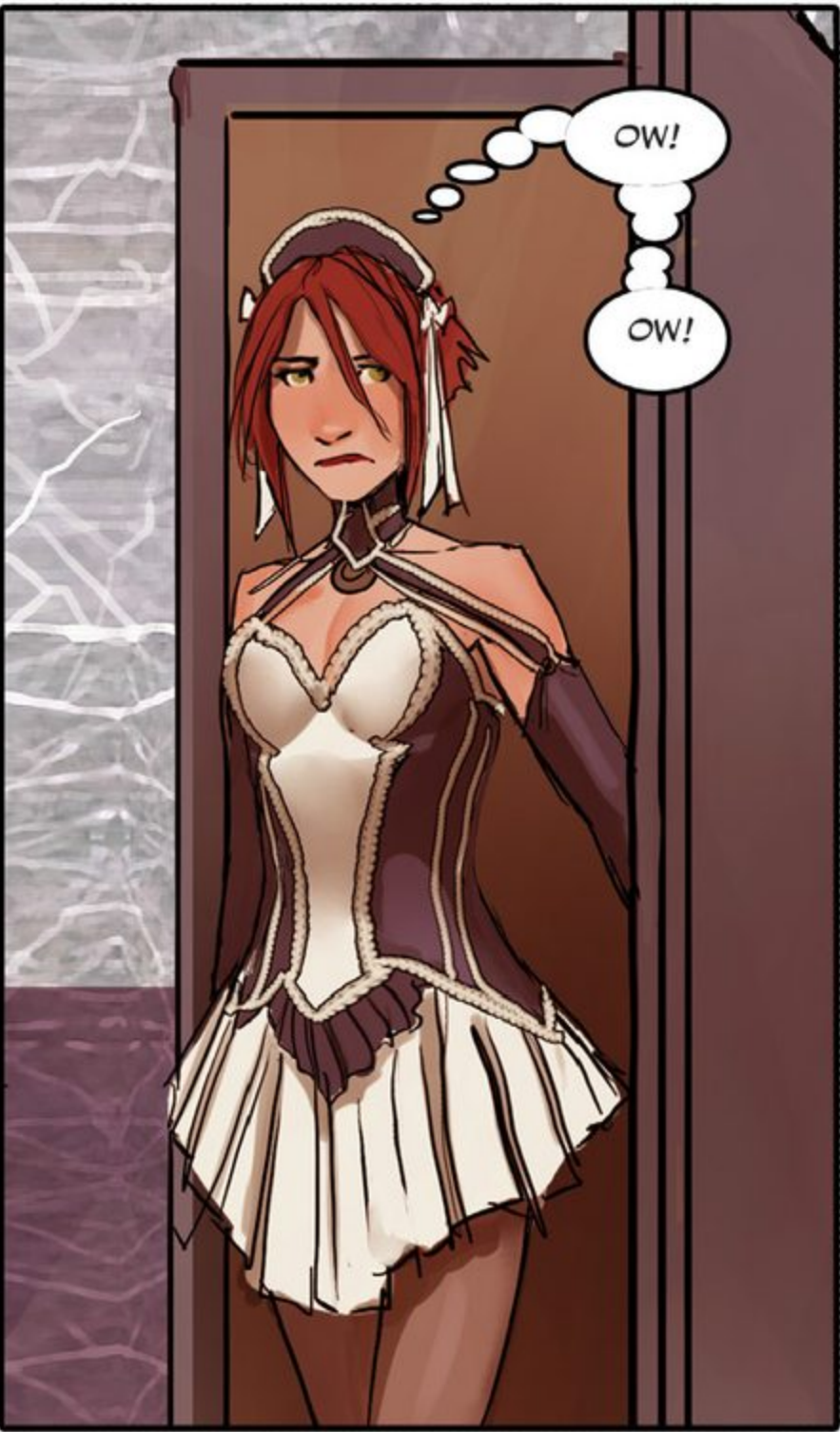
OF COURSE! SHEE YA ALAN!





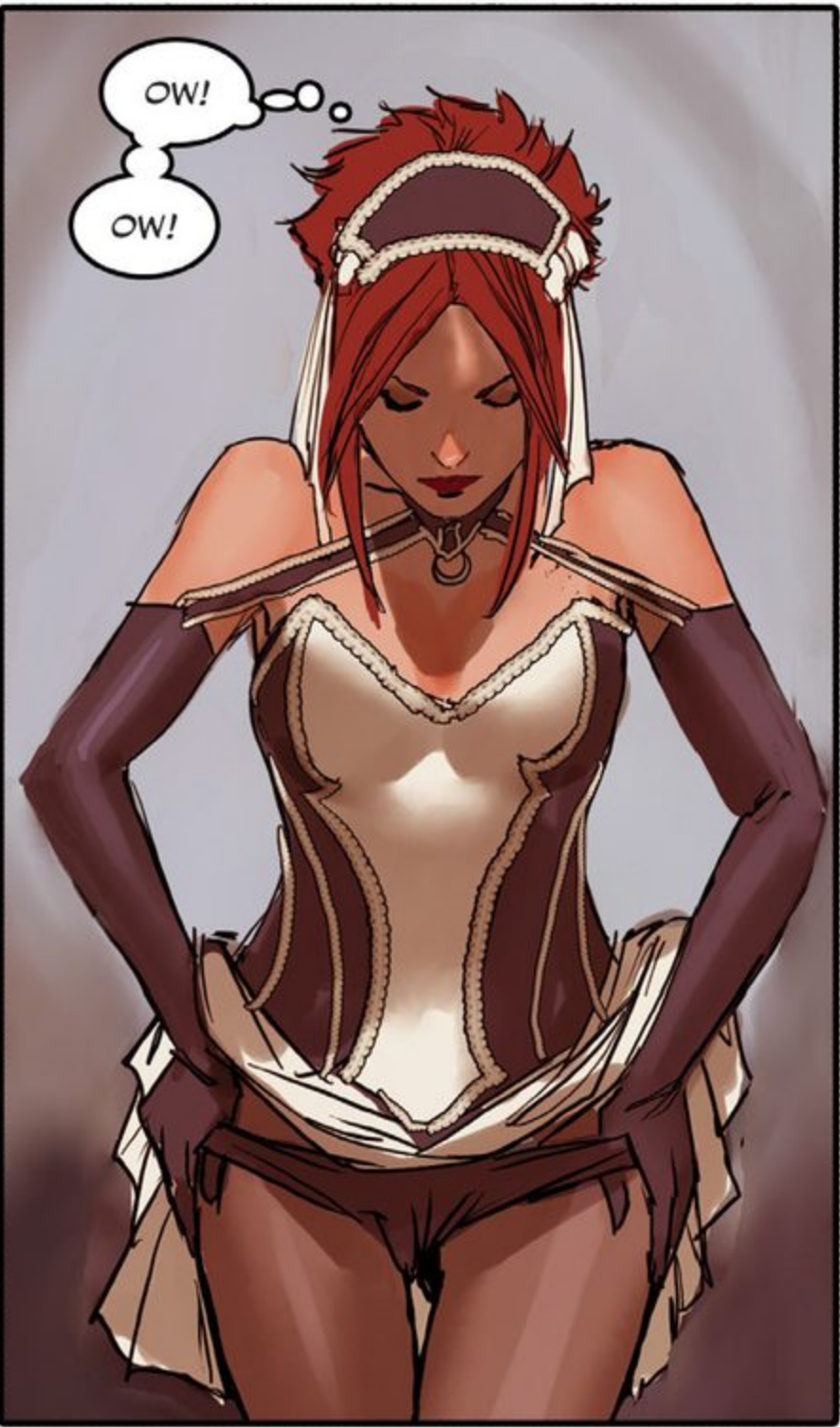
SO YEAH, DAMN PANTIES WERE DIGGING IN WHEN I WAS *SITTING*... WHEN I STARTED *WALKING*, THEY DECIDED TO REDEFINE THE TERM *CAMELTOE*.

OW!



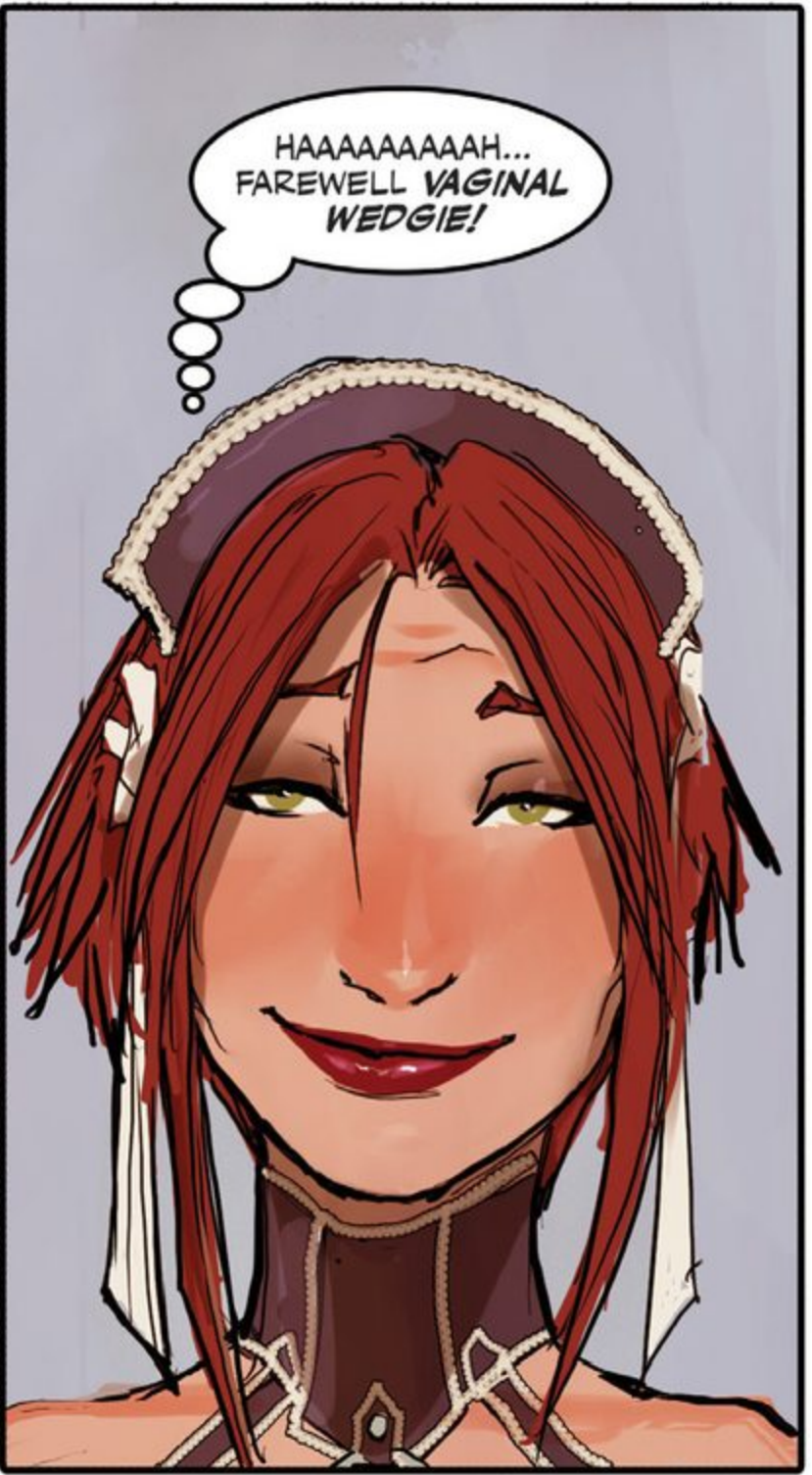
OW!

OW!



OW!

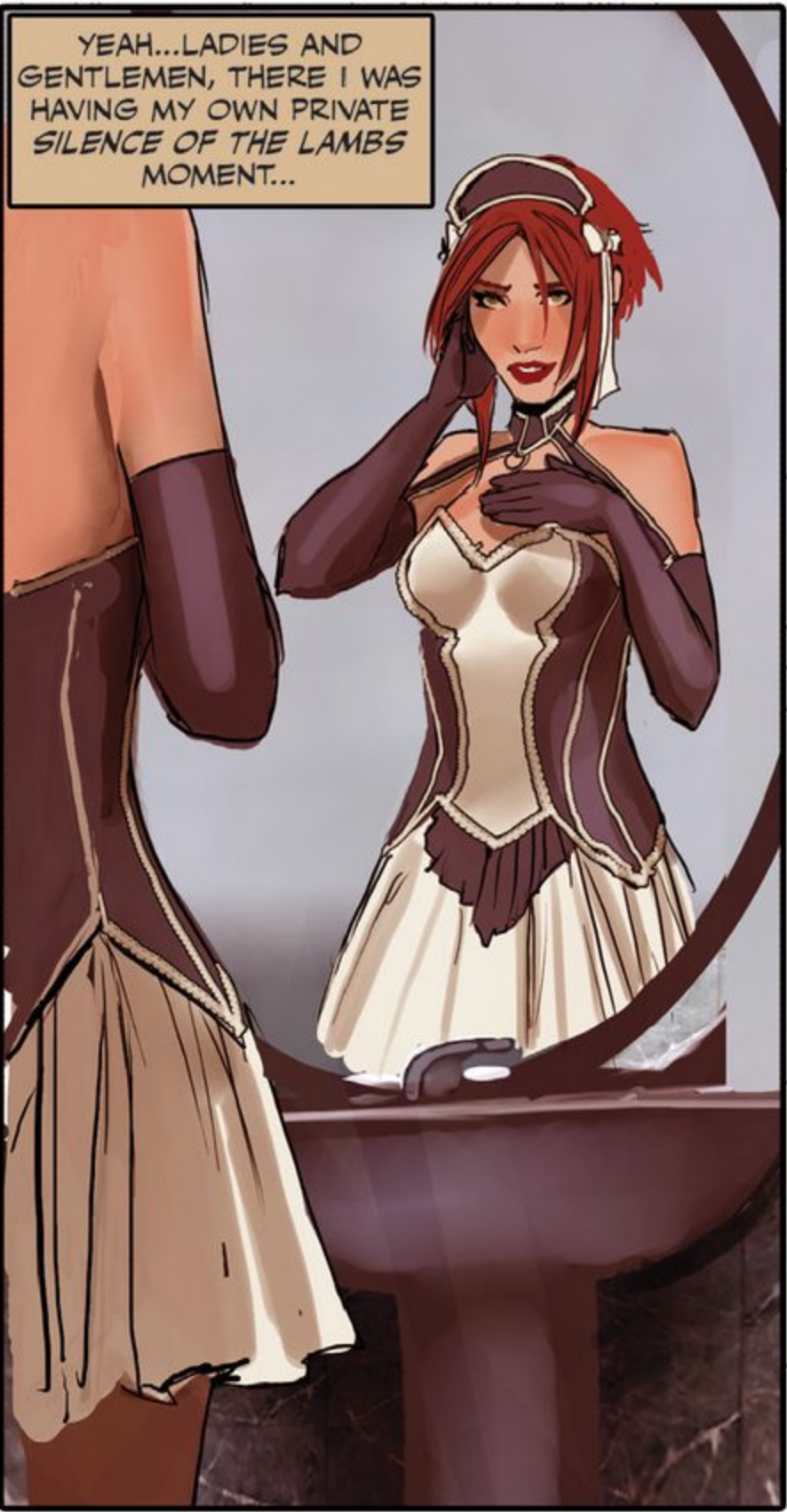
OW!



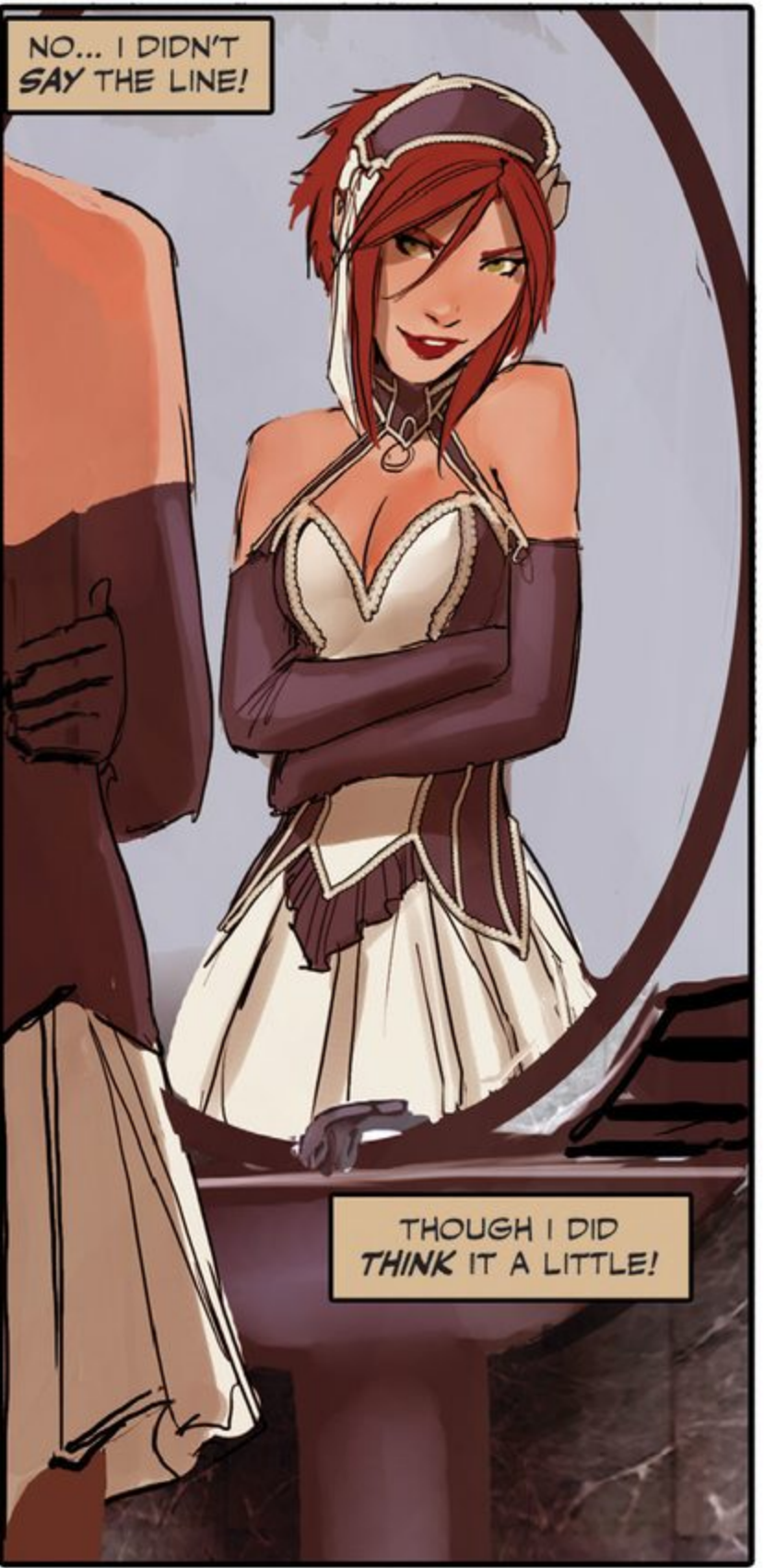
HAAAAAAAHH... FAREWELL VAGINAL WEDGIE!



AHHH YES...AND THEN I WENT AND DID SOMETHING EMBARRASSING. I WAS *NEVER* AN EGOTISTICAL PERSON...IS WHAT I WOULD *LIKE* TO SAY...BUT THE TRUTH WAS...I FUCKING *LOVED* HOW I LOOKED IN THAT OUTFIT...



YEAH...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THERE I WAS HAVING MY OWN PRIVATE *SILENCE OF THE LAMBS* MOMENT...



NO... I DIDN'T SAY THE LINE!

THOUGH I DID THINK IT A LITTLE!

FROM THERE IT
DIDN'T TAKE MUCH...

TRANSFORMATIVE POWER
OF THE WARDROBE, COMBINED
WITH SWEAT, SMELL, RUBBING
AND *IMAGINATION*...

ANNND I WAS OFF...





I WAS THERE IN ALLY'S BATHROOM, BUT MY MIND WAS IN A DIFFERENT BATHROOM ALTOGETHER...

AND SOMEWHERE DEEP IN MY SUBCONSCIOUSNESS, A CURIOUS REALIZATION HAD AWAKENED.

SEEING MY OWN LOST, BLANK GLASSY STARE, TWO WORDS FLASHED. TWO WORDS THAT REPRESENTED THE FEAR WE HAVE OF OUR OWN SEXUALITY.



THE *ABSENCE* OF INTELLIGENCE IN OUR EYES DURING SEX. THE *WILD* NATURE OF IT, THE RELEASE OF INHIBITIONS AND THE CARNAL LANGUAGE OF TOUCHES AND RESPONSES...

WE *FEAR* AND REPRESS IT, AND WE BURY IT IN SHAME. MAYBE, BECAUSE IT'S IN THOSE MOMENTS OF CARNAL REVERIE THAT WE ARE REMINDED OF WHAT WE TRULY ARE BEHIND ALL THE PRETENSES...

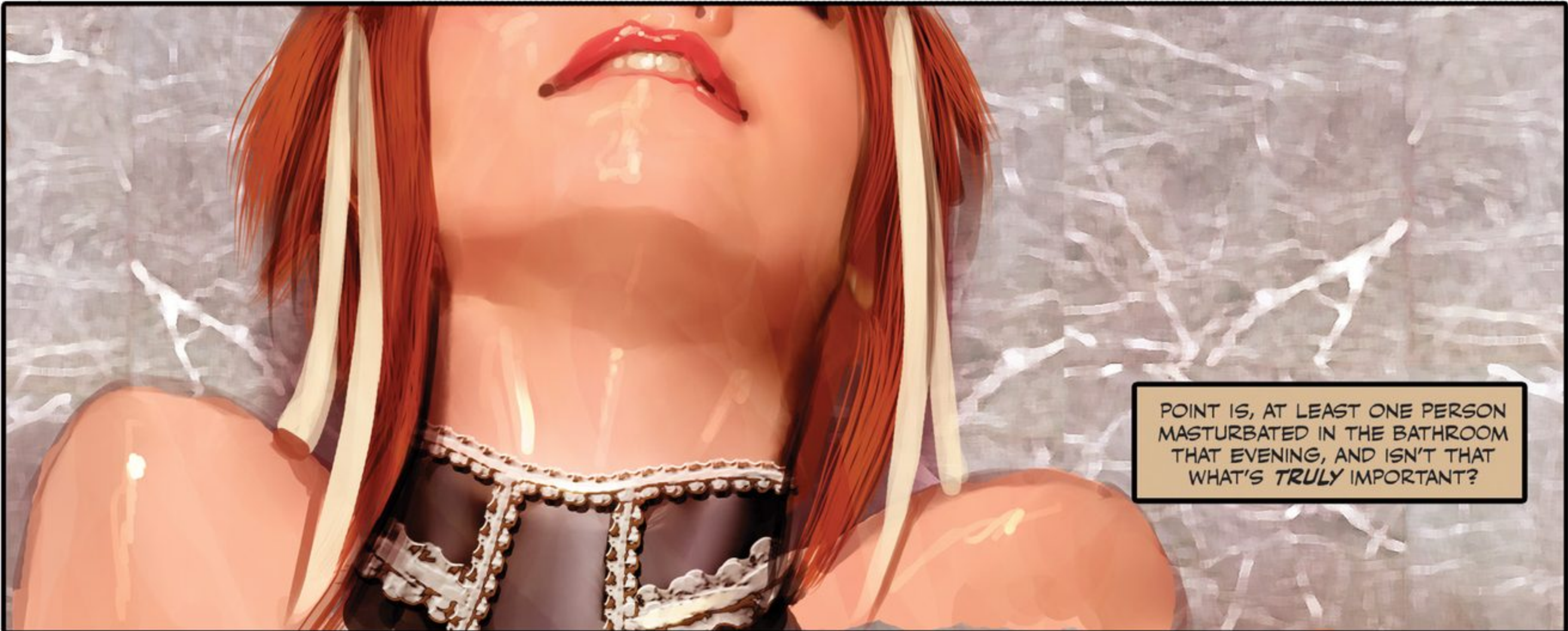
THE *HUMAN ANIMAL!*

OKAY...SO *MAAAYBE* I'M JUST TRYING TO *JUSTIFY* MY HORNNESS A BIT.

BUT COME ON... THAT SOUNDED KINDA *DEEP!*



I MEAN...IT CERTAINLY BEATS SAYING: "I SAW MYSELF IN THE MIRROR WENT ALL *BUFFALO BILL* AND DECIDED TO RUB ONE OUT..."



POINT IS, AT LEAST ONE PERSON MASTURBATED IN THE BATHROOM THAT EVENING, AND ISN'T THAT WHAT'S *TRULY* IMPORTANT?



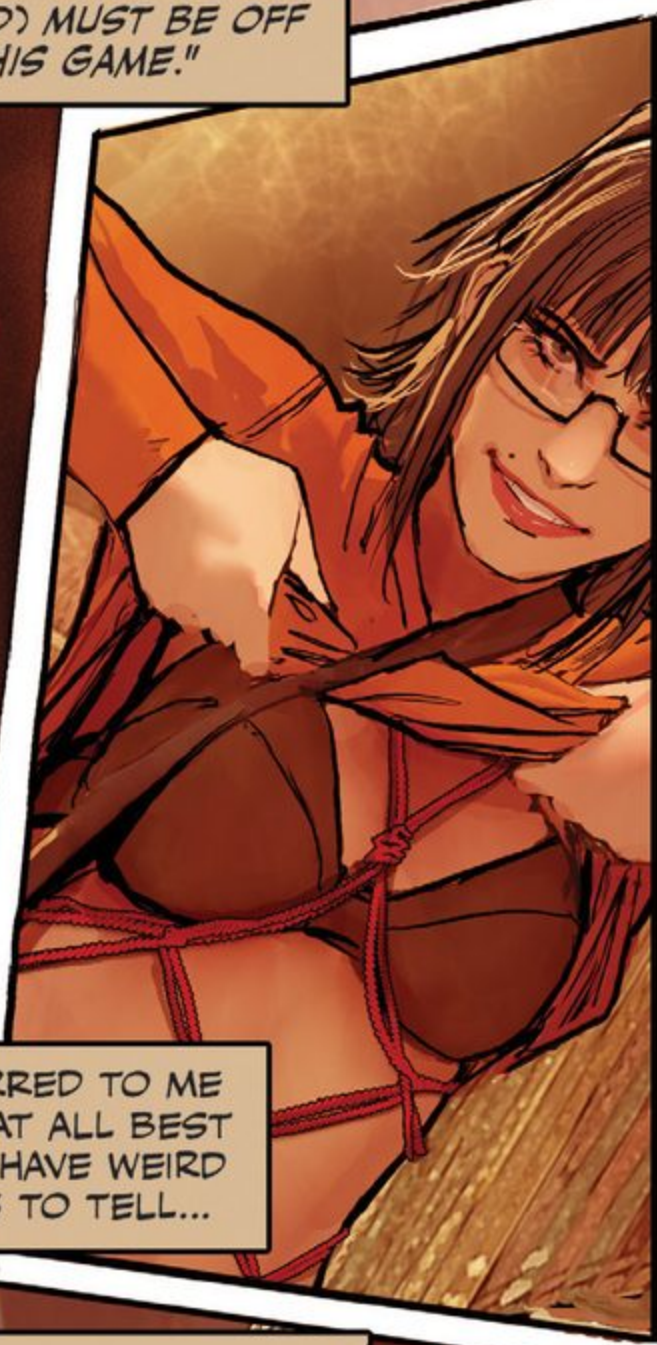


ALAN, I'M
GOING TO *KILL* YOU!

MY BROTHER ONCE TOLD
ME THAT *BEST* FRIENDS
DO THE *DUMBEST* SHIT
TO EACH OTHER.

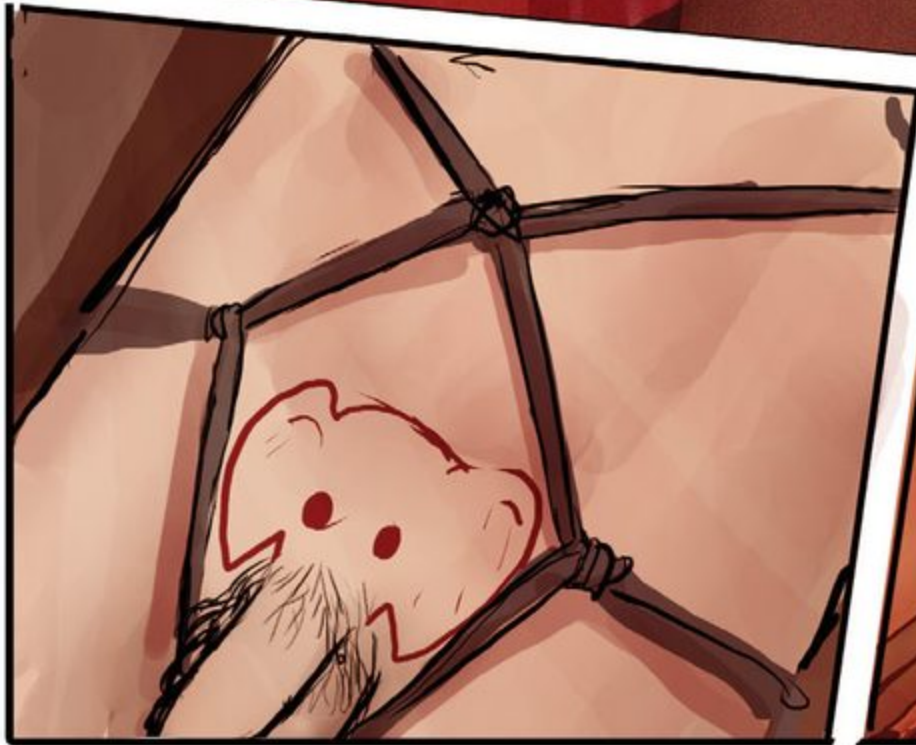
WHILE HE SHARED THIS
BIT OF WISDOM WITH
ME, HE HAD A *PENIS*
DRAWN ON HIS CHEEK
IN PERMANENT
MARKER...

WHEN I MENTIONED
THAT, HE LAUGHED AND
SAID: "*WILL* (HIS BEST
FRIEND) MUST BE OFF
HIS GAME."



IT OCCURRED TO ME
THEN, THAT ALL BEST
FRIENDS HAVE WEIRD
STORIES TO TELL...

SO YEAH...*THIS?* IT'S A
PART OF ONE SUCH
WEIRD STORY.



DON'T WORRY, I'LL SHARE IT
WITH YOU IN DUE TIME.

BUT FOR NOW...



...BACK TO ALAN ESCAPING A *HEEL SHAPED BUTTPLUG!*

GET BACK HERE, YOU SCRAWNY *DILDO!* I'LL SHOVE MY *HEEL* RIGHT UP YOUR...



UM...*EVENING*, MRS. KRAMER!

GOOD EVENING, ALLISON.



YEAH...GOOD NIGHT, ALLY!



GOOD NIGHT, ALAN...YOU STINKY SONOFA...



"HELLO SCREENSAVER."

OH, I'LL GIVE YOU A SCREENSAVER! I GOT PHOTOS TOO!



A WALL SCROLL! THAAAT'S IT! I'LL... EH?

MMMMMNN...



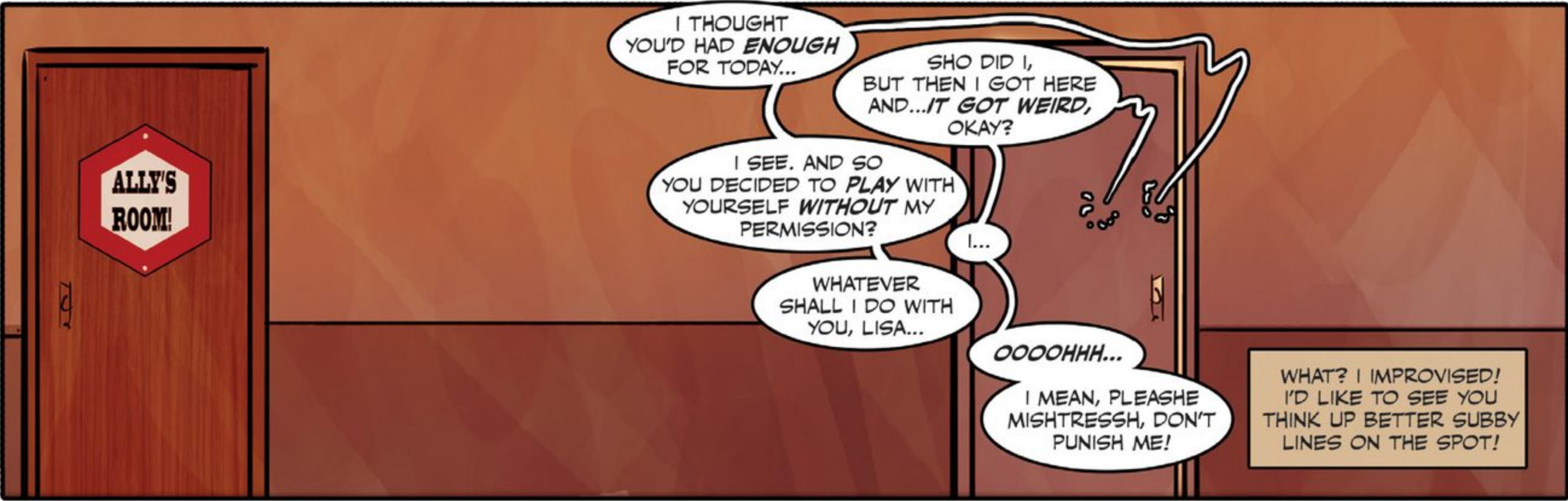
AH!
UM...I CAN EXSHPLA...



ISH THAT... MILK!?



HEH... YES IT IS!



I THOUGHT YOU'D HAD *ENOUGH* FOR TODAY...

SHO DID I, BUT THEN I GOT HERE AND...*IT GOT WEIRD*, OKAY?

I SEE. AND SO YOU DECIDED TO *PLAY* WITH YOURSELF *WITHOUT* MY PERMISSION?

WHATEVER SHALL I DO WITH YOU, LISA...

OOOOHHH...
I MEAN, PLEASE MISTRESSH, DON'T PUNISH ME!

WHAT? I IMPROVISED! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU THINK UP BETTER SUBBY LINES ON THE SPOT!



HUFF...WHEEZE...
THATSH IT....NO MORE
I'M **DONE!**

AW, COME OON!
YOU STILL HAVEN'T
TRIED OUT MY GIFT.

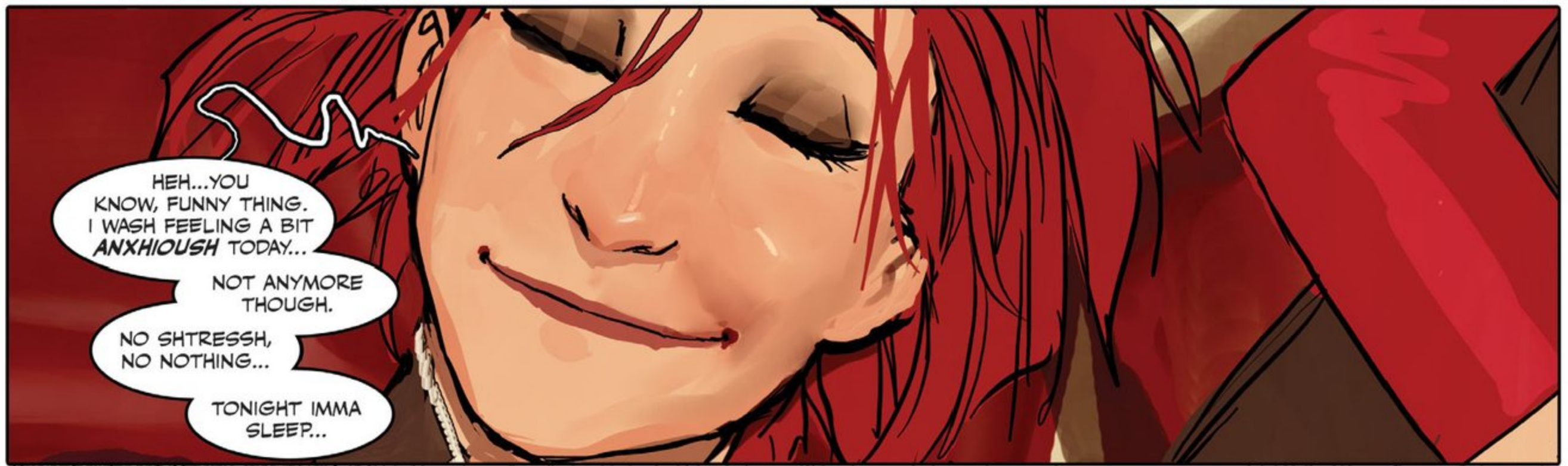
WOULD BE
A SHAME IF I DRAGGED
ALAN OVER HERE
FOR NOTHING.



I'M CURRENTLY
QUESHTIONING MY ABILITY
TO **WALK** BACK TO THE BATHROOM
FOR A SHOWER....SHO NO! DONE!
SHUNSHSTONE!

AFTERCARE
TIME!

PFFFT!



HEH...YOU
KNOW, FUNNY THING.
I WASH FEELING A BIT
ANXHIUSH TODAY...

NOT ANYMORE
THOUGH.

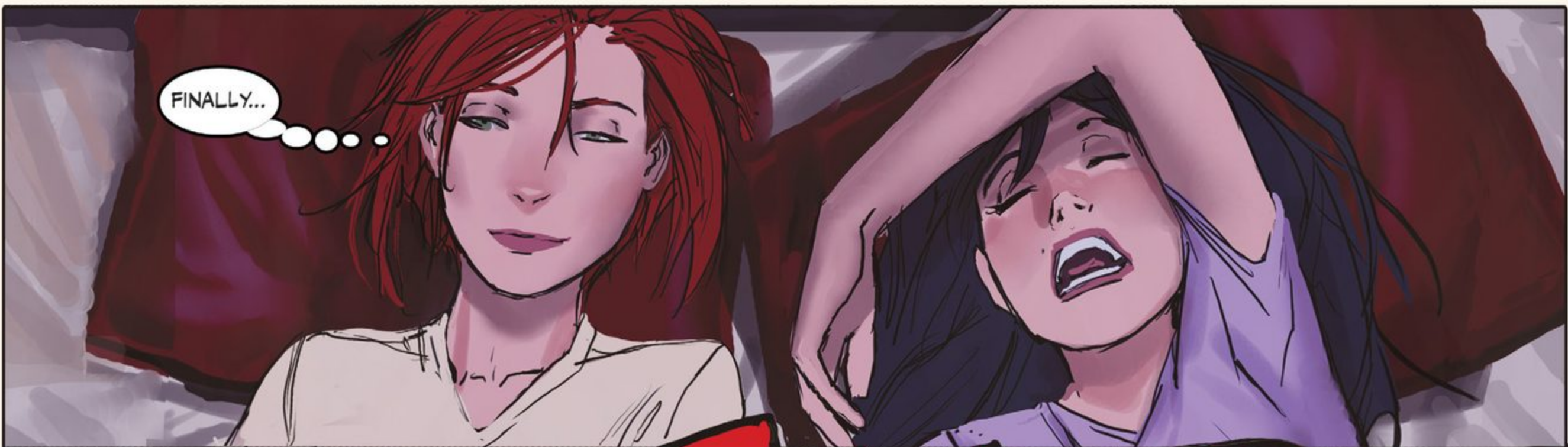
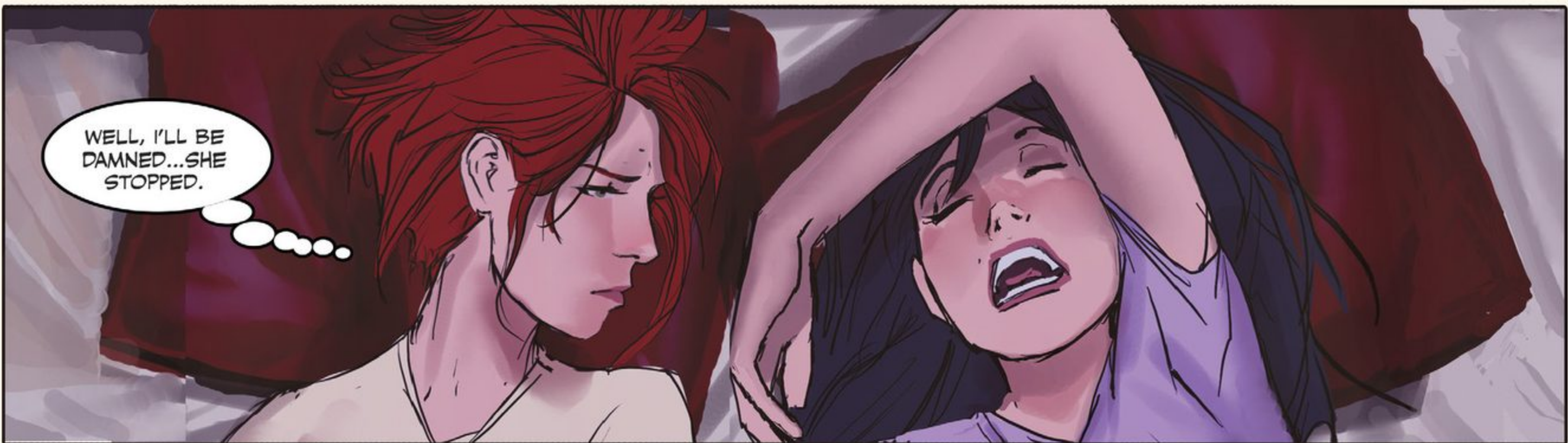
NO SHTRESSH,
NO NOTHING...

TONIGHT IMMA
SLEEP...



LIKE A BABY...

SNORE
SNORE
SNORE
SNORE





YOU KNOW...

HMM?



IF I KEEP POUNDING YOU LIKE YESTERDAY, IMMA TURN THIS SOFTNESS INTO ROCK HARD ABS!

AND ALL OF THAT IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN HOME! CALL NOW!

HEH! THAT'S THE SPIRIT! WHAT DO YOU SAY - YOU STRAP IN, I'LL STRAP ON!

HOW ROMANTIC!

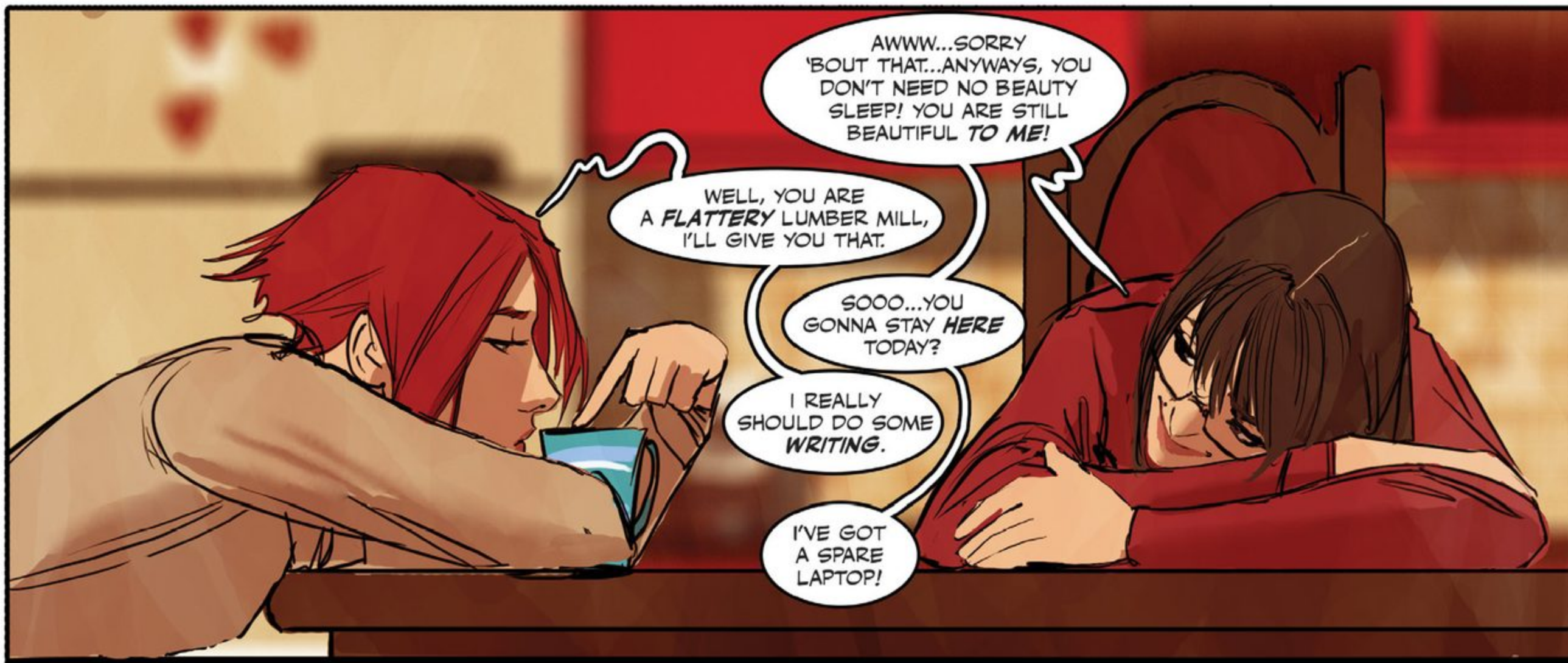


YOU SOUND TIRED.

YOU THINK?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA SLEEP LIKE A BABY?

SO DID I, BUT IT TURNS OUT THE LOCAL LUMBER MILL WAS OPEN FOR BUSINESS AND DISTURBING MY BEAUTY SLEEP LAST NIGHT!



AWWW...SORRY 'BOUT THAT...ANYWAYS, YOU DON'T NEED NO BEAUTY SLEEP! YOU ARE STILL BEAUTIFUL TO ME!

WELL, YOU ARE A FLATTERY LUMBER MILL, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

SOOO...YOU GONNA STAY HERE TODAY?

I REALLY SHOULD DO SOME WRITING.

I'VE GOT A SPARE LAPTOP!



IT WAS A
WONDERFUL DAY.

A QUIET, CALM
THURSDAY...

ALLY ON HER LAPTOP,
CODING...STUFF.

ME ON THE OTHER
LAPTOP, OUTLINING
CHAPTERS...NOT
A WORD UTTERED...



HER MERE PRESENCE
WAS ENOUGH...



IT WAS QUITE FASCINATING...

LOOKING AT HER...THE WAY SHE DRESSED,
THE LACK OF MAKEUP, THE RELAXED POSTURE.
I WOULD NEVER THINK HER A *FETISHIST DOMME*.

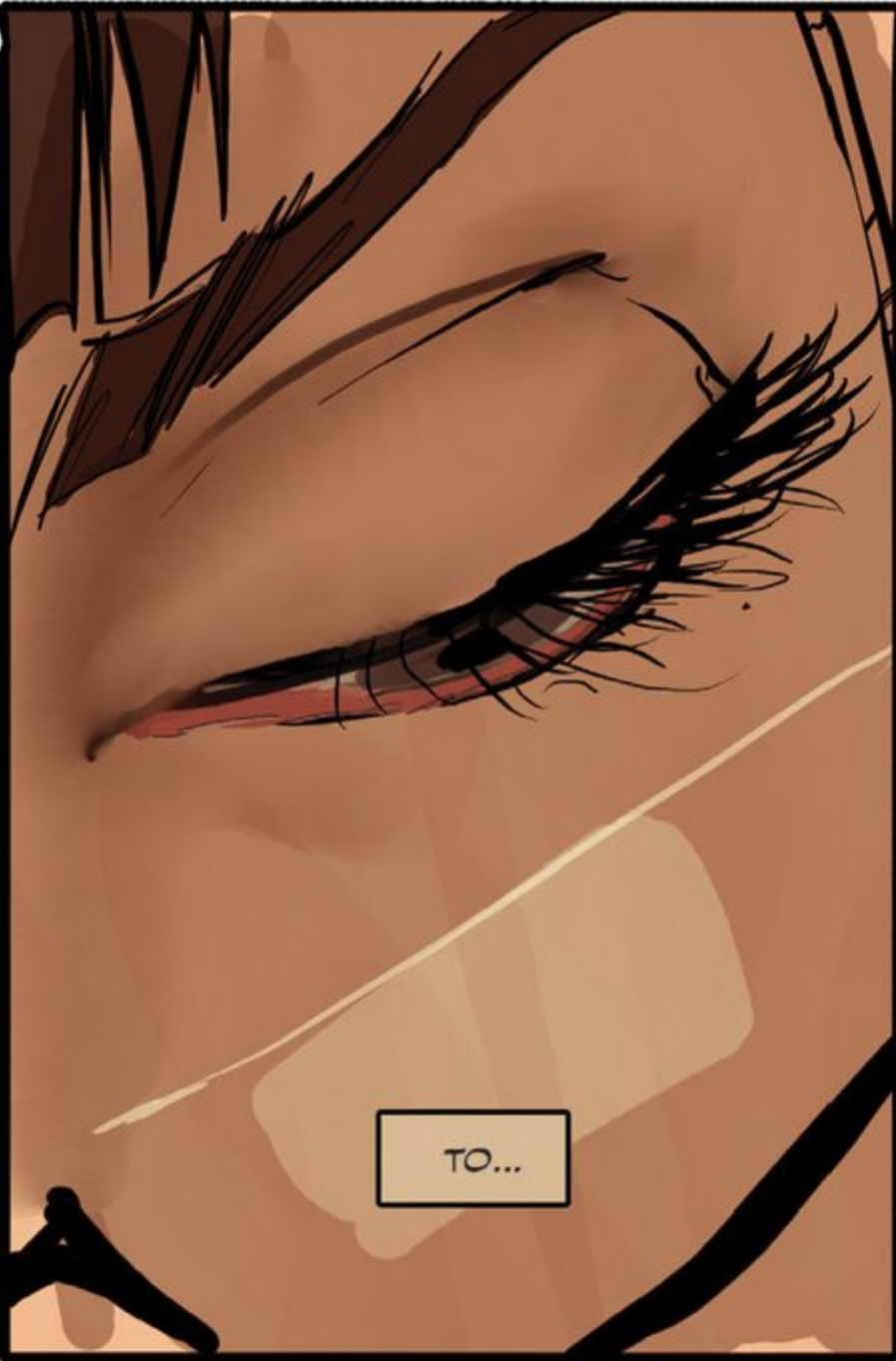
BUT I GUESS THE *SAME*
COULD BE SAID ABOUT ME.

I REMEMBER THINKING:
"SHE CALLED ME
BEAUTIFUL."

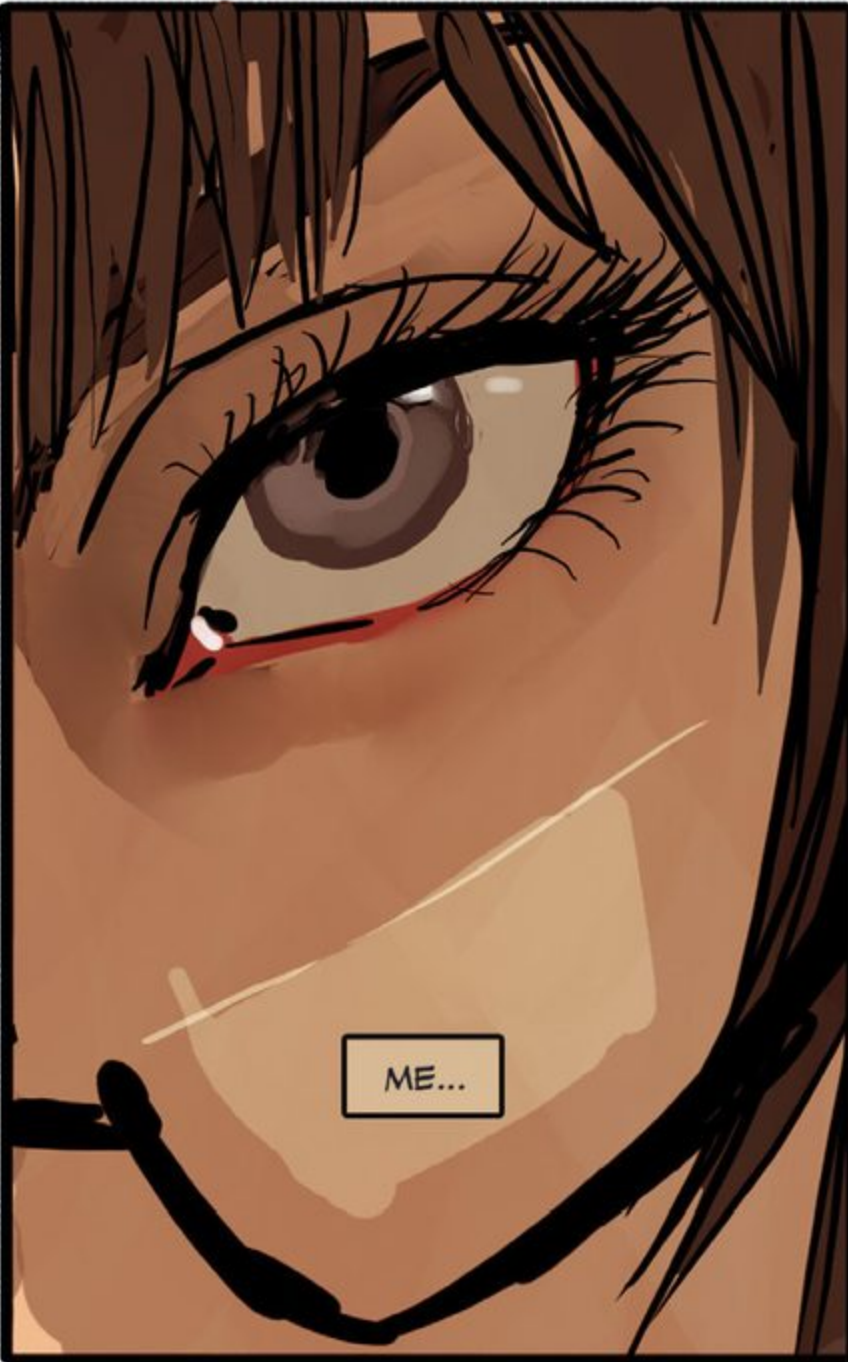
NOT IN ANY SEXUAL
SITUATION...JUST...
OUT OF THE BLUE.



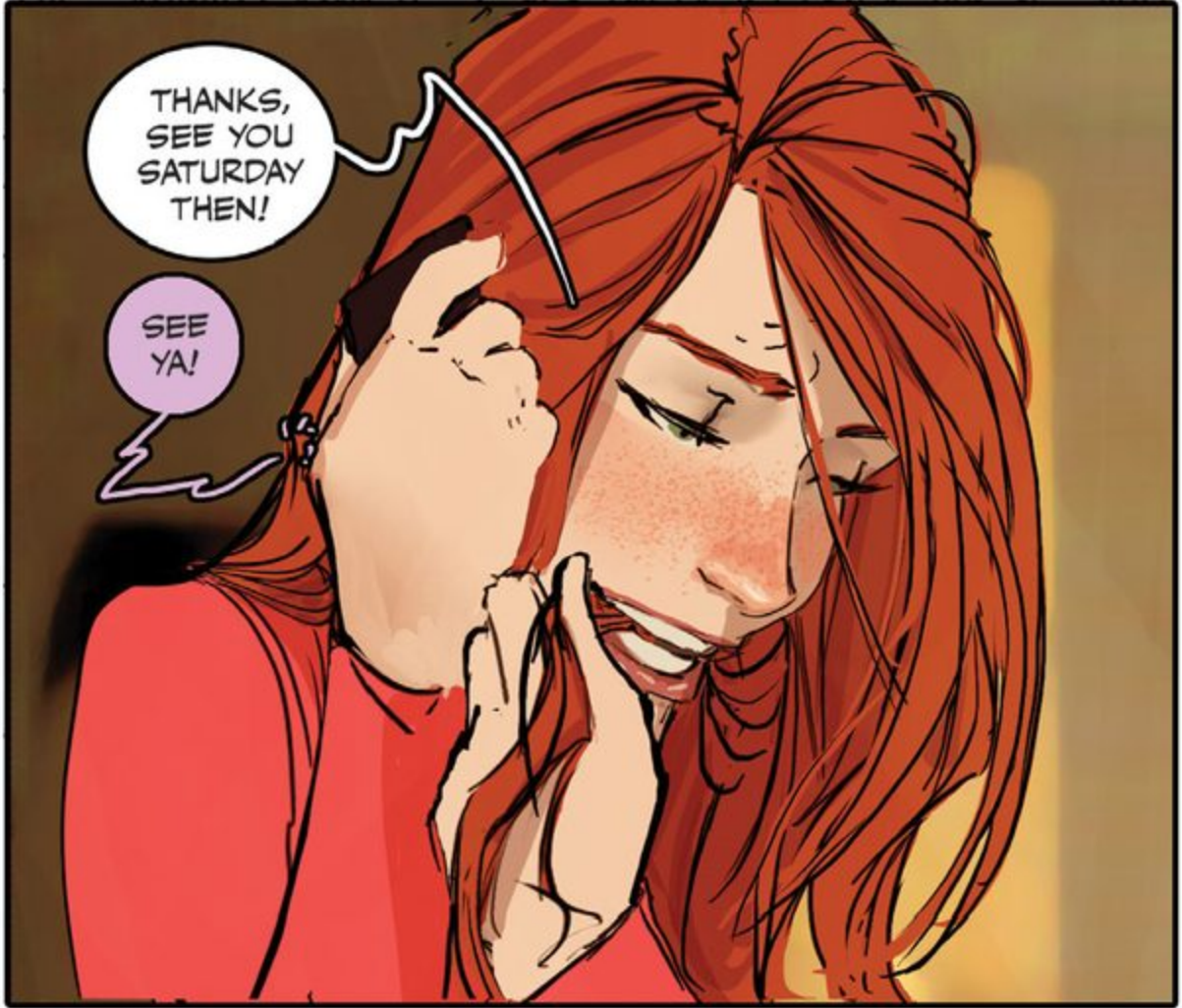
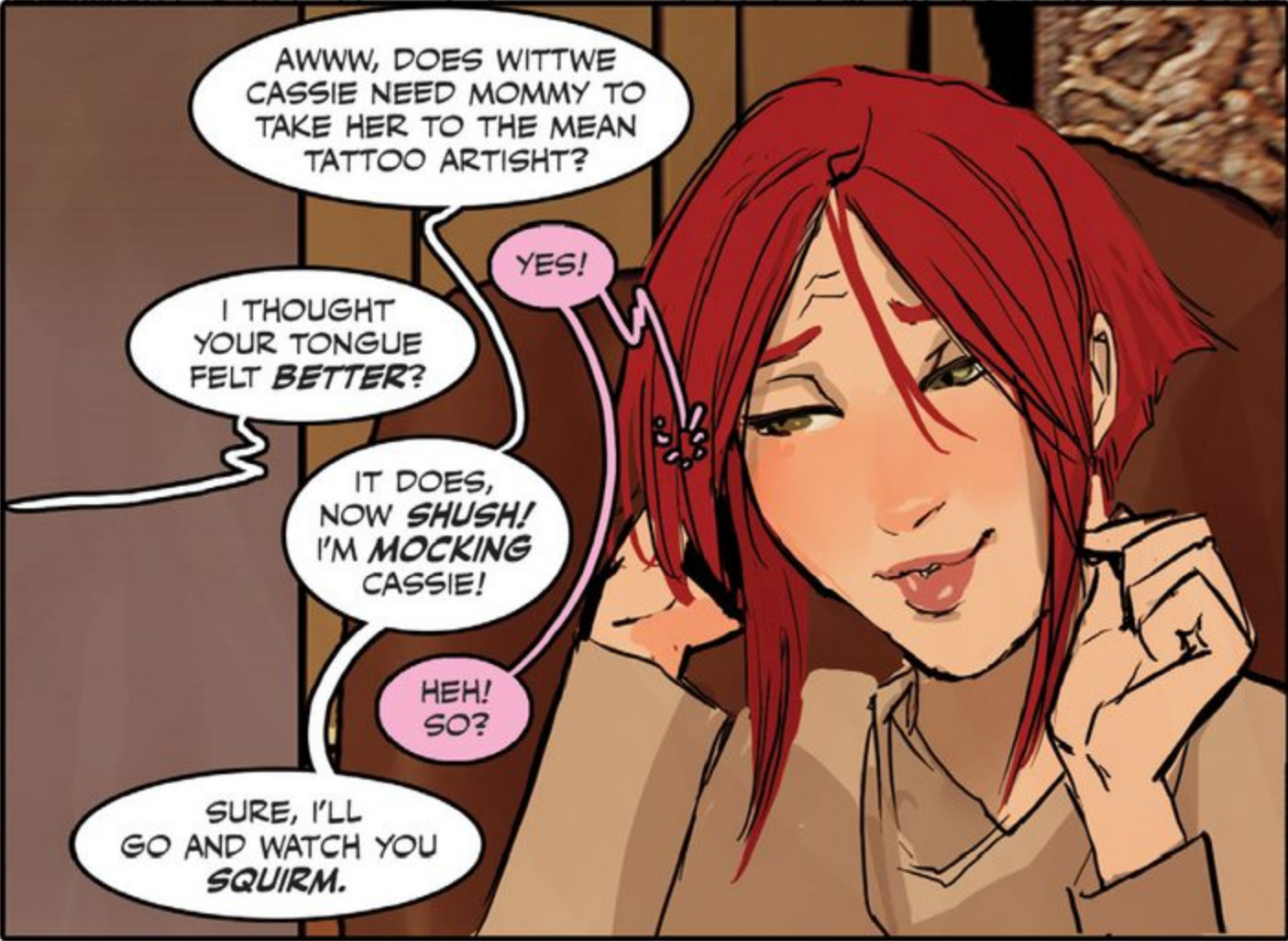
BEAUTIFUL...

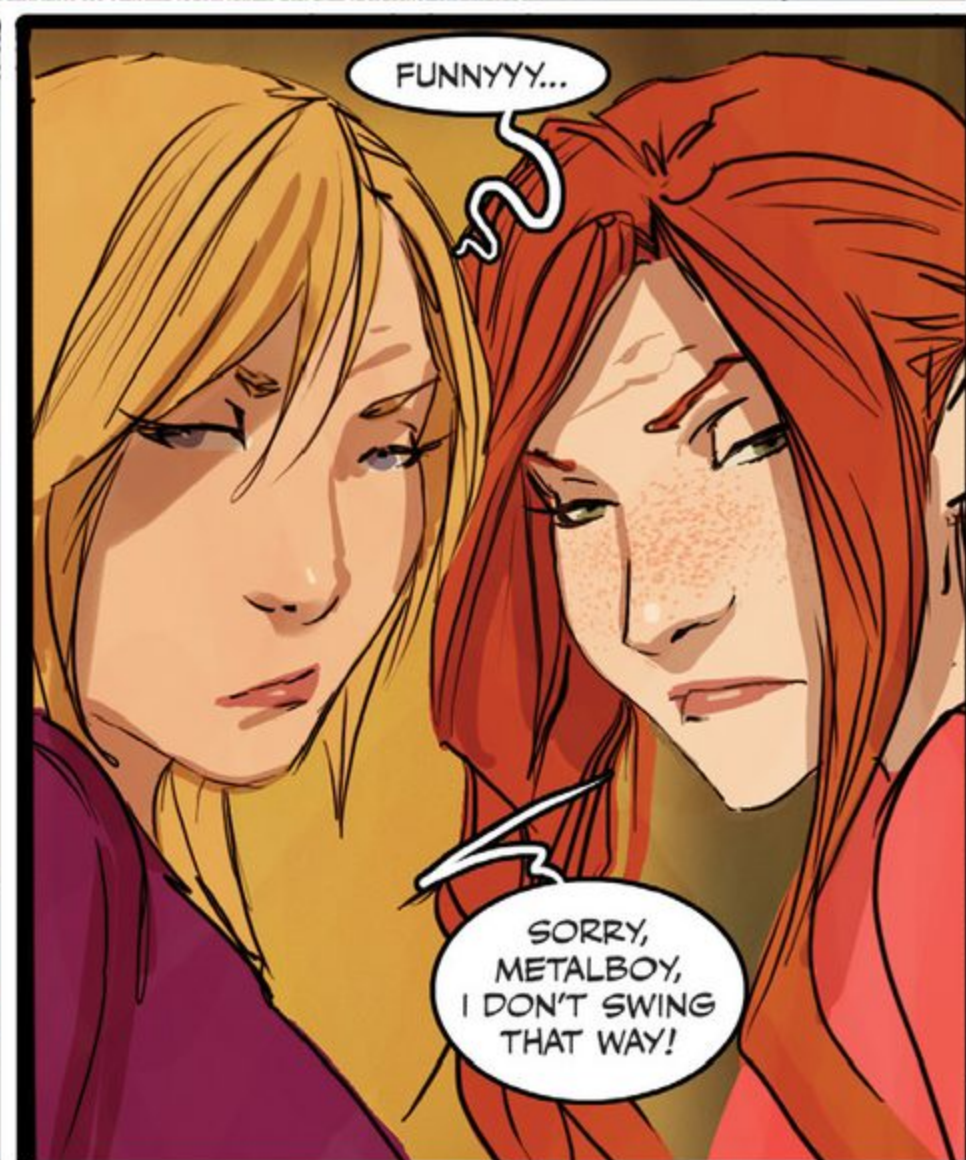
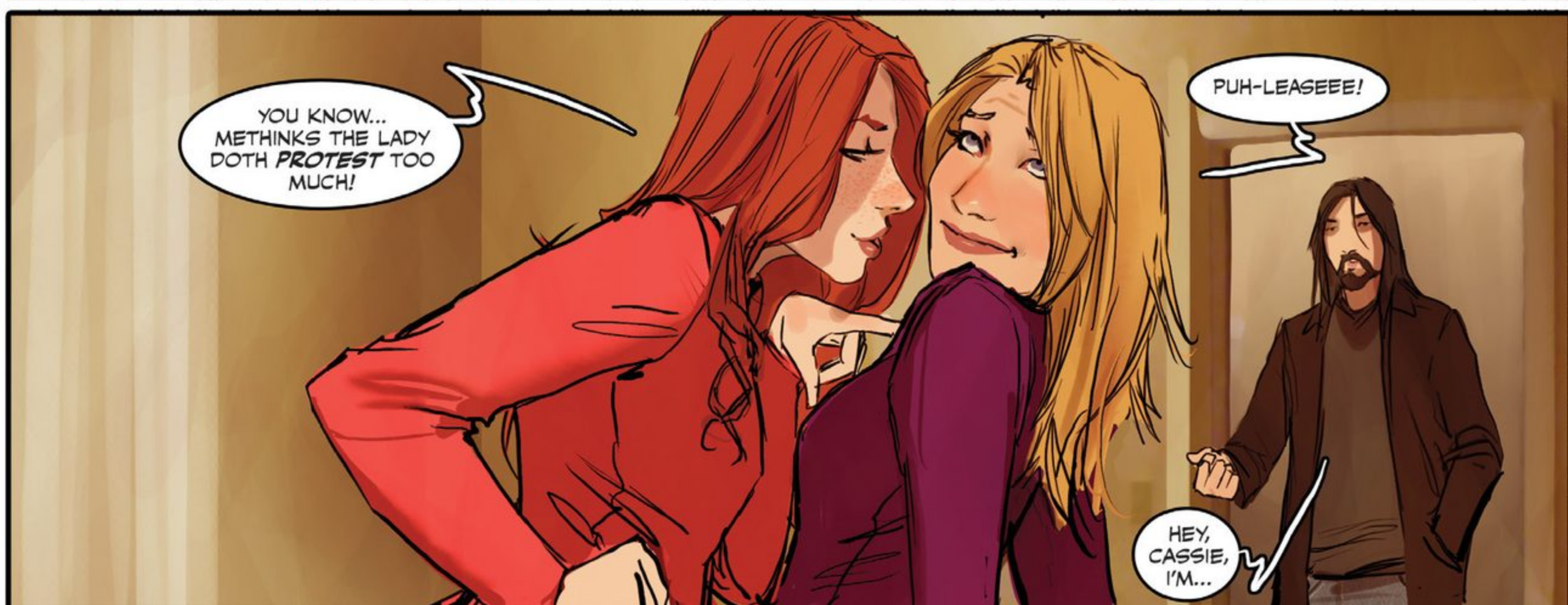


TO...



ME...





SO, I GUESS
YOU'LL JUST HAVE
TO KEEP DREAMING
DUMBASS!

WILL DO,
SHREW!
NOW, IF ANNE
AIN'T GONNA FINISH
THOSE LIPS...

GIVEN JUST HOW *IMPORTANT* ANNE WILL TURN OUT
TO BE TO OUR LITTLE GROUP... I THINK THIS WOULD BE
A GOOD MOMENT TO OFFER SOME INSIGHT ABOUT HER...

AND WHO BETTER TO OFFER THIS
INSIGHT THAN ANNE HERSELF...

SO, WITHOUT FURTHER
ADO...*ANNE!*

THESE TWO,
I *SWEAR*... HEH...I
GUESS *SOME* THINGS
NEVER CHANGE!

OTHERS, HOWEVER...

I JUST CAN'T
IMAGINE THEM DOING
THE KIND OF THINGS
I SAW ONLINE...
EW...

DAMN IT, SHE USED
TO BE...I DON'T KNOW, *NORMAL!*
I MEAN, I'M NOT JUDGING
THEM...

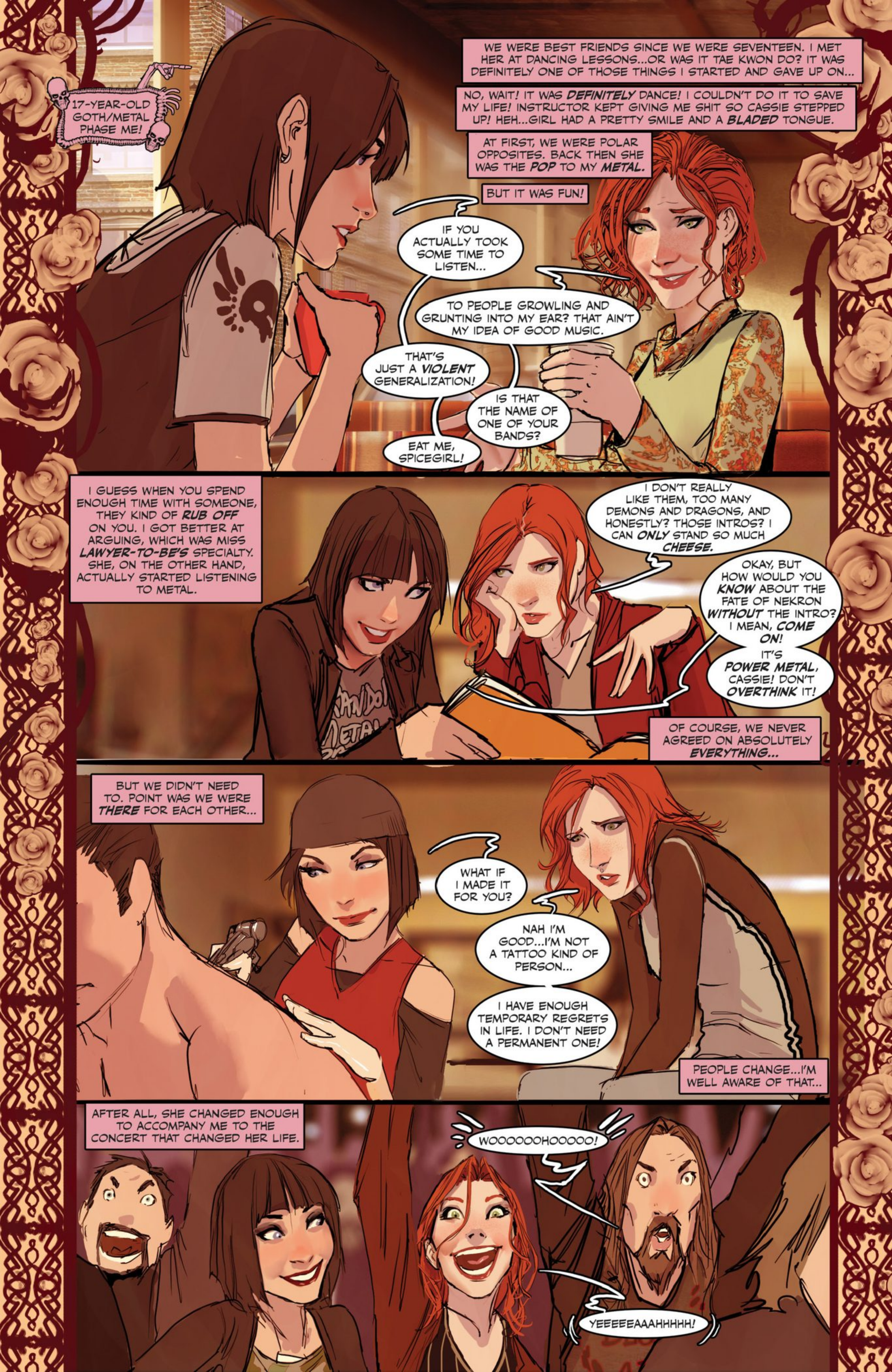
OKAY, MAYBE I'M
JUDGING A *LITTLE*...

UGH...

I MEAN, *SURE!*
IT'S THEIR OWN
PERSONAL BUSINESS.
I SHOULDN'T EVEN
CARE.

I *SHOULD* LET
IT GO...

SO...WHY
COULDN'T I DO IT?



WE WERE BEST FRIENDS SINCE WE WERE SEVENTEEN. I MET HER AT DANCING LESSONS...OR WAS IT TAE KWON DO? IT WAS DEFINITELY ONE OF THOSE THINGS I STARTED AND GAVE UP ON...

NO, WAIT! IT WAS **DEFINITELY** DANCE! I COULDN'T DO IT TO SAVE MY LIFE! INSTRUCTOR KEPT GIVING ME SHIT SO CASSIE STEPPED UP! HEH...GIRL HAD A PRETTY SMILE AND A **BLADED** TONGUE.

AT FIRST, WE WERE POLAR OPPOSITES. BACK THEN SHE WAS THE **POP** TO MY **METAL**.

BUT IT WAS FUN!

IF YOU ACTUALLY TOOK SOME TIME TO LISTEN...

TO PEOPLE GROWLING AND GRUNTING INTO MY EAR? THAT AIN'T MY IDEA OF GOOD MUSIC.

THAT'S JUST A **VIOLENT** GENERALIZATION!

IS THAT THE NAME OF ONE OF YOUR BANDS?

EAT ME, **SPICEGIRL**!

17-YEAR-OLD GOTH/METAL PHASE ME!

I GUESS WHEN YOU SPEND ENOUGH TIME WITH SOMEONE, THEY KIND OF **RUB OFF** ON YOU. I GOT BETTER AT ARGUING, WHICH WAS MISS **LAWYER-TO-BE'S** SPECIALTY. SHE, ON THE OTHER HAND, ACTUALLY STARTED LISTENING TO METAL.

I DON'T REALLY LIKE THEM, TOO MANY DEMONS AND DRAGONS, AND HONESTLY? THOSE INTROS? I CAN **ONLY** STAND SO MUCH **CHEESE**.

OKAY, BUT HOW WOULD YOU **KNOW** ABOUT THE FATE OF NEKRON **WITHOUT** THE INTRO? I MEAN, **COME ON!**

IT'S **POWER METAL**, CASSIE! DON'T **OVERTHINK** IT!

OF COURSE, WE NEVER AGREED ON ABSOLUTELY **EVERYTHING**...

BUT WE DIDN'T NEED TO. POINT WAS WE WERE **THERE** FOR EACH OTHER...

WHAT IF I MADE IT FOR YOU?

NAH I'M GOOD...I'M NOT A TATTOO KIND OF PERSON...

I HAVE ENOUGH TEMPORARY REGRETS IN LIFE. I DON'T NEED A PERMANENT ONE!

PEOPLE CHANGE...I'M WELL AWARE OF THAT...

AFTER ALL, SHE CHANGED ENOUGH TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE CONCERT THAT CHANGED HER LIFE.

WOOOOOOOHOOOOO!

YEEEEEEAAHHHHH!

THAT WAS THE VERY NIGHT SHE MET TOM...

I'M SURE WE COULD FIND SOME NICE GUYS HERE, COME ON!

SURE, I MEAN THE SHEER *VARIETY* OF CHOICES IS *STAGGERING*!

WE COULD GO FOR A *LONG-HAIRED* GUY WEARING *BLACK* WITH A BEARD OOR... *WITHOOOOUT* A BEARD!

HEY NOW! I MAY NOT KNOW YOU, BUT THAT, RIGHT THERE IS AN UNFAIR STEREOTYPE.

THIS, OF COURSE, COMING FROM A LONGISH-HAIRED BEARDED-GUY WEARING *BLACK*!

HEY, AS FAR AS *METAL* HAIR STANDARDS GO, THIS IS MILITARY *SHORT*. ANYWAYS, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I JUST WENT AND PRESUMED YOU TO BE AN IRISH, POORLY-TANNING... *VAMPIRE*?

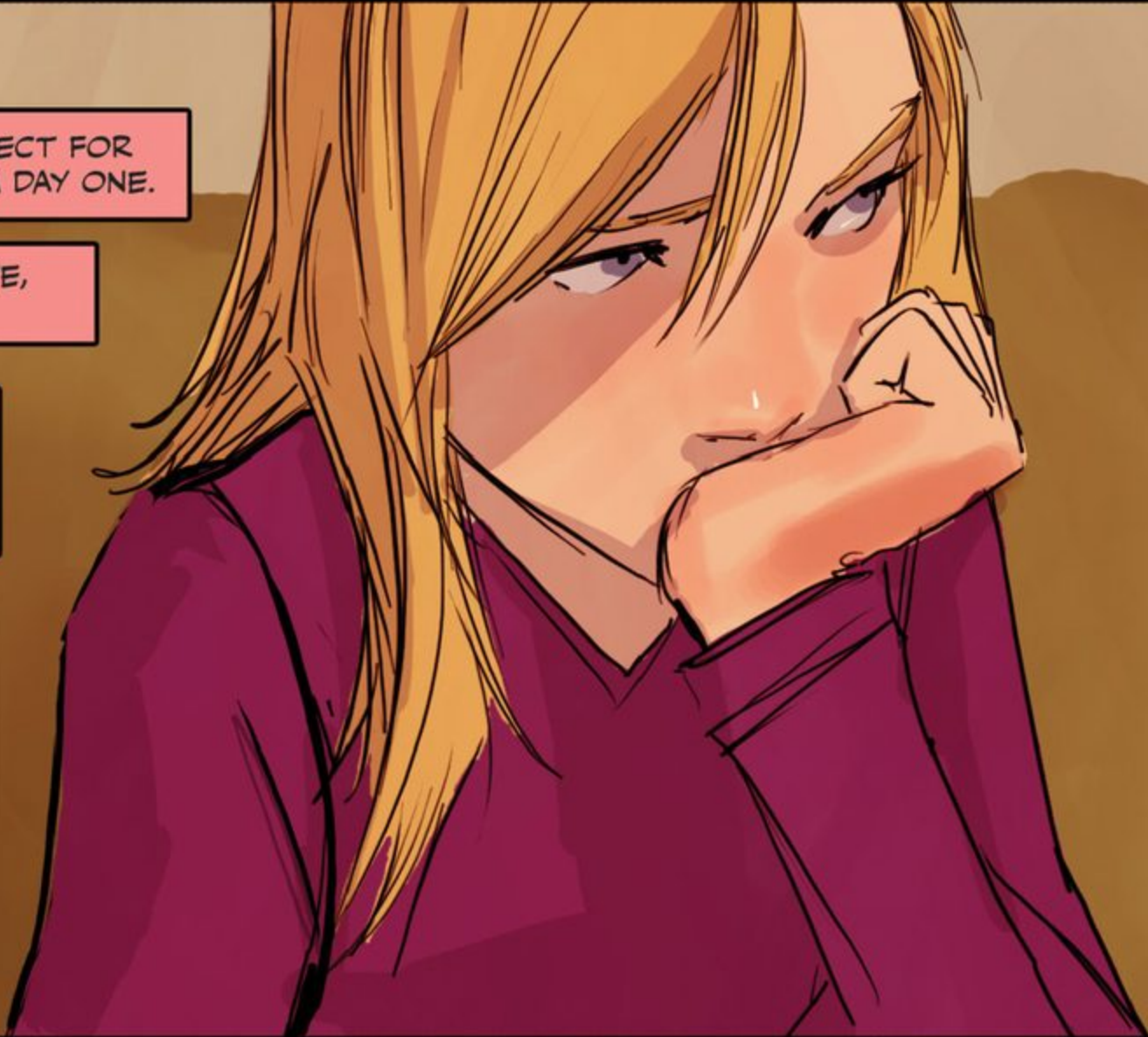
SAY WHAT?

TECHNICALLY, YOU COULD PROVE ME WRONG IF I WAS TO BUY YOU A DRINK...YOU KNOW... DEMONSTRATE THAT YOU CAN HANDLE MORTAL BEVERAGES.

SO?

SHE CONSIDERED GIVING HIM THE *MIDDLE FINGER*...

HE ENDED UP PUTTING A RING ON ITS NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.



THEY WERE PERFECT FOR EACH OTHER FROM DAY ONE.

BOTH VERY ARGUMENTATIVE, BUT NEVER...*SPITEFUL*.

BOTH WILLING TO ADMIT THEY WERE WRONG. THEY *ARGUED*... BUT THEY NEVER *FOUGHT*.

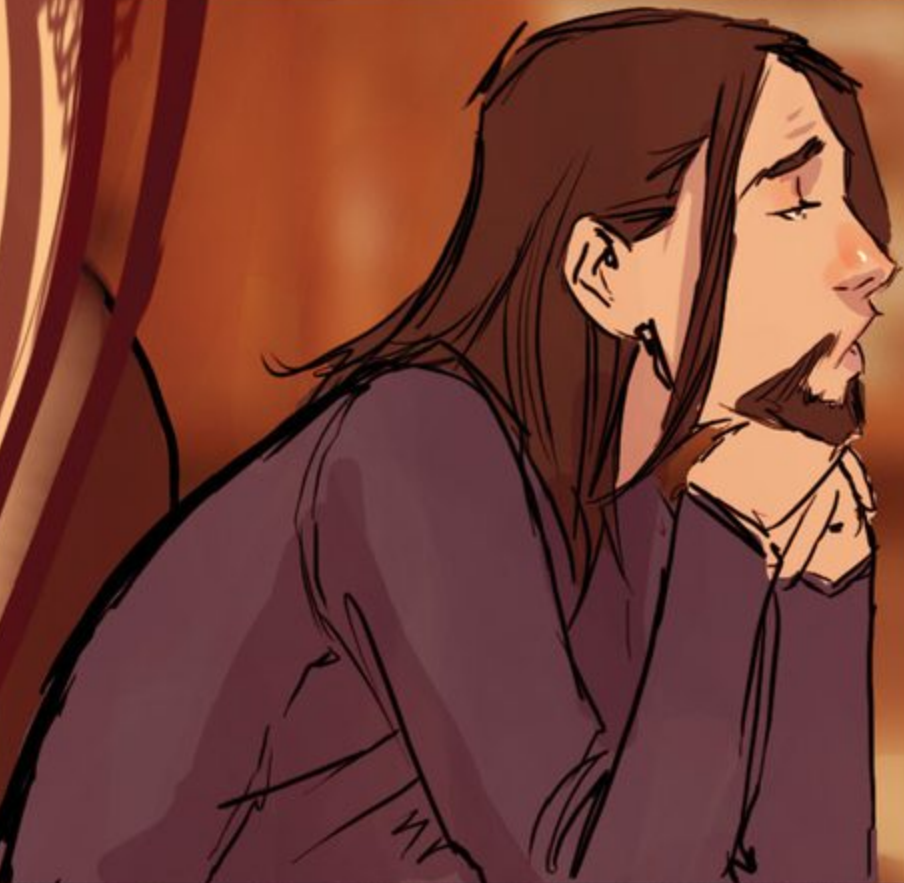
I SURE AS HELL COULDN'T DO THAT, AND THE FUCKED UP PART IS THAT GENERALLY, BETWEEN CASSIE AND ME, SHE IS THE BITCHY ONE...

I *ASKED* HER, HOW DO THEY DO IT? THE WHOLE *NOT FIGHTING* THING. HER ANSWER WAS STRANGE AT FIRST. SHE SMILED AND SAID: "I KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS HIS PORN."



TOOK ME QUITE A WHILE TO TRULY UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE MEANT BY THAT...

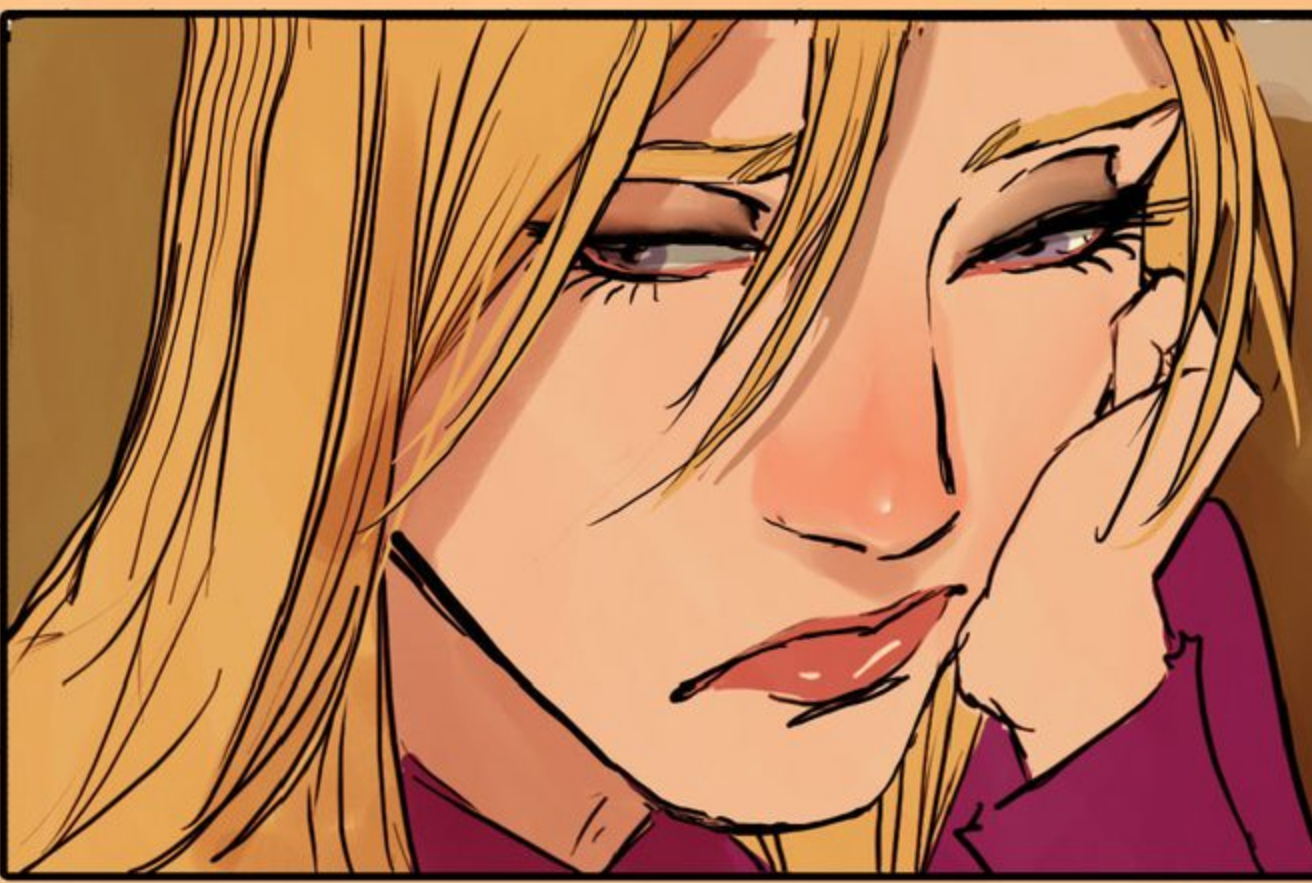
REALLY???
TWELVE GIGABYTES, ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME? YOU ARE SOOO MANLY THAT LITTLE OL' ME AINT REMOTELY ENOUGH FOR YOU??



AH YES, AND I PRESUME THAT IS A FINELY FOCUSED, OVERSIZED NECK MASSAGER IN YOUR DRAWER THEN?

OR DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOUR "ROMANCE" NOVELS? I TOOK A PEEK, YOU KNOW. LEARNED *MANY* NEW WAYS OF SAYING "*ERECT PENIS*"!

THIS WAS A MOMENT THAT WOULD HAVE SPARKED A FIGHT FOR MANY COUPLES... THESE TWO FREAKS USED IT TO START A CONVERSATION. THEY SHARED EVERY WEIRD, DIRTY SEXUAL FANTASY THAT DAY. AFTER THAT, *NOTHING* FELT EMBARRASSING TO THEM. THEY HAD NO NEED FOR SECRETS...



HELL, EVEN NOW A PART OF ME ENVIES THEM. THEY ARE JUST SO...*BROKEN* TO THE WORLD.

I NEVER FELT ALIENATED
FROM THEM, BUT THERE
WAS NO DENYING IT...

THEY WERE A BREED
OF THEIR OWN.

FOUR YEARS
AGO, THEY GOT
MARRIED.

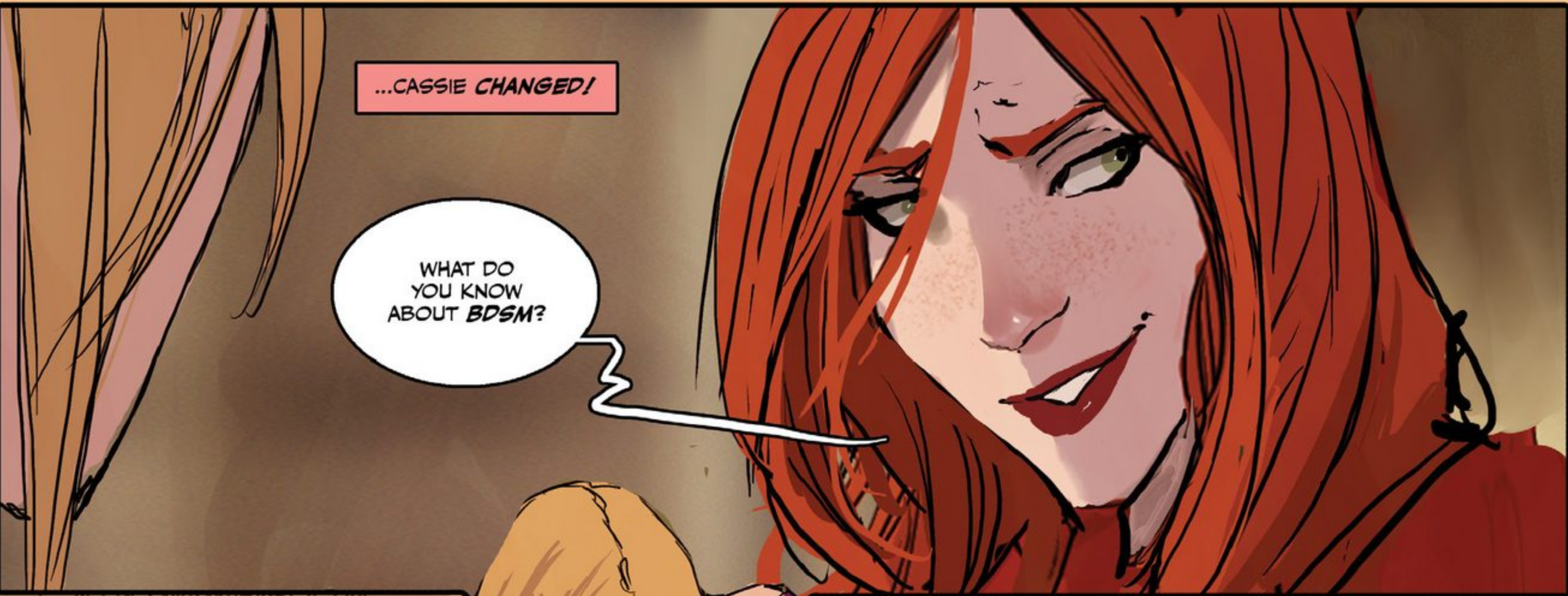
AW, HONEY,
YOU BROUGHT AN
UMBRELLA TO KEEP
ME SAFE FROM ALL
THIS NASTY RICE.

WELL...THAT,
AND, YOU KNOW...
VAMPIRES BURN
IN THE SUN.

EAT ME!

TONIGHT,
I PROMISE!

AND THEN, TWO AND A
HALF YEARS AGO...



...CASSIE *CHANGED!*

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT *BDSM*?

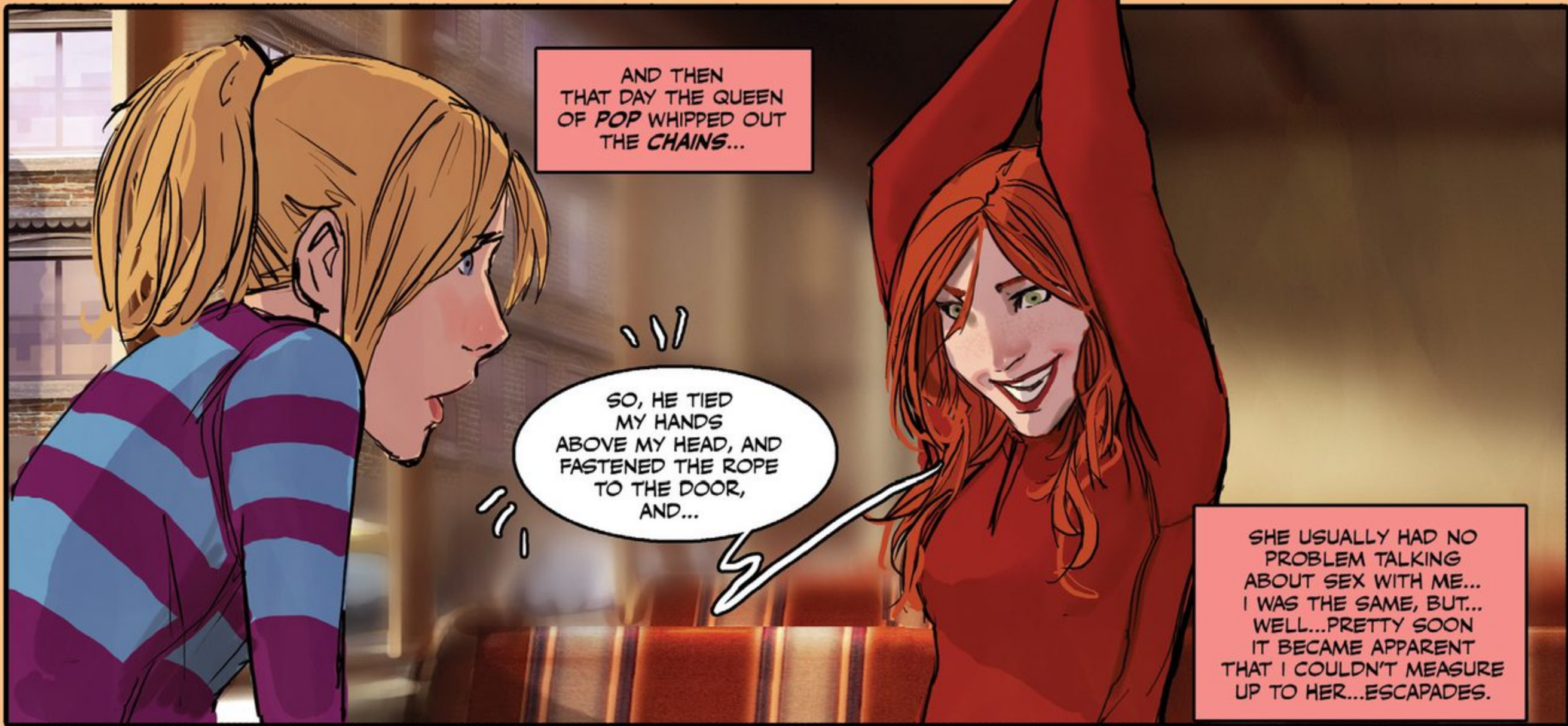


HMPF...

I USED TO BE THE *CRAZY* ONE...

THE TATTOOED, PIERCED ADVENTUROUS ONE...

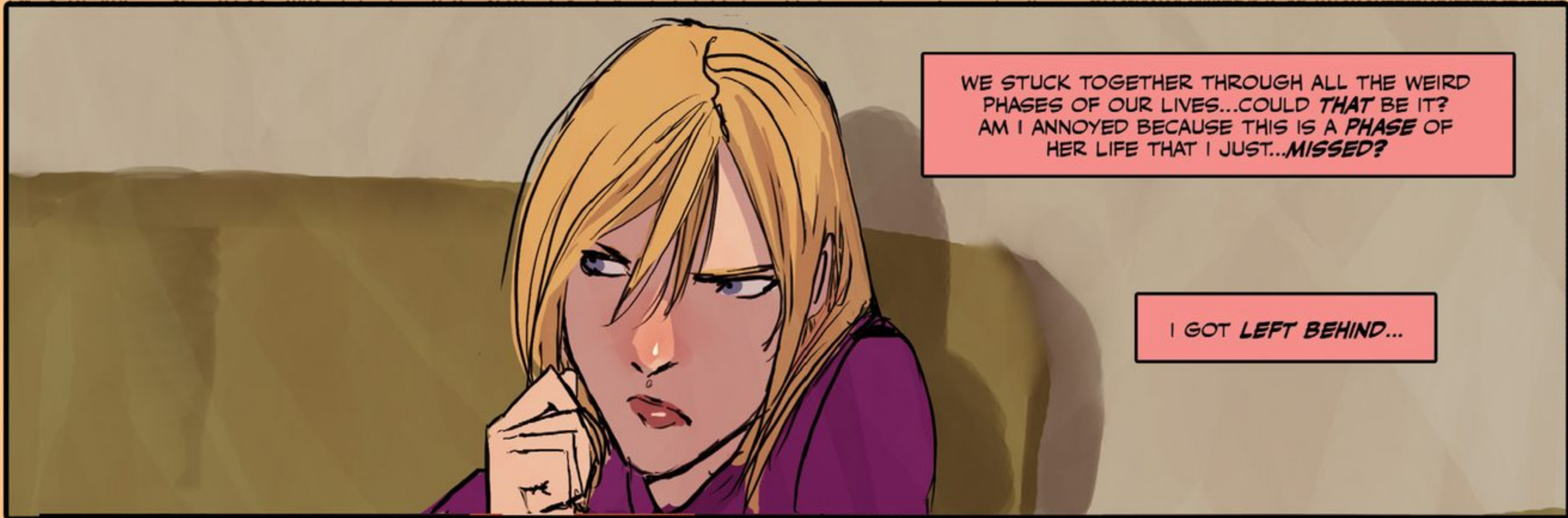
I WAS *METAL* AND SHE WAS *POP*...



AND THEN THAT DAY THE QUEEN OF *POP* WHIPPED OUT THE *CHAINS*...

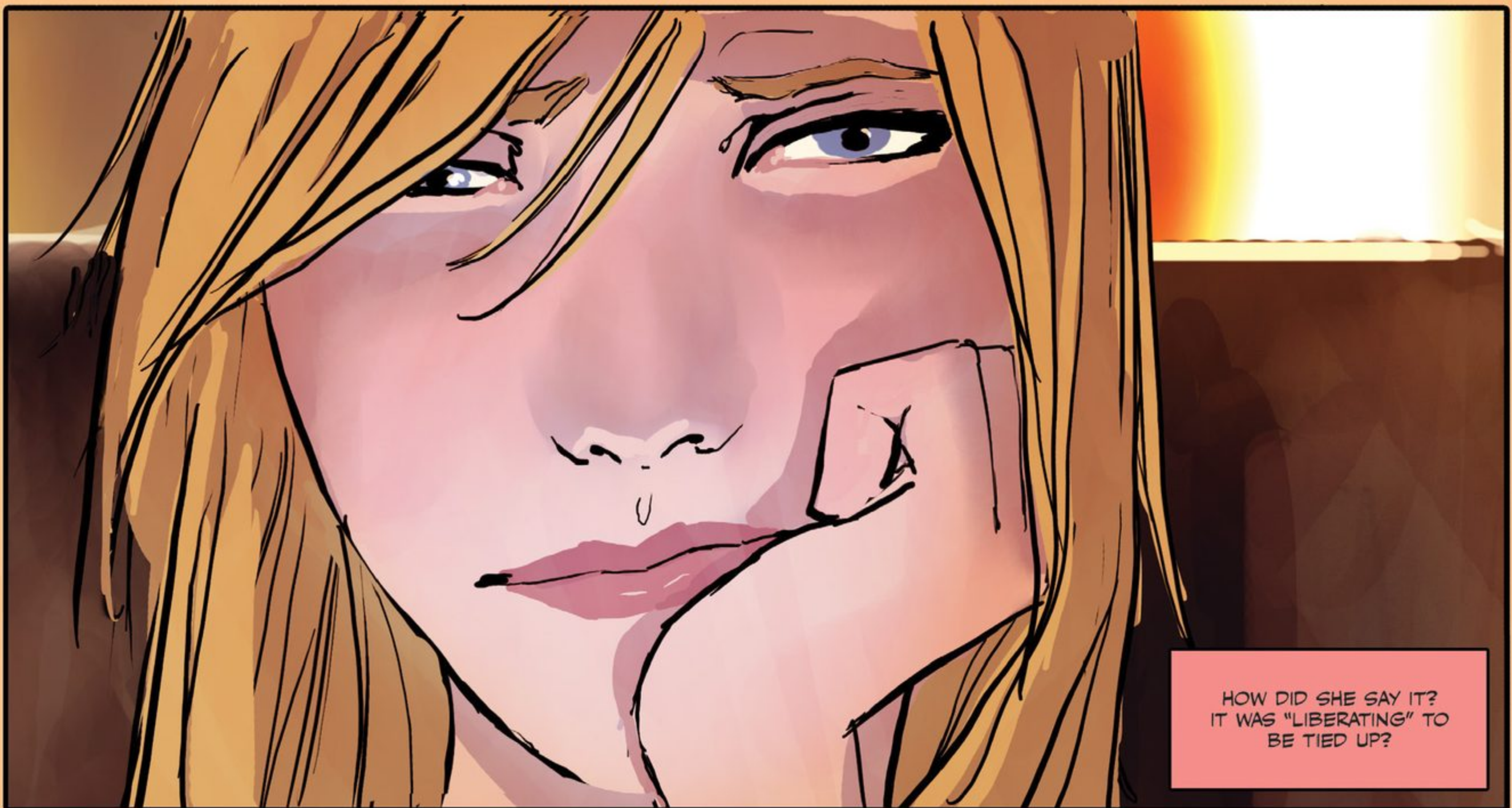
SO, HE TIED MY HANDS ABOVE MY HEAD, AND FASTENED THE ROPE TO THE DOOR, AND...

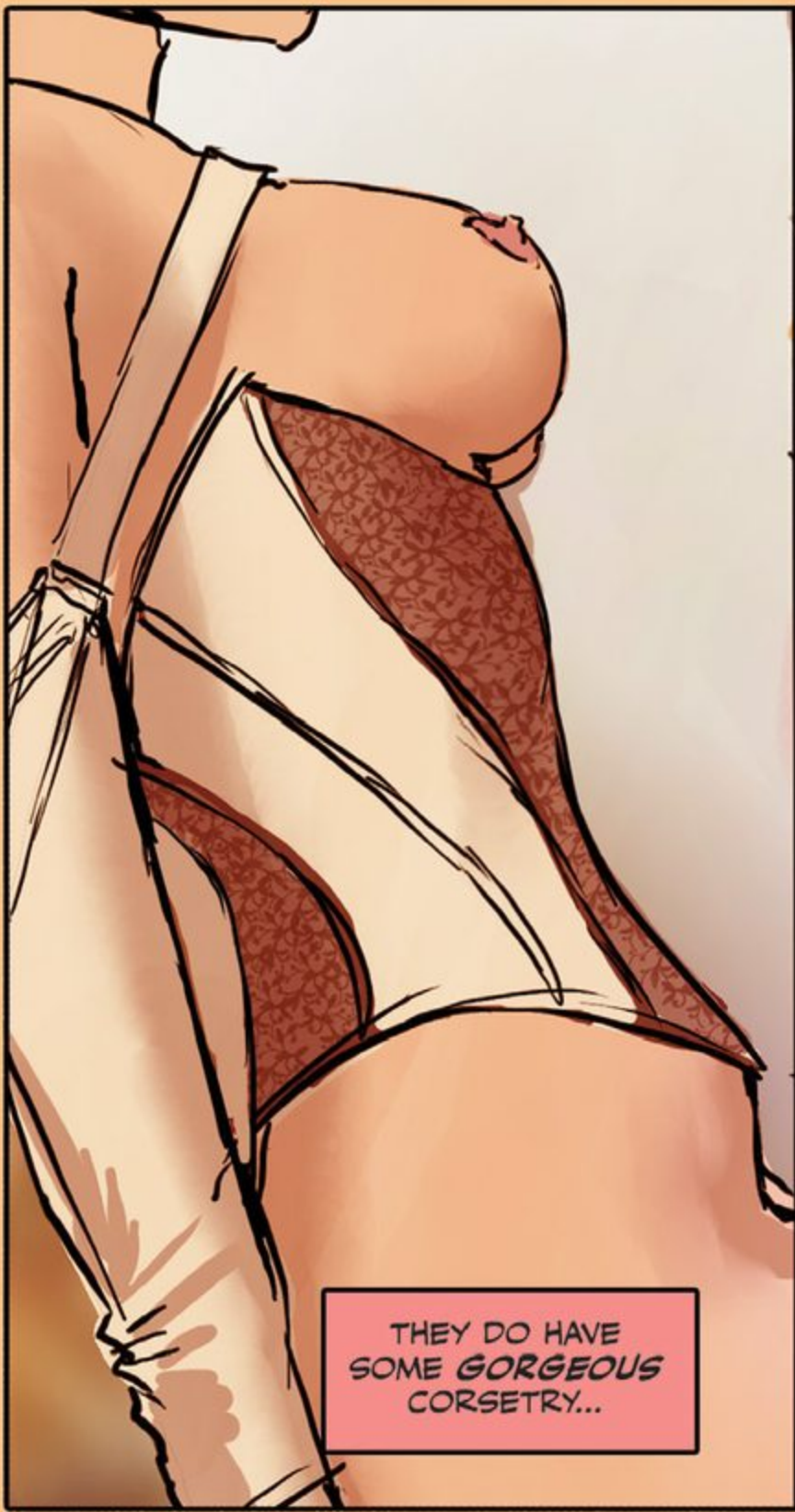
SHE USUALLY HAD NO PROBLEM TALKING ABOUT SEX WITH ME... I WAS THE SAME, BUT... WELL...PRETTY SOON IT BECAME APPARENT THAT I COULDN'T MEASURE UP TO HER...*ESCAPADES*.



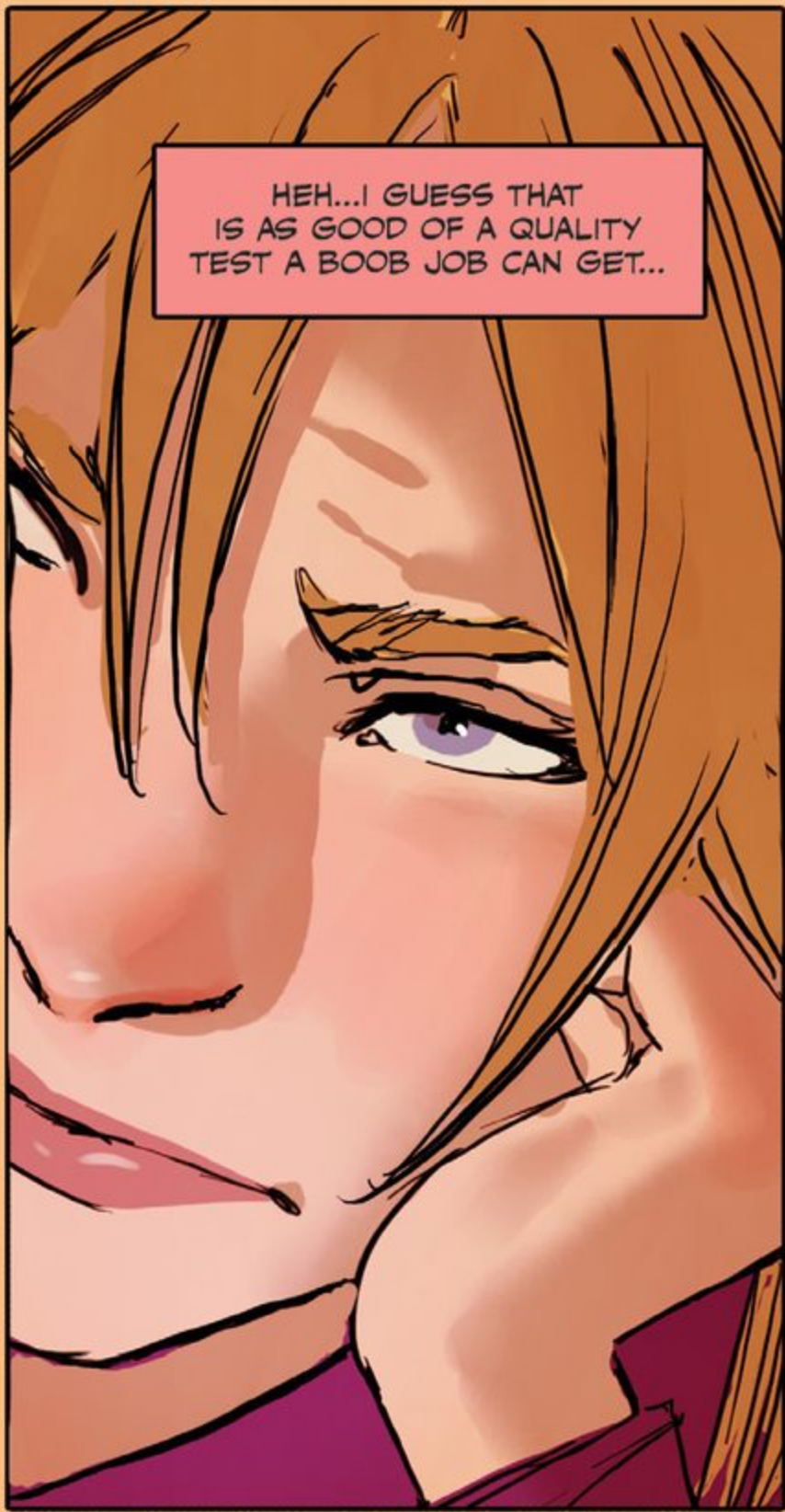
WE STUCK TOGETHER THROUGH ALL THE WEIRD PHASES OF OUR LIVES...COULD *THAT* BE IT? AM I ANNOYED BECAUSE THIS IS A *PHASE* OF HER LIFE THAT I JUST...*MISSED*?

I GOT *LEFT BEHIND*...

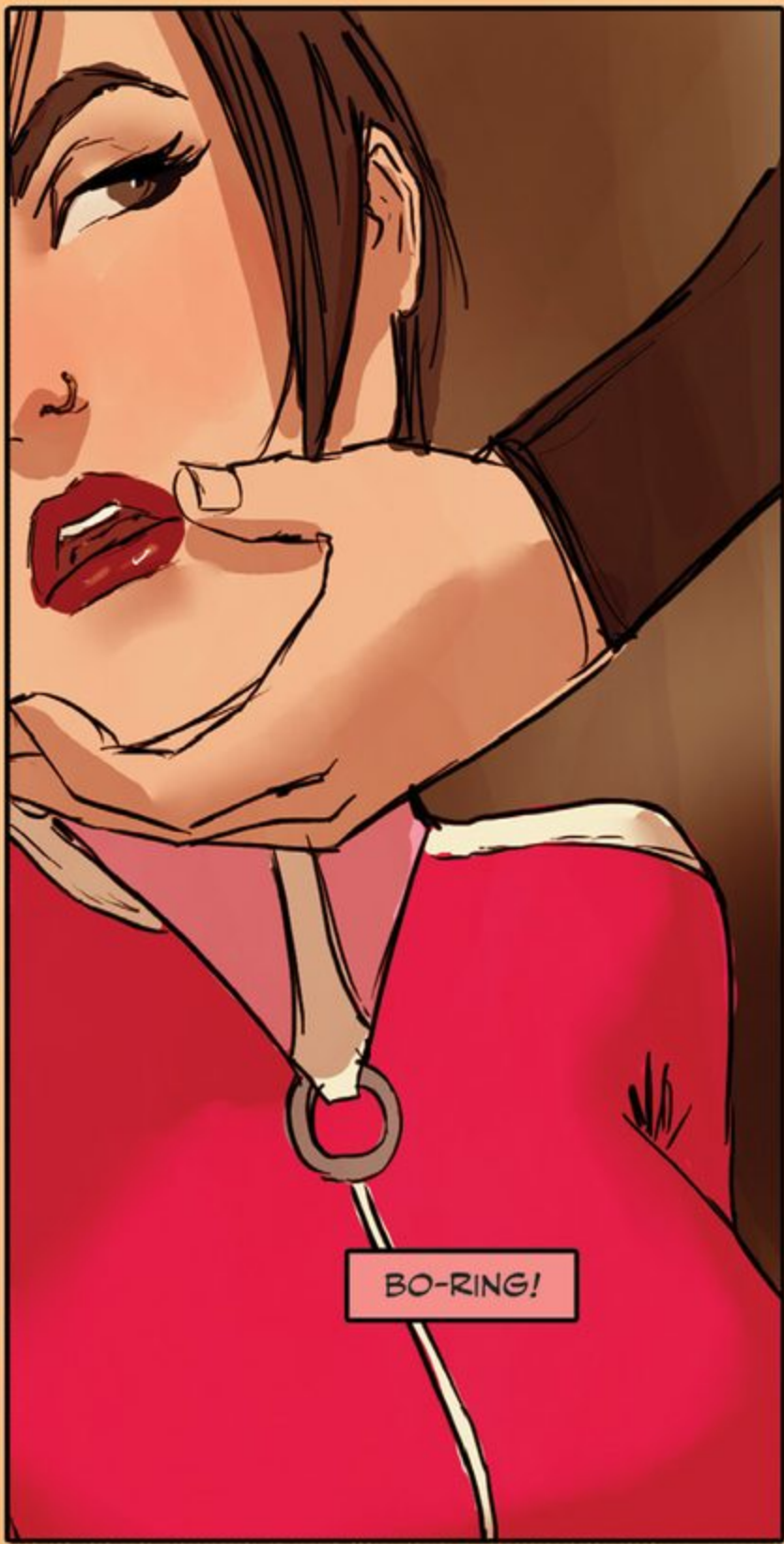




THEY DO HAVE
SOME *GORGEOUS*
CORSETRY...



HEH...I GUESS THAT
IS AS GOOD OF A QUALITY
TEST A BOOB JOB CAN GET...



BO-RING!



OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE,
WOMAN! WHAT ARE YOU,
PART *SNAKE*? DO YOU
UNHINGE YOUR JAW TO
PUT THAT IN???



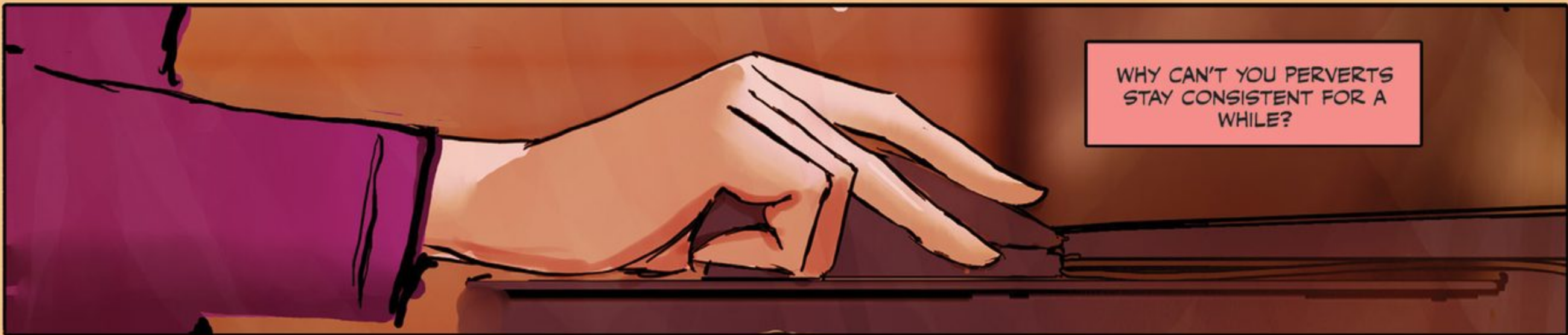
OH YES...
THAT'LL
DISLOCATE
A *SHOULDER*
OR TWO.



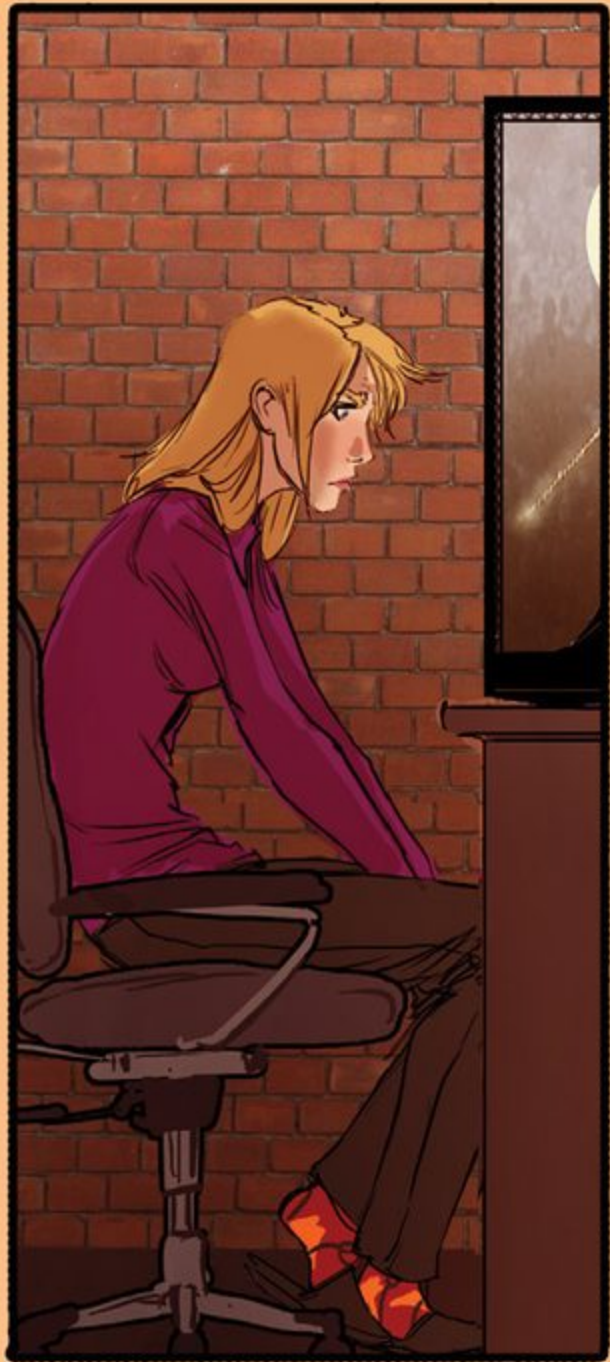
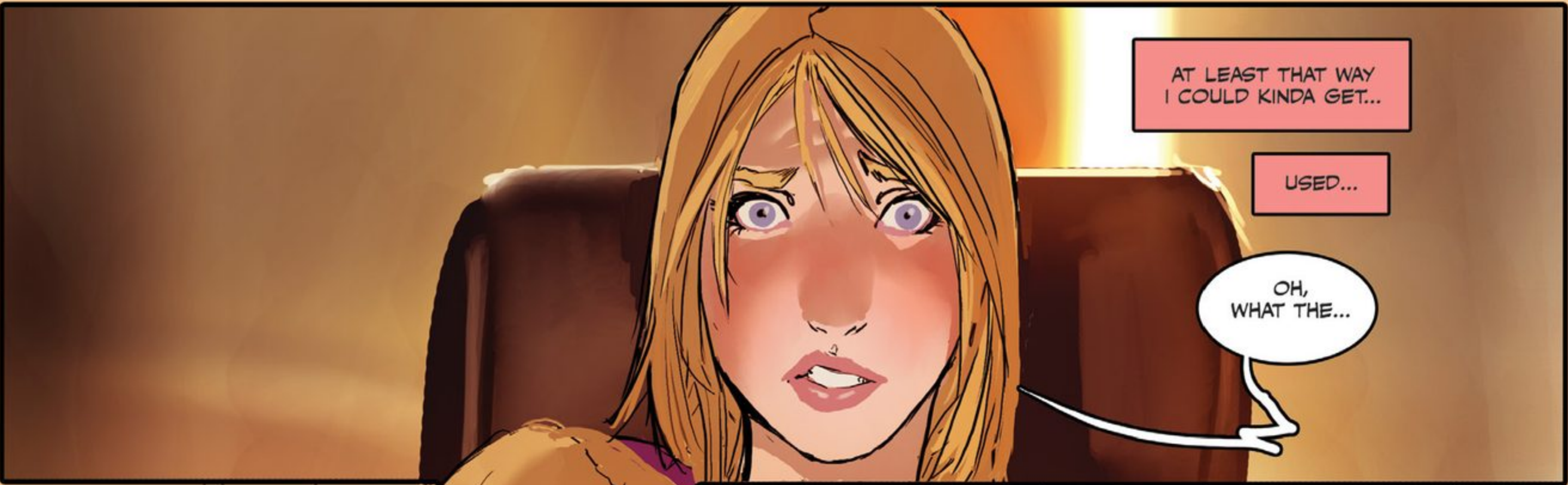
A *DOG MASK*...

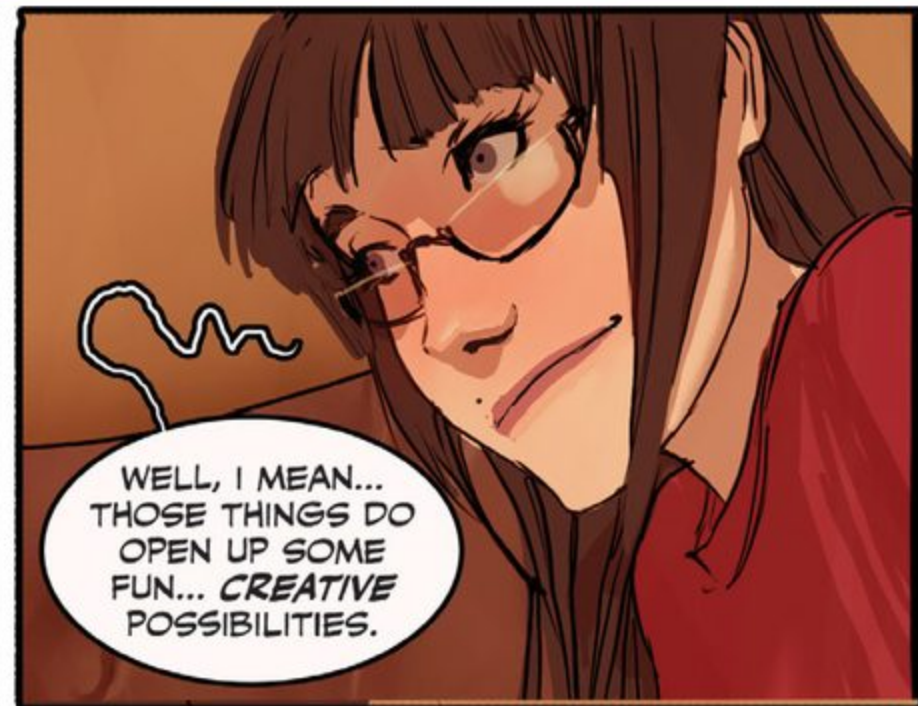
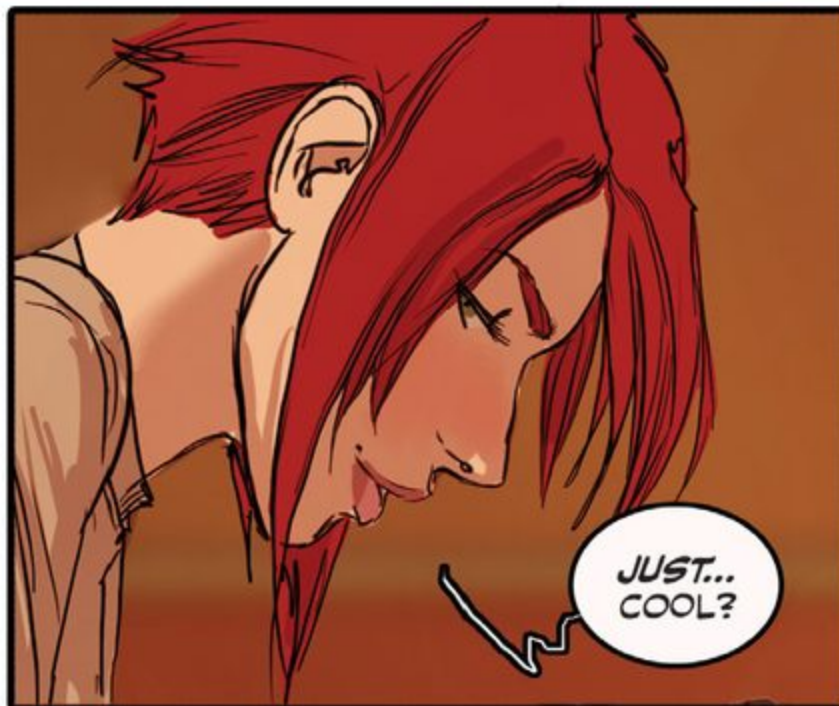
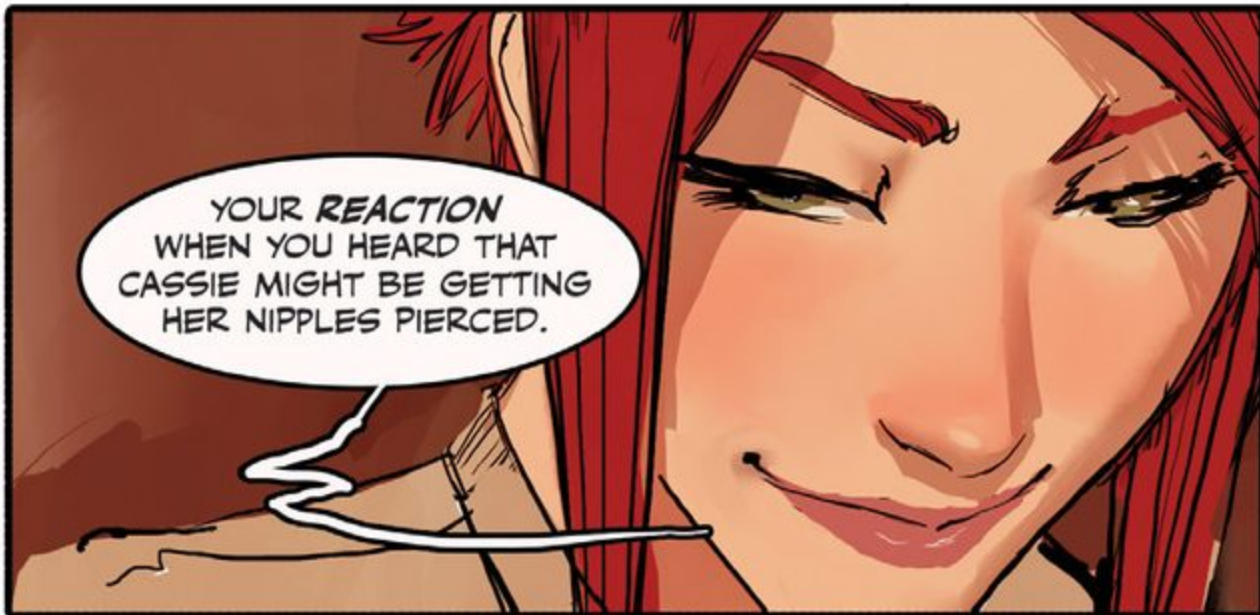
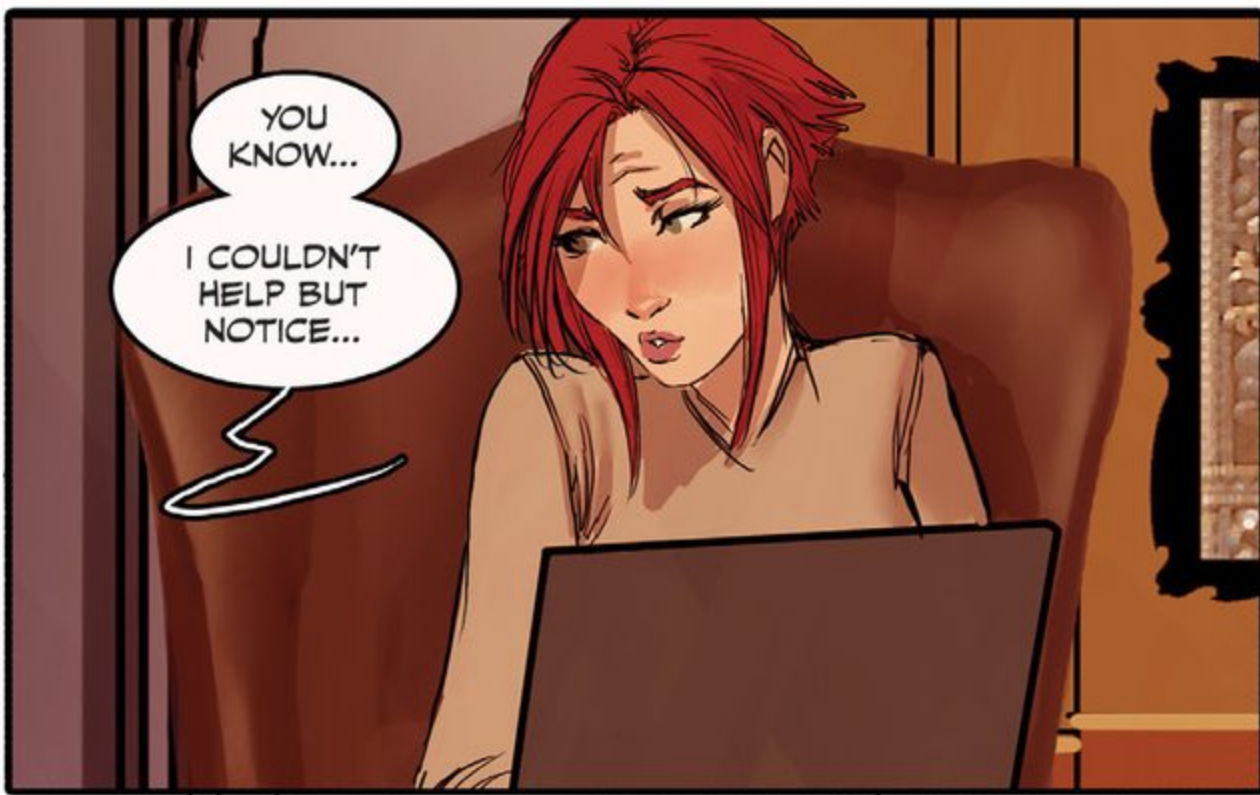
REALLY?

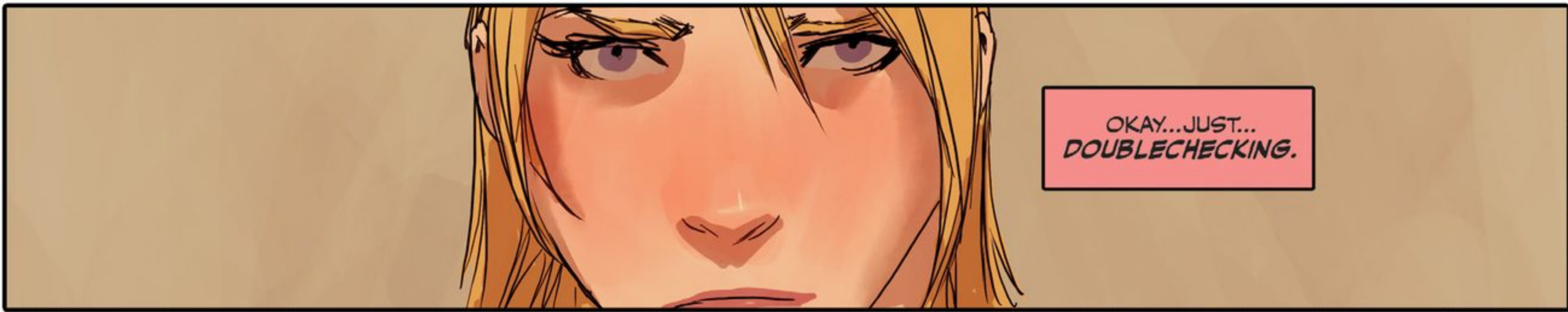
A *DOG MASK*?



WHY CAN'T YOU PERVERTS
STAY CONSISTENT FOR A
WHILE?







OKAY...JUST...
DOUBLECHECKING.



YES, I SAW SOME DUMB
SHIT ON THE *INTERNET* AND
DECIDED TO *TRY* IT OUT
FOR MYSELF.

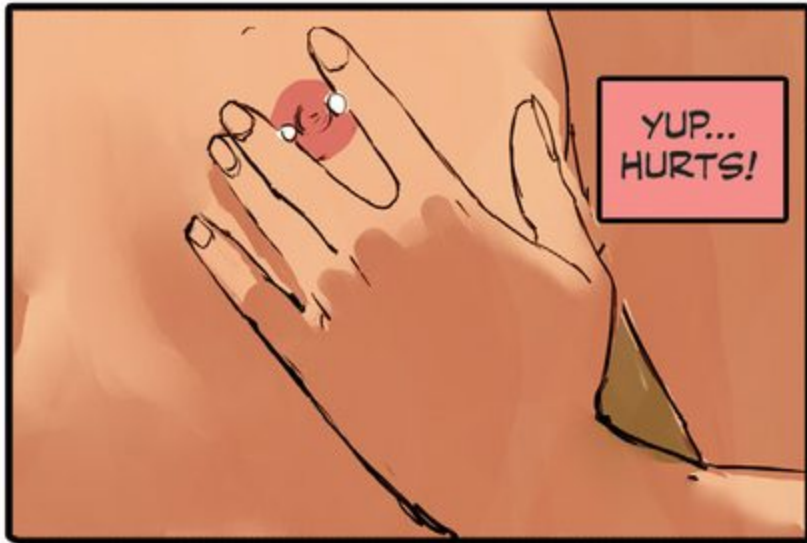
WELCOME TO THE HUMAN
RACE IN THE NEW MILLENNIUM.

I WAS 21 WHEN I GOT
MY NIPPLES *PIERCED*.

IT WAS A *STUPID* SPUR
OF THE MOMENT
DECISION THAT I CAN'T
SAY I REGRETTED...

NOW I'M 26...
AND APPARENTLY
I'M *STUPIDER*.

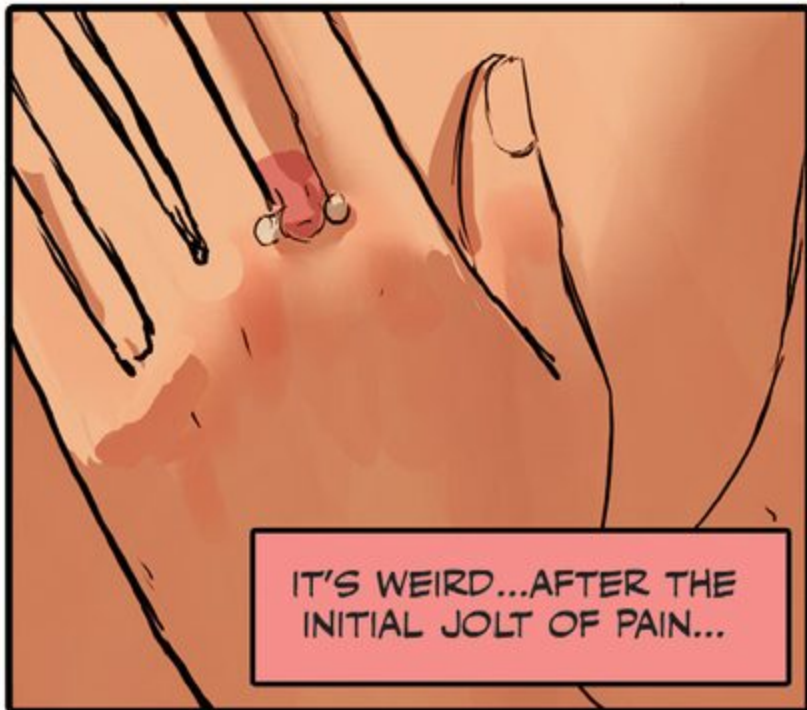
HERE GOES
NOTHING.



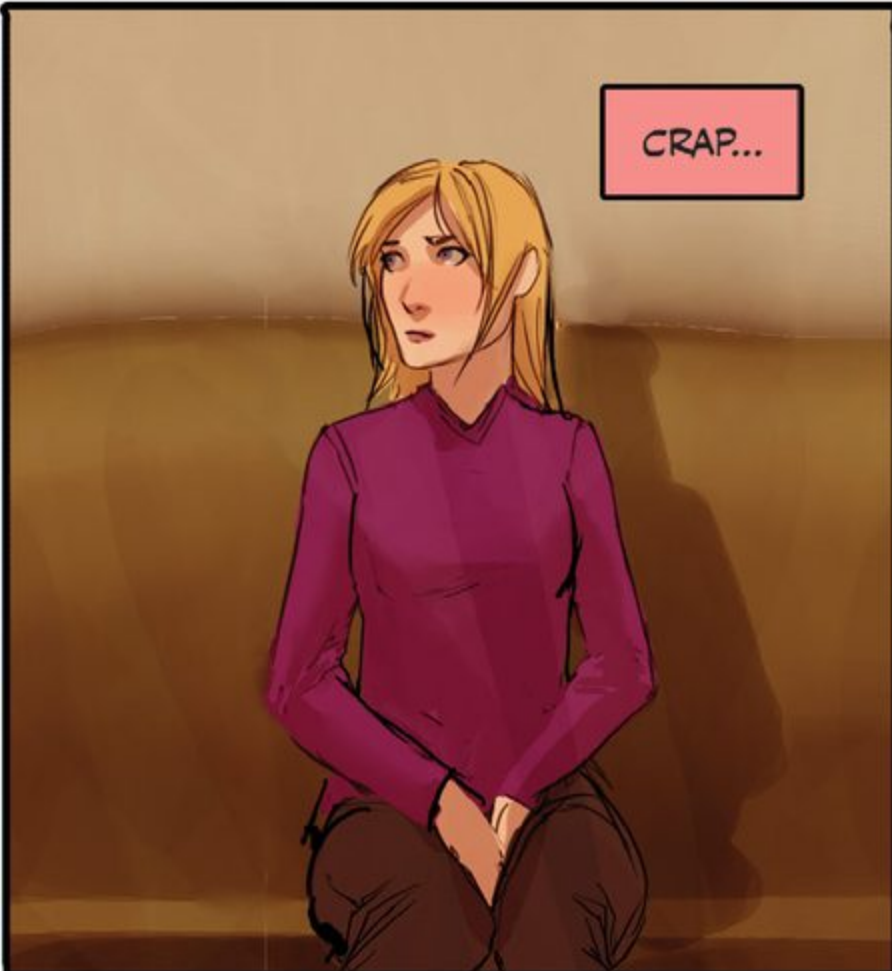
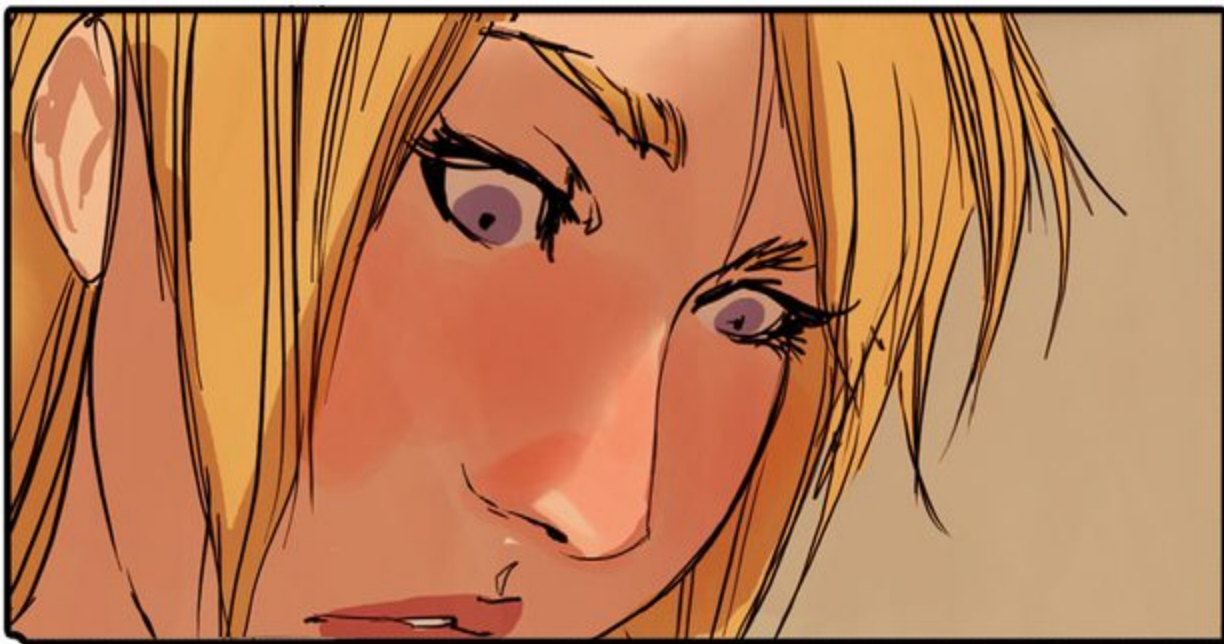
YUP...
HURTS!



BUT...



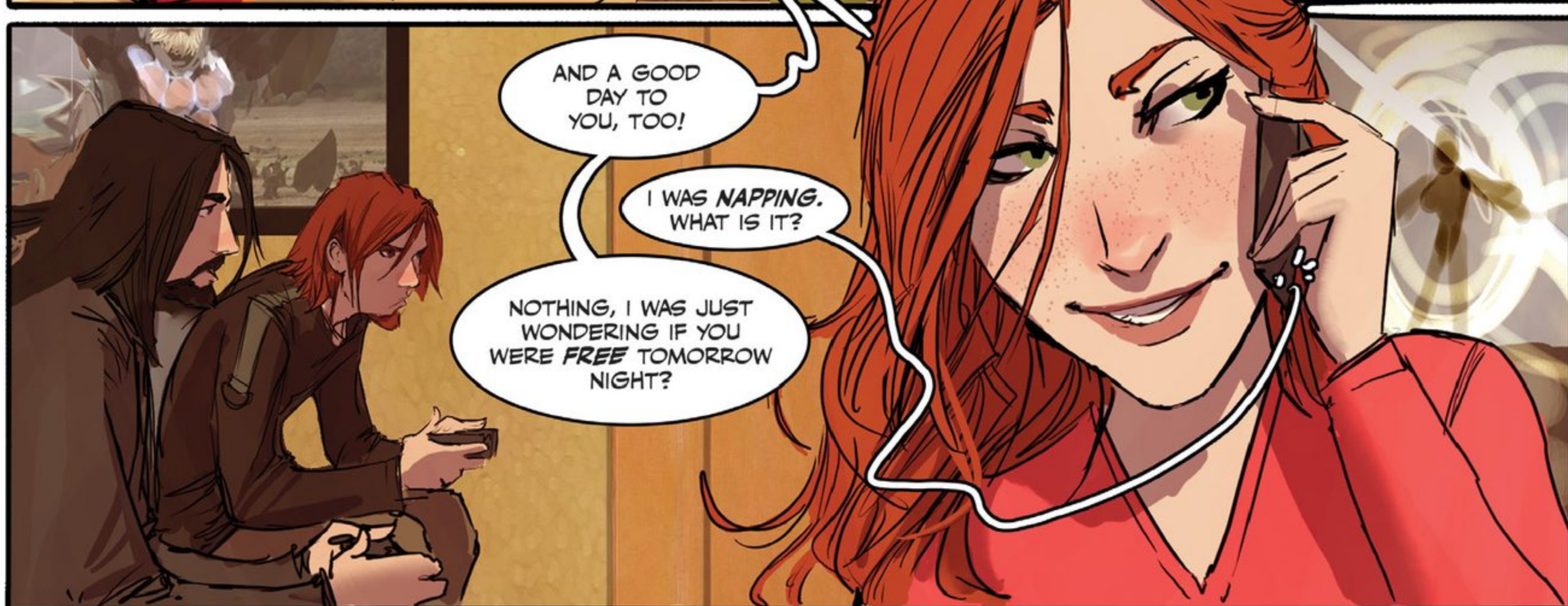
IT'S WEIRD...AFTER THE
INITIAL JOLT OF PAIN...

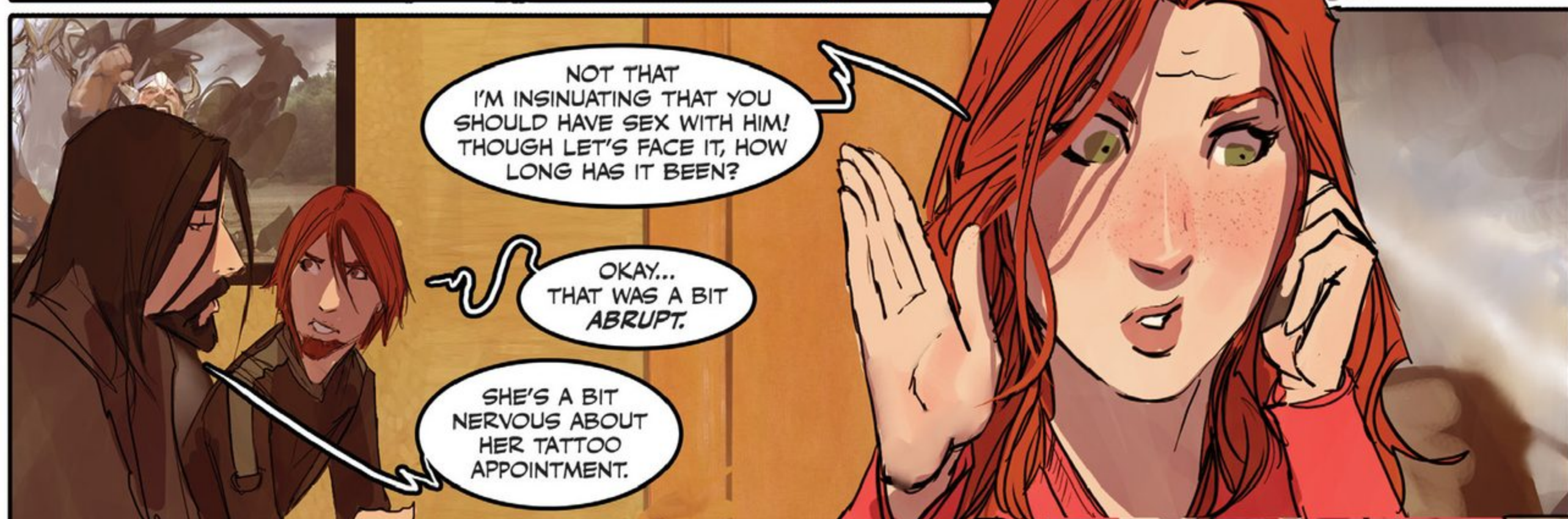
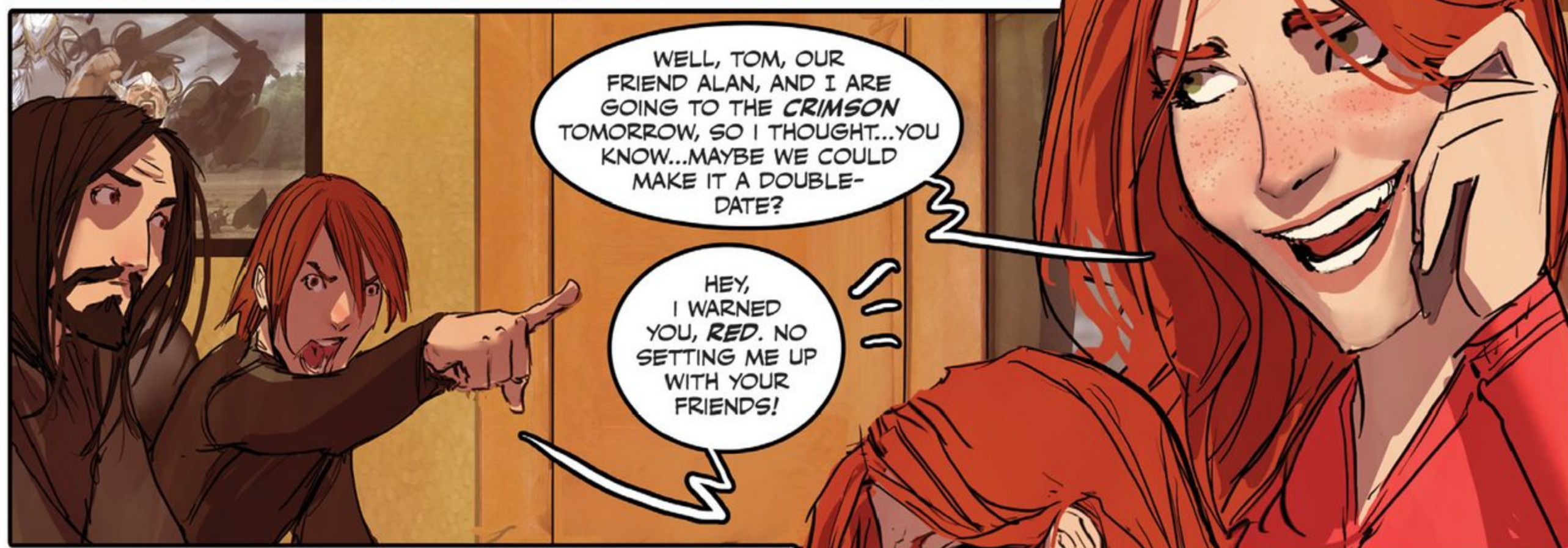
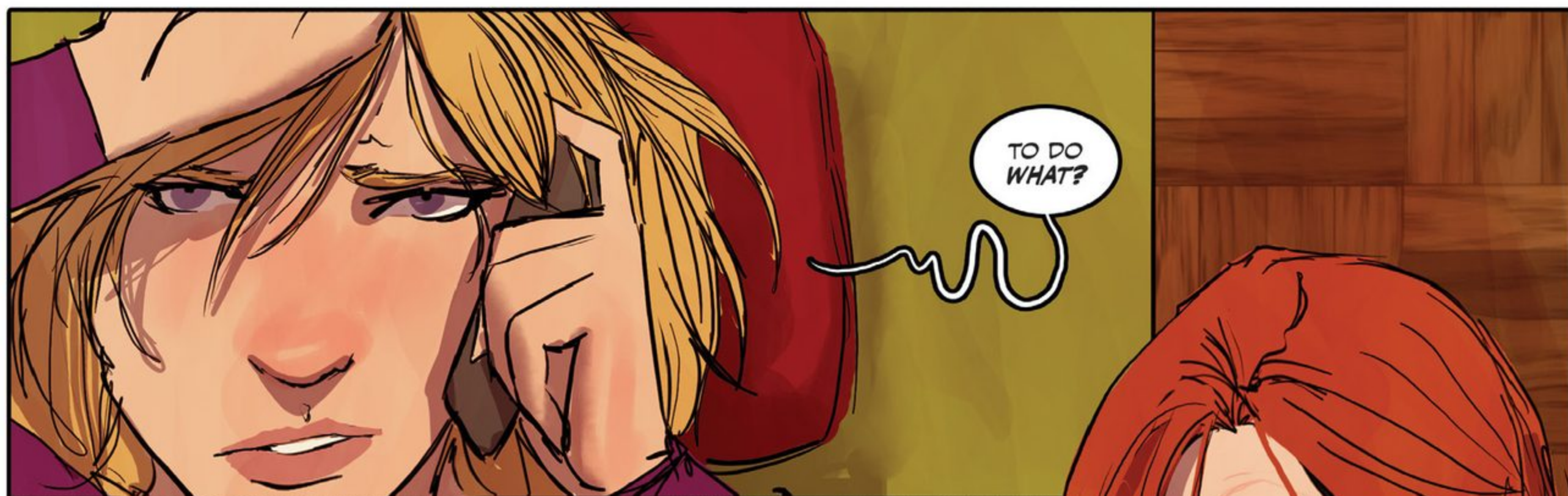


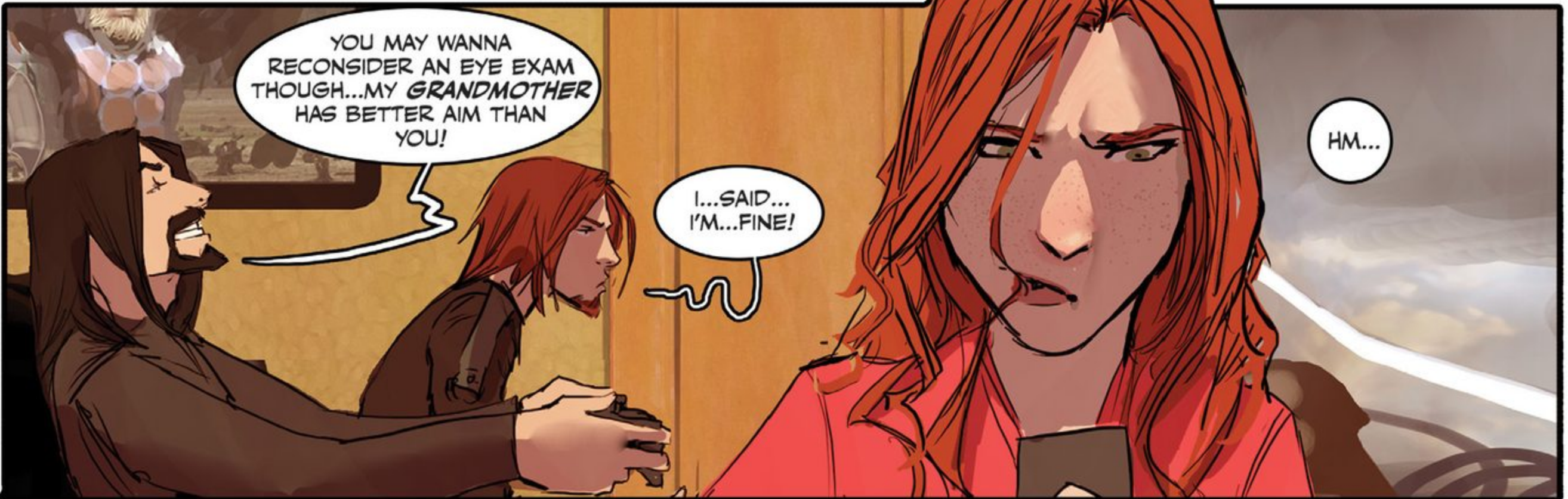
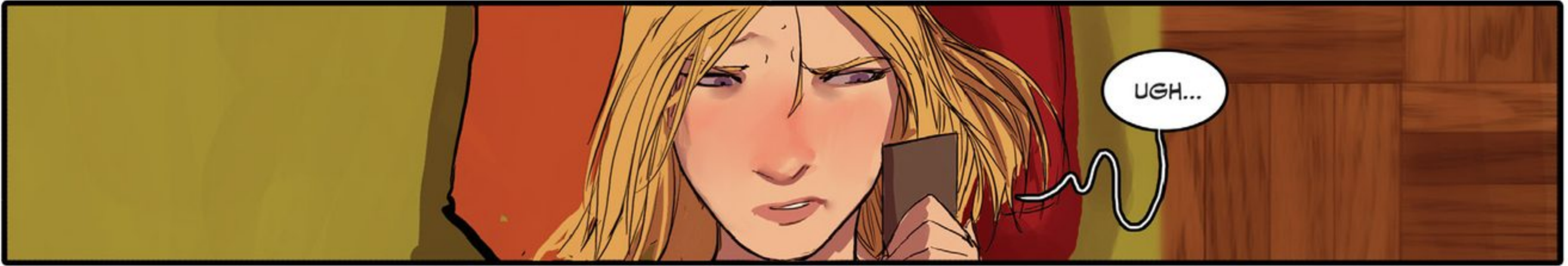
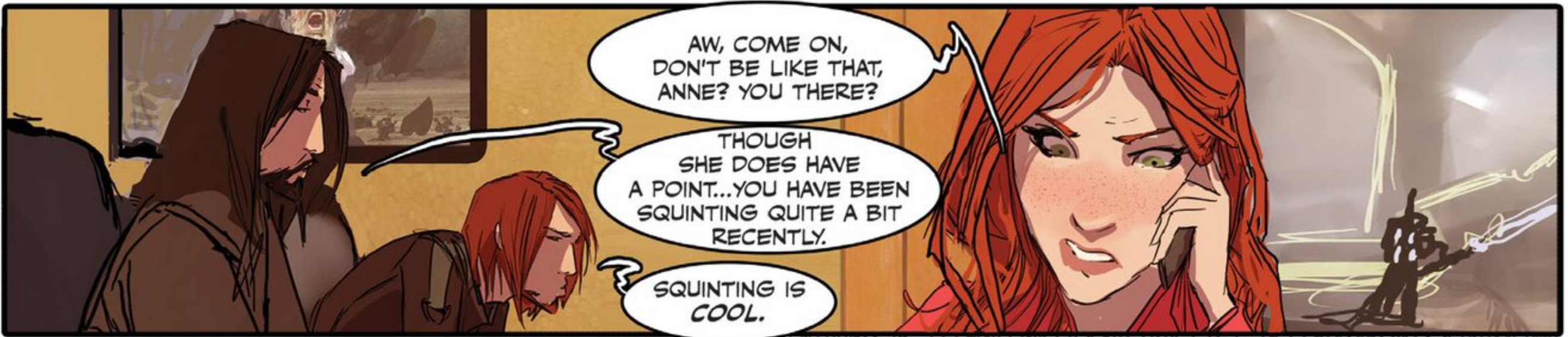
CRAP...

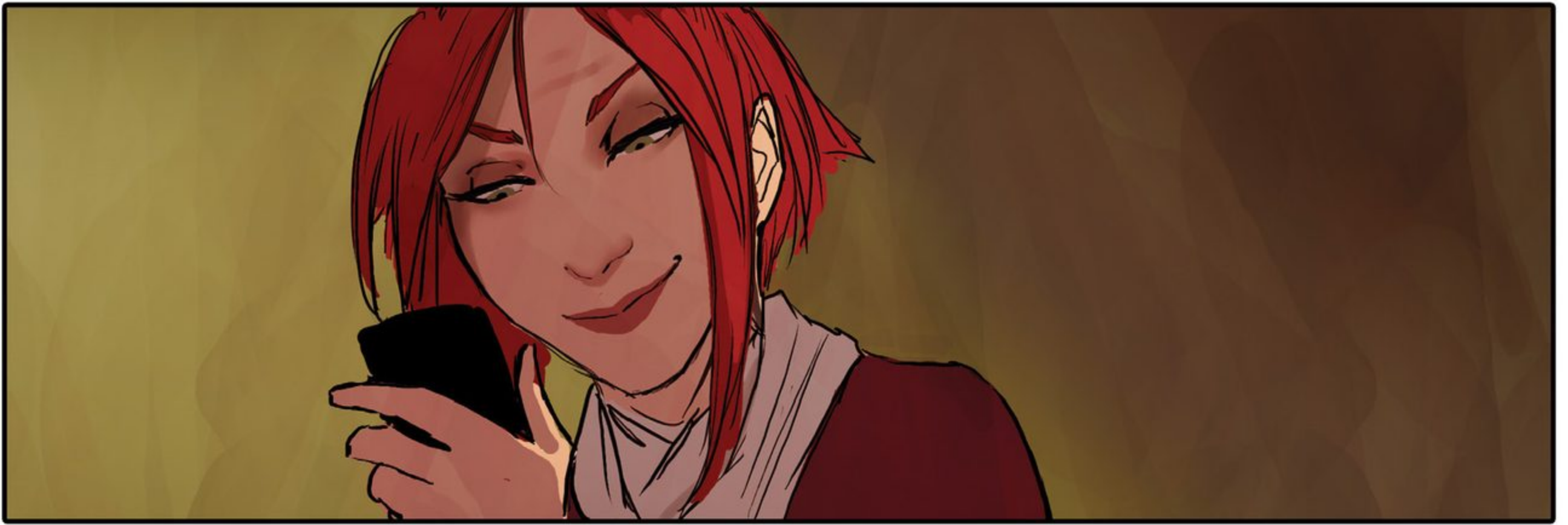


PRETTY SURE I'M
OUT OF BATTERIES.

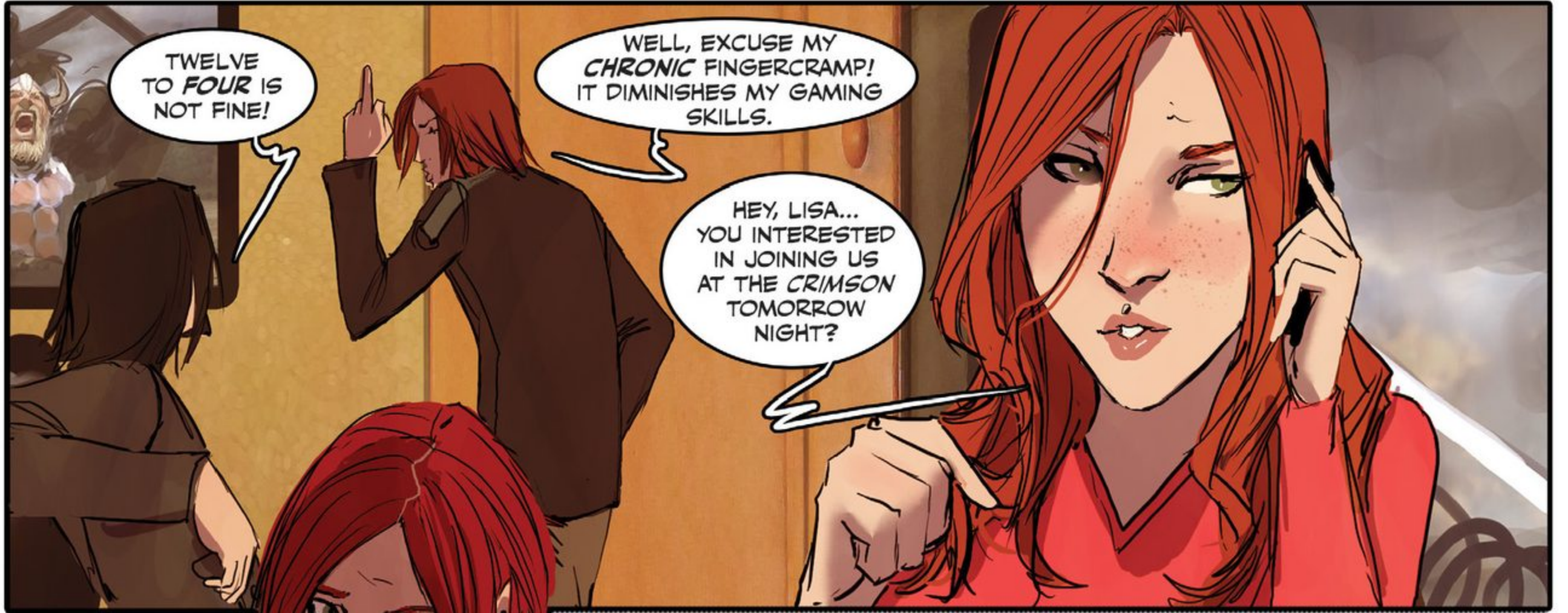








SUP?



TWELVE
TO *FOUR* IS
NOT FINE!

WELL, EXCUSE MY
CHRONIC FINGERCAMP!
IT DIMINISHES MY GAMING
SKILLS.

HEY, LISA...
YOU INTERESTED
IN JOINING US
AT THE *CRIMSON*
TOMORROW
NIGHT?



I'D LOVE TO,
BUT I'M COVERING
THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE
DINER TOMORROW.

PLUS, ALLY
IS NOT IN THE
MOOD ANYWAYS.



NOW I KNOW WHAT YOU MUST
BE SAYING...HOLD THE PHONE
LISA, WHAT SORCERY IS THIS?
ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU AND
ALLY ARE AT YOUR APARTMENT?

TIC
TI-TICK
TACK

WELL, LET ME TELL YOU
THE AMAZING TALE OF
HOW THAT CAME TO BE...

SO... I KNOW
YOU'RE WORKING
TOMORROW...ANY
PLANS ON DROPPING
BY THIS WEEKEND?

SURE, BUT
I'LL BE SPENDING
MOST OF
SATURDAY WITH
CASSIE...

AH, YES...
THE **TATTOO**
THING.

YOU *COULD*
JOIN US.

NAH, I'LL
DO SOME
WORK. UM, SO...
YOU'RE FREE
TONIGHT,
THOUGH?

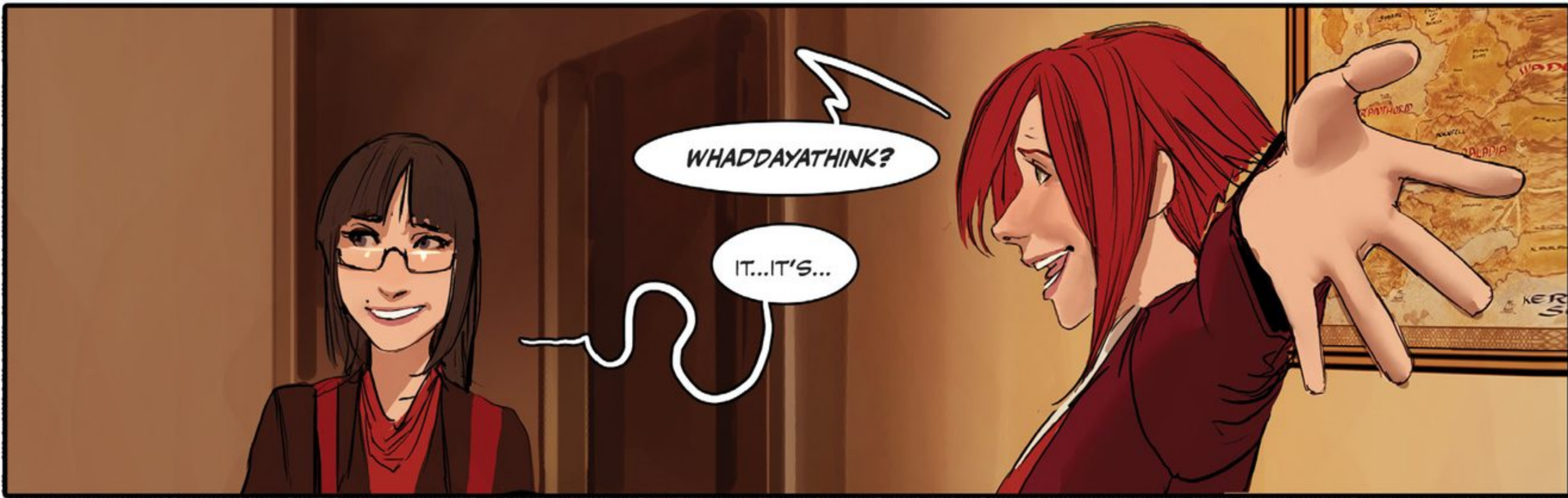
YEAH, BUT I CAN'T
SPEND THE NIGHT HERE...

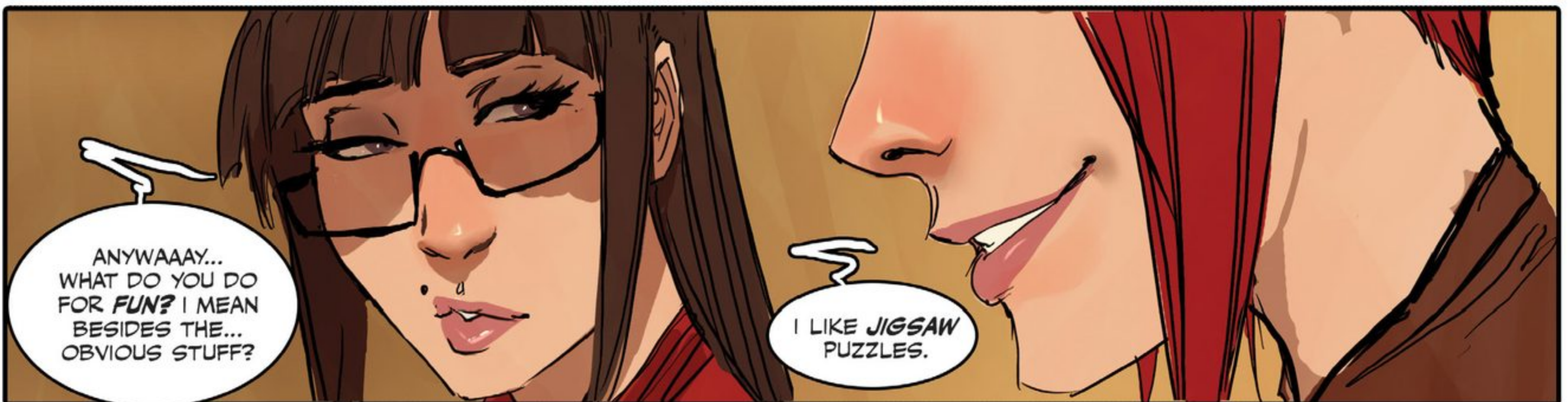
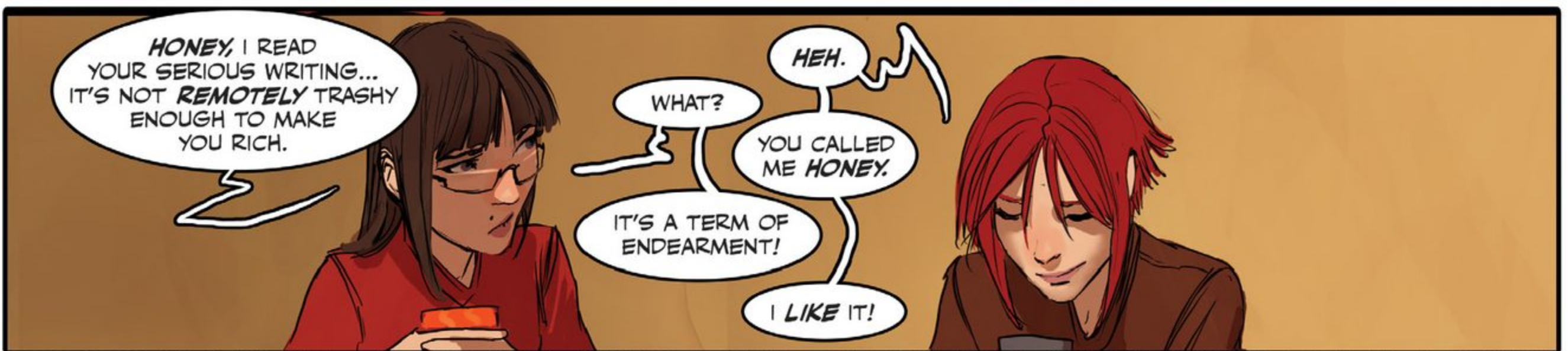
MAYBE IF...

YOU WANNA COME
OVER TO *MY PLACE*?

EPIC! NOT AT ALL A WASTED PAGE!

TIC TIC
TI-TIC









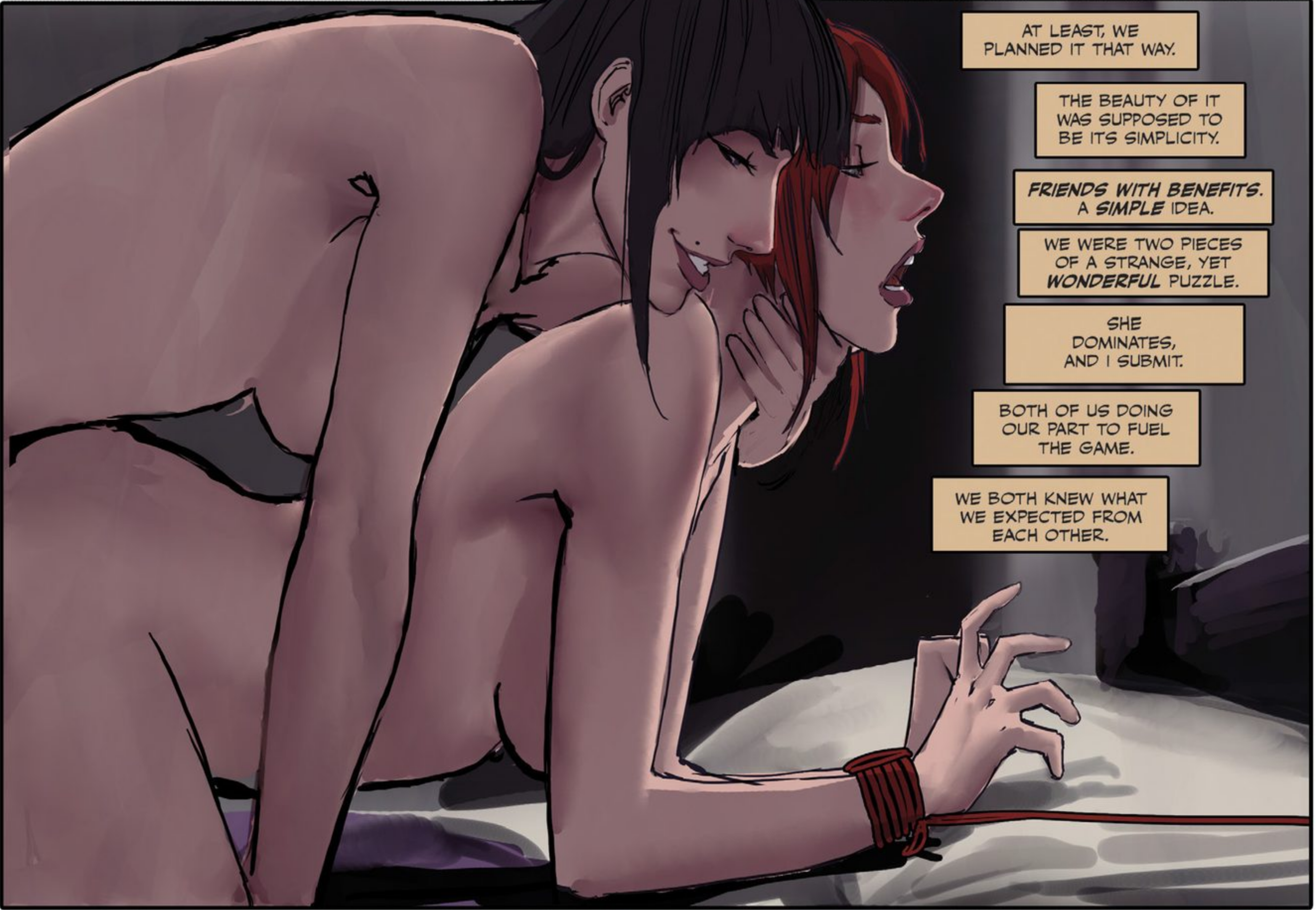
I KNOW, I KNOW...

"*REALLY?* THEY ARE
FUCKING AGAIN???"

WELL...THING IS, WE DID BOTH
COME OFF FROM A *VEEERY* LONG
DRYSPELL...

SO THIS...UM...*WETSPELL* WAS A
BIT OF A COMPENSATION.

JUST TWO FRIENDS SCRATCHING EACH
OTHER'S BACKS...AND OTHER PLACES.



AT LEAST, WE
PLANNED IT THAT WAY.

THE BEAUTY OF IT
WAS SUPPOSED TO
BE ITS SIMPLICITY.

FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS.
A *SIMPLE* IDEA.

WE WERE TWO PIECES
OF A STRANGE, YET
WONDERFUL PUZZLE.

SHE
DOMINATES,
AND I SUBMIT.

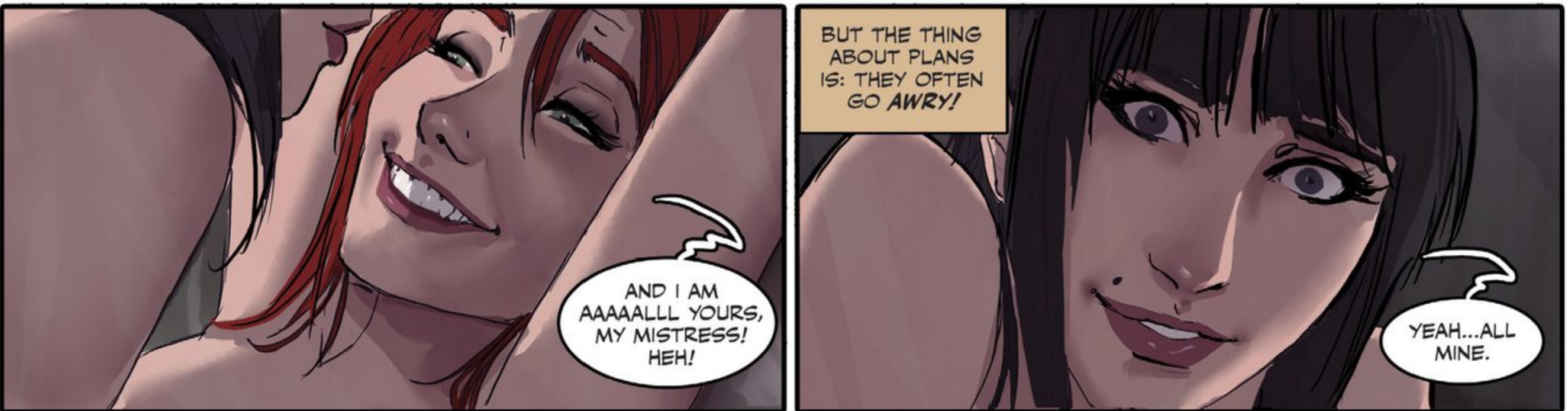
BOTH OF US DOING
OUR PART TO FUEL
THE GAME.

WE BOTH KNEW WHAT
WE EXPECTED FROM
EACH OTHER.



AND WE BOTH *DELIVERED*
ON THOSE EXPECTATIONS.
THAT WAS THE *PLAN*.

YOU REALLY ARE
QUITE AMAZING, YOU
KNOW?



BUT THE THING
ABOUT PLANS
IS: THEY OFTEN
GO *AWRY!*

AND I AM
AAAAALLL YOURS,
MY MISTRESS!
HEH!

YEAH...ALL
MINE.

BECAUSE, THAT WAS THE EVENING
ALLY STARTED...Y'KNOW WHAT?
IMMA LET HER TELL IT!

OOOOKAY! SO THAT WAS A SLIGHTLY
CREEPY MOMENT. WHEN SHE SAID
THAT SHE WAS ALL MINE...WOW...

MY HEART SKIPPED A
FRIGGIN' BEAT...

I WANTED IT TO
BE TRUE...

I JUST...





I NEVER USED TO BE LIKE THAT.

THERE WAS ONCE A TIME WHEN LISA WAS AN ONLINE PRESENCE, JUST A PERSON WHO WROTE PRETTY GOOD BDSM SHORT STORIES. OKAY...SO TECHNICALLY I WAS KIND OF A SILENT ADMIRER, READING HER STUFF BUT REFRAINING FROM COMMENTING.

ALL THAT CHANGED WHEN I STUMBLED ONTO A DISCUSSION SHE HAD WITH SOME **ANONYMOUS** ABOUT THE NATURE OF BDSM. I OFTEN SAW CURIOUS PEOPLE ASKING AROUND ON THE FORUMS. HOWEVER, EVERY NOW AND THEN YOU WOULD GET THE OTHER TWO TYPES, THOSE WHO JUST FLAT-OUT MISUNDERSTAND BDSM, AND THE ONES WHO DROP BY TO SHARE THEIR MIX OF JUDGMENT, AND *HOLIER THAN THOU* WISDOM.

THIS PERSON WAS A COMBINATION OF **BOTH**.

NOW, IN THE FINEST TOO-LONG-DIDN'T-READ CONSIDERATION, I WILL SUMMARIZE THE RANT. BASICALLY, THIS PERSON EQUATED SUBMITTING, TO A DESIRE OF BEING RAPED, AND THAT BDSM RELIES ON A TWISTED FORM OF **STOCKHOLM SYNDROME**.

LISA WAS MAKING LONG ELABORATE POSTS AS TO WHY THAT CHARACTERIZATION WAS INACCURATE. IT WAS GOING NOWHERE...

SO FOR THE FIRST TIME, I **STEPPED** IN.

Let me make this short and simple. I am a domme. I could dominate Lisa, Do intense,sexually limitbreaking things to her, whip her spank her bind her blindfold her....but here is the crucial difference. When she says "sunstone", the game stops! No ifs, or buts.

All the fantasies aside, the keyword in this whole bdsm discussion is this! It is **CONSENSUAL**!

SUNSTONE- remember it well, you might need it!



I do believe Allycat summarized it well. now, off topic... Allycat, what else would you do to me? ;P



Wouldn't you like to know? XD

THAT'S HOW IT ALL **STARTED**. FORUM CHATS THAT EVOLVED INTO FULL IM CHATS...

SUNSTONE- remember it well, you might need it!



TO SHARING OF SILLY PHOTOS...

TO...EXPERIMENTING.

JUST SOME AMAZING "*COINCIDENCES*."

Lisa: Heh check this, i had a flu recently..so i went to an overall checkup
and my bill of health is the shining example of spotless!!!
check it out, just emailed it

Allycat: Holy crap you wont believe it but i went to get myself
checked up too... i'll mail you mine so we can compare hehe

SUBTLE!

WE BOTH KNEW WHERE IT WAS ALL GOING, BUT IT
WAS FUN TO DANCE AROUND THE TOPIC.

Allycat: Oy missie, you better watch your mouth, or i will
come over and gag it!

Lisa: Awww, wouldya? XD

TIL...

Lisa: i... would like to meet you.



AND HERE I AM NOW,
A BIGGER, MORE
POSSESSIVE CREEP
THAN GOLLUM.

HEH...MY *PRECIOUS*.

OF COURSE, IT MIGHT JUST
BE THE THING I AM *AVOIDING*
ADMITTING TO MYSELF...

I'M...

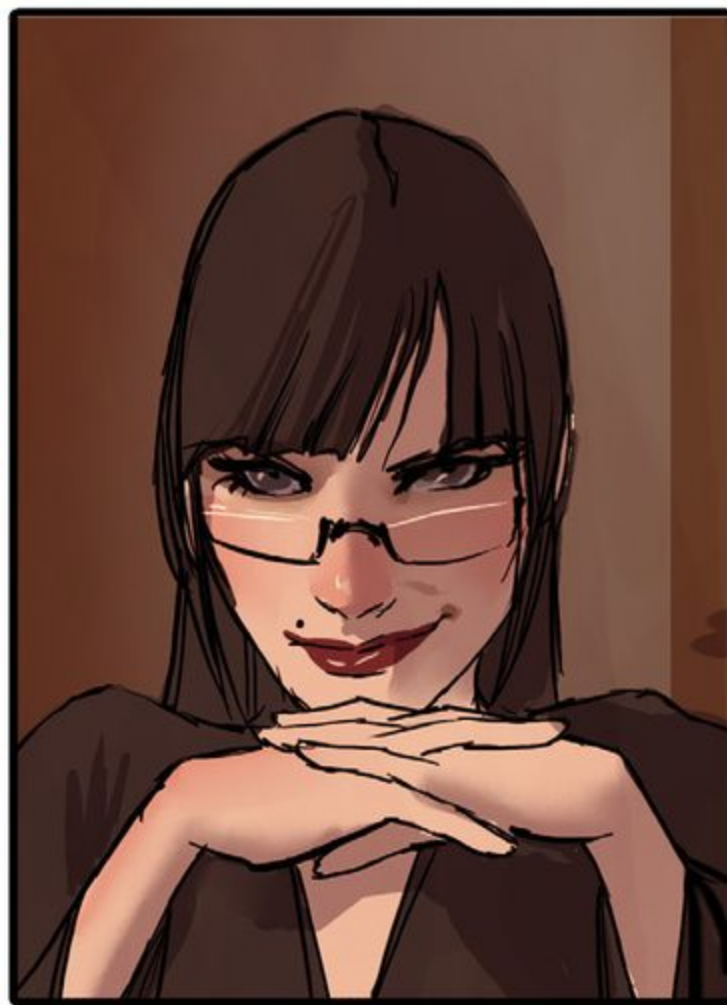
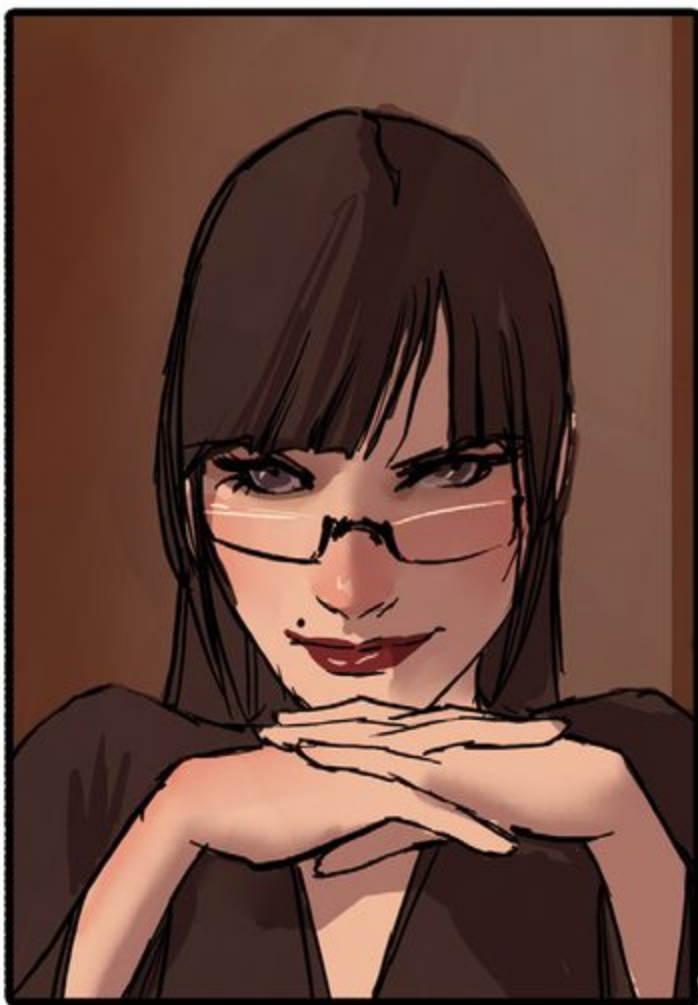
NAH! I'M JUST CREEPY.
CREEPY IS *GOOD* IN A WAY...

CREEPY IS *SIMPLE*.

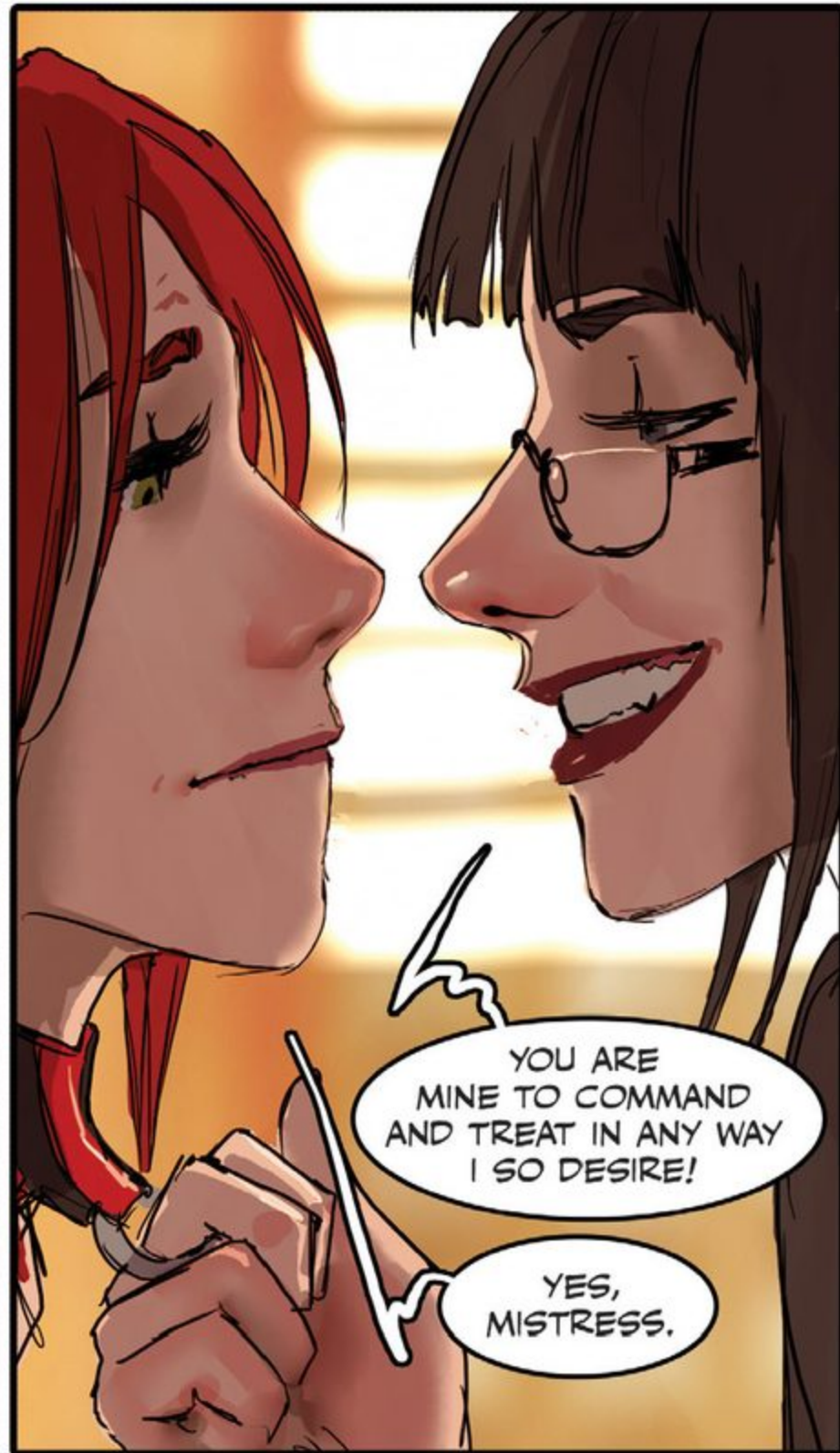
YUUUP!

I'M *TOTALLY*
BUYING THAT!





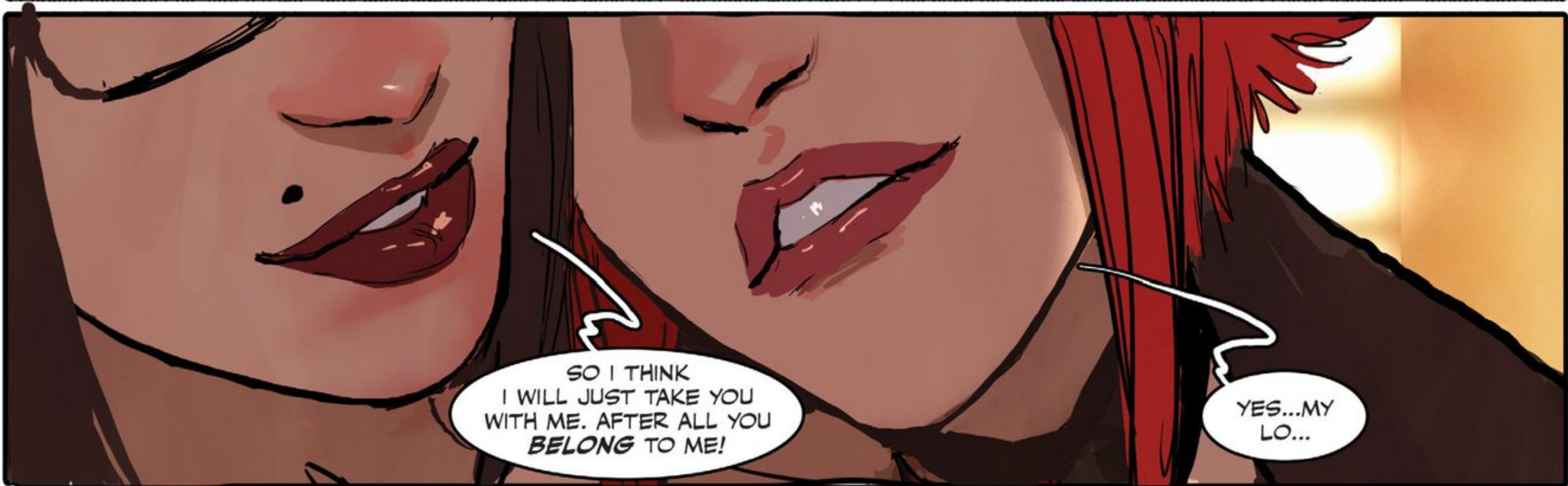
YES, MISTRESS.



YES, MISTRESS.

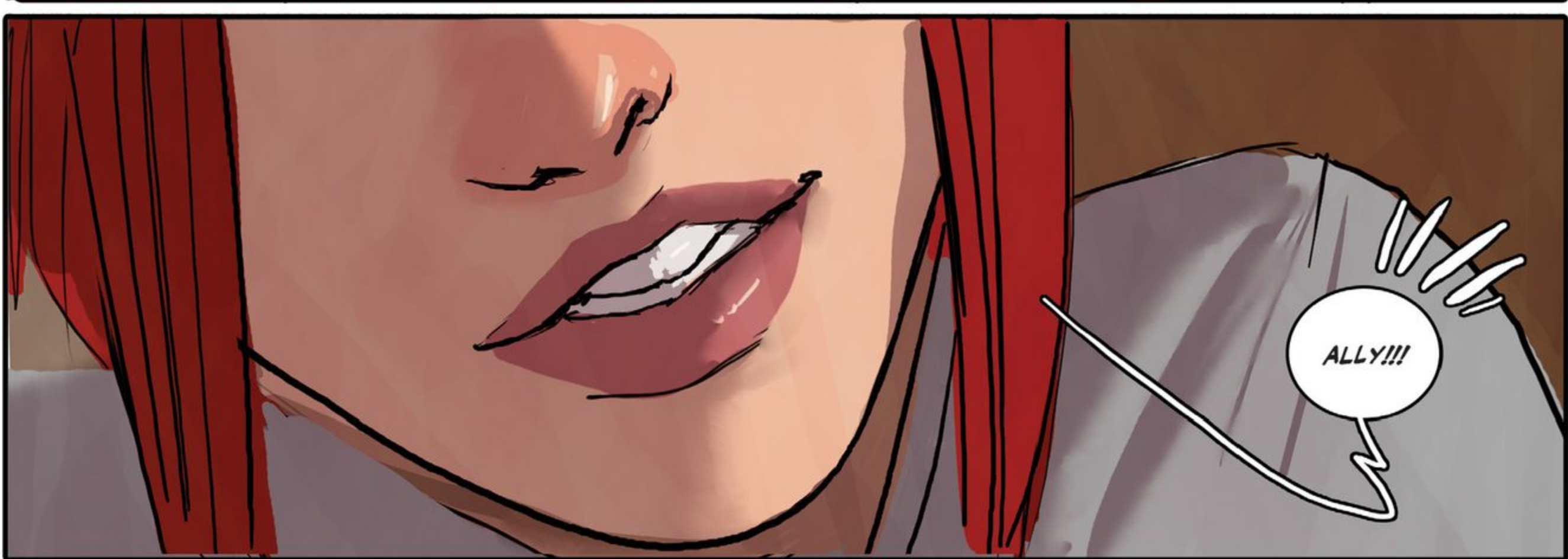


NOW, YOU WILL
FIND ME TO BE QUITE
POSSESSIVE OF MY
PLAYTHINGS...

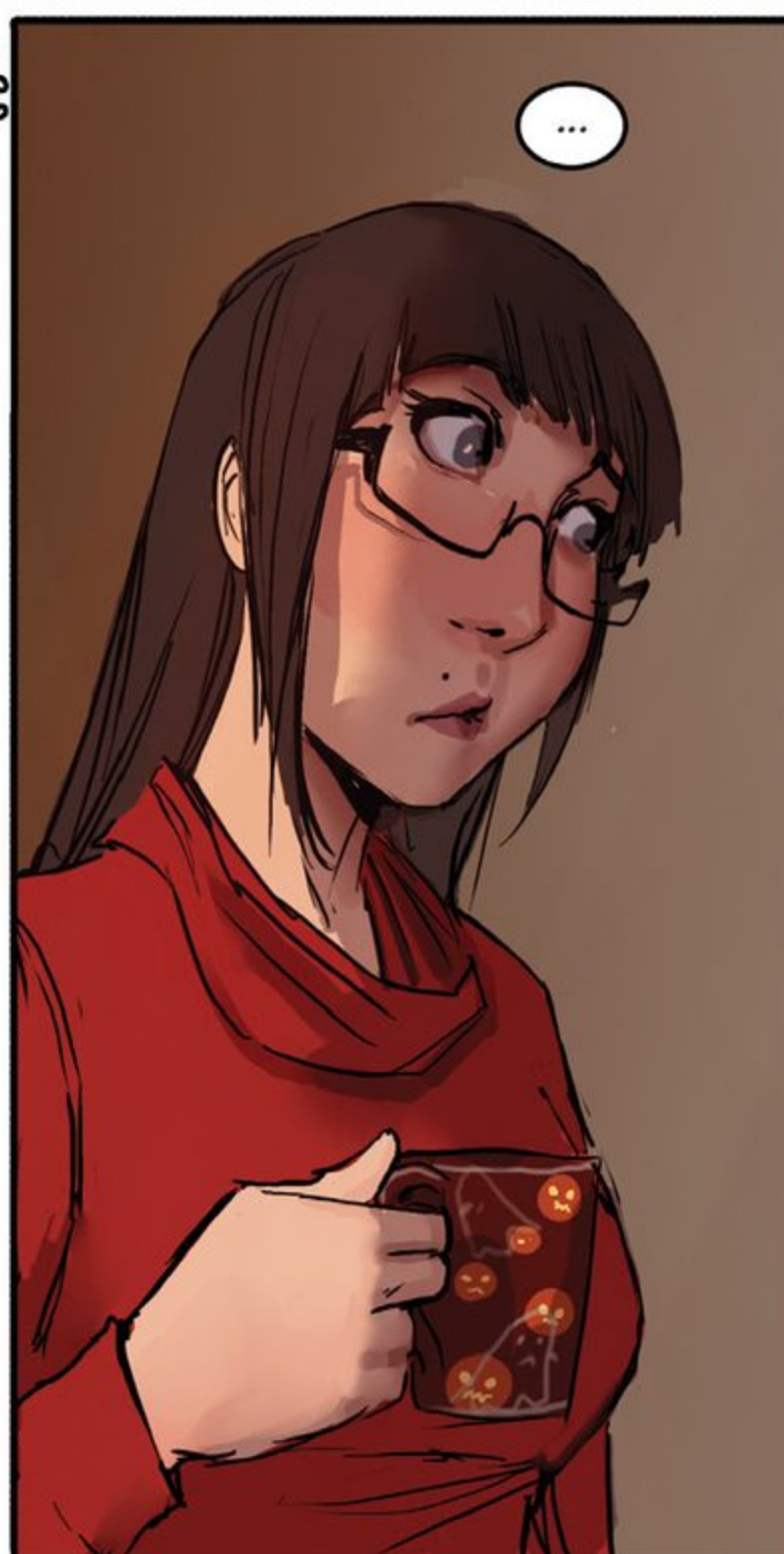


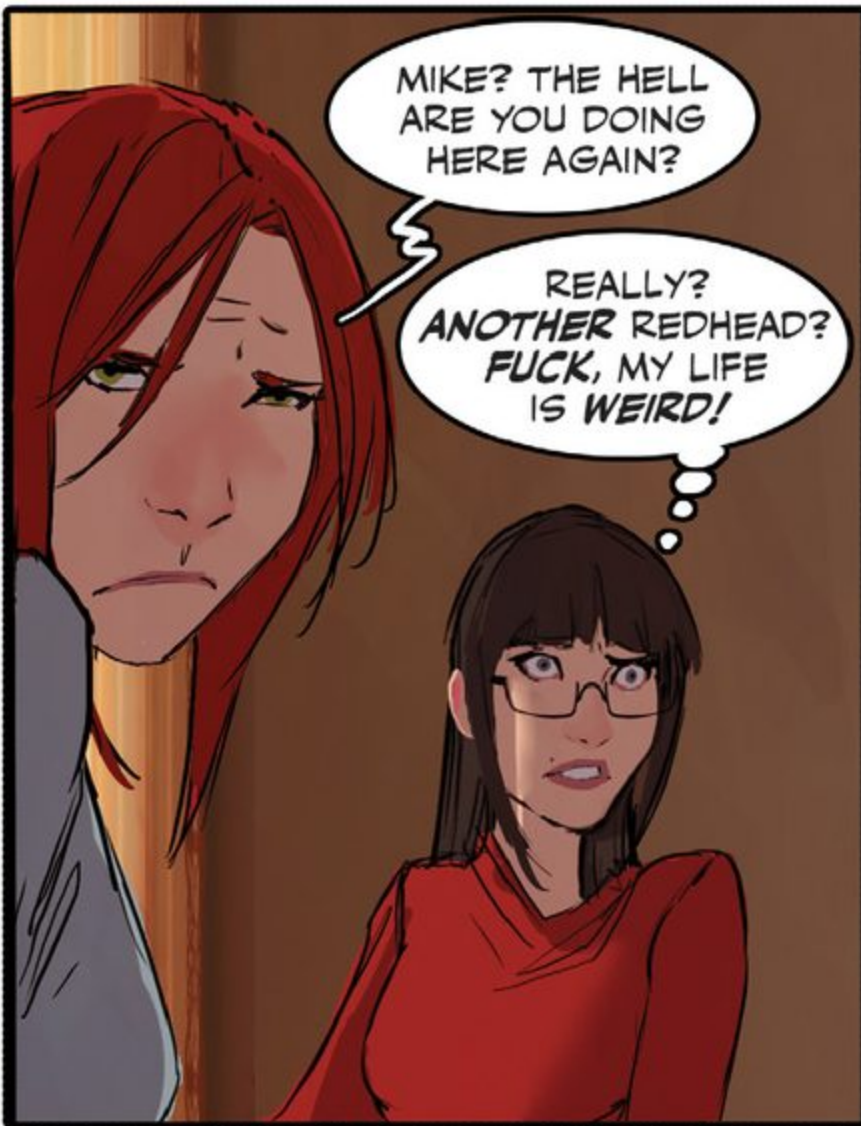
SO I THINK
I WILL JUST TAKE YOU
WITH ME. AFTER ALL YOU
BELONG TO ME!

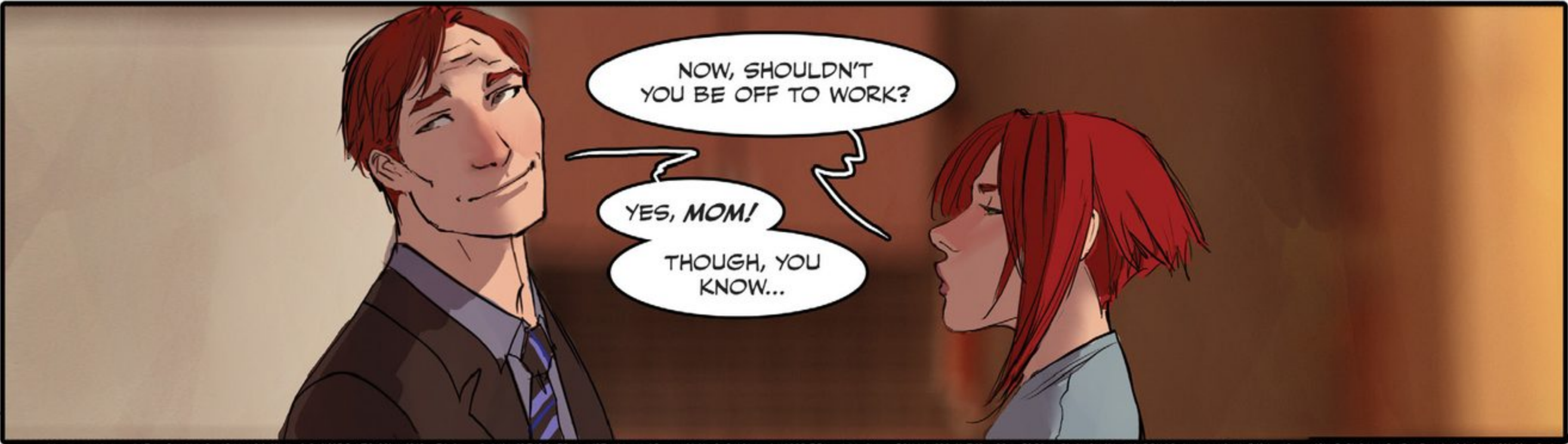
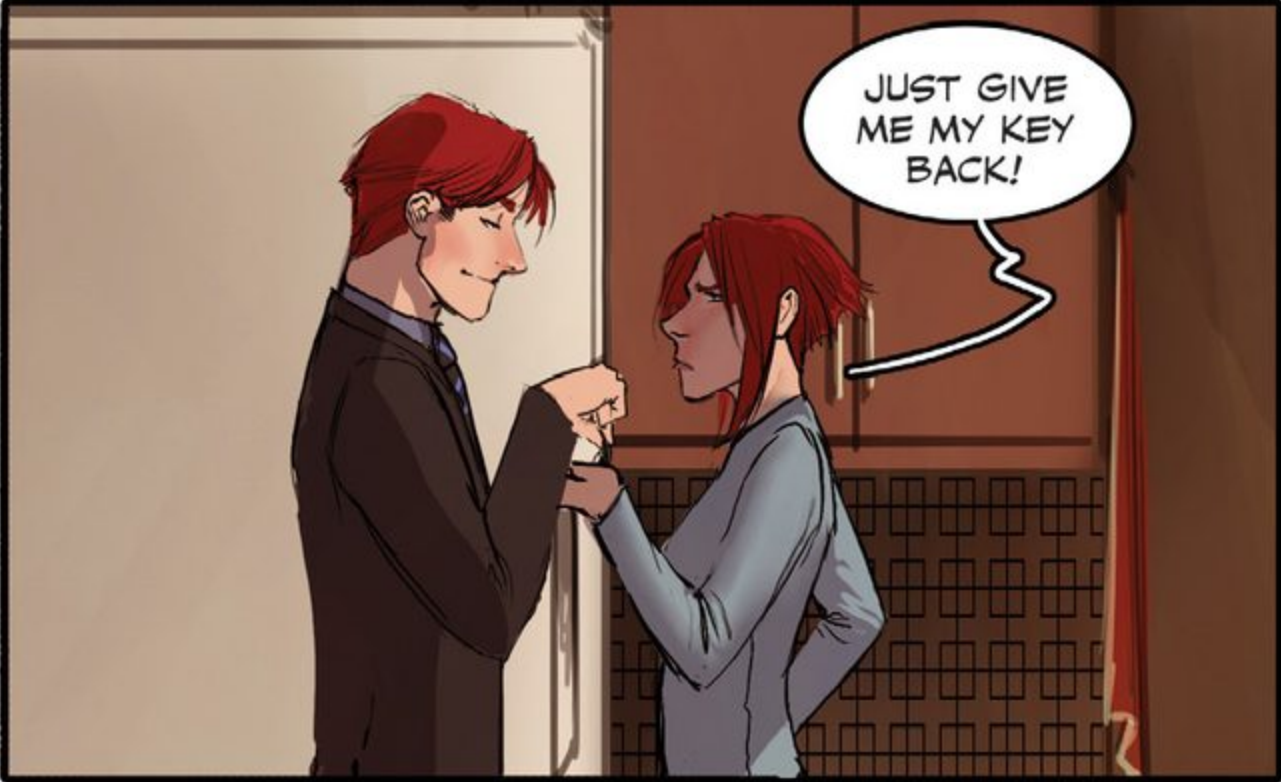
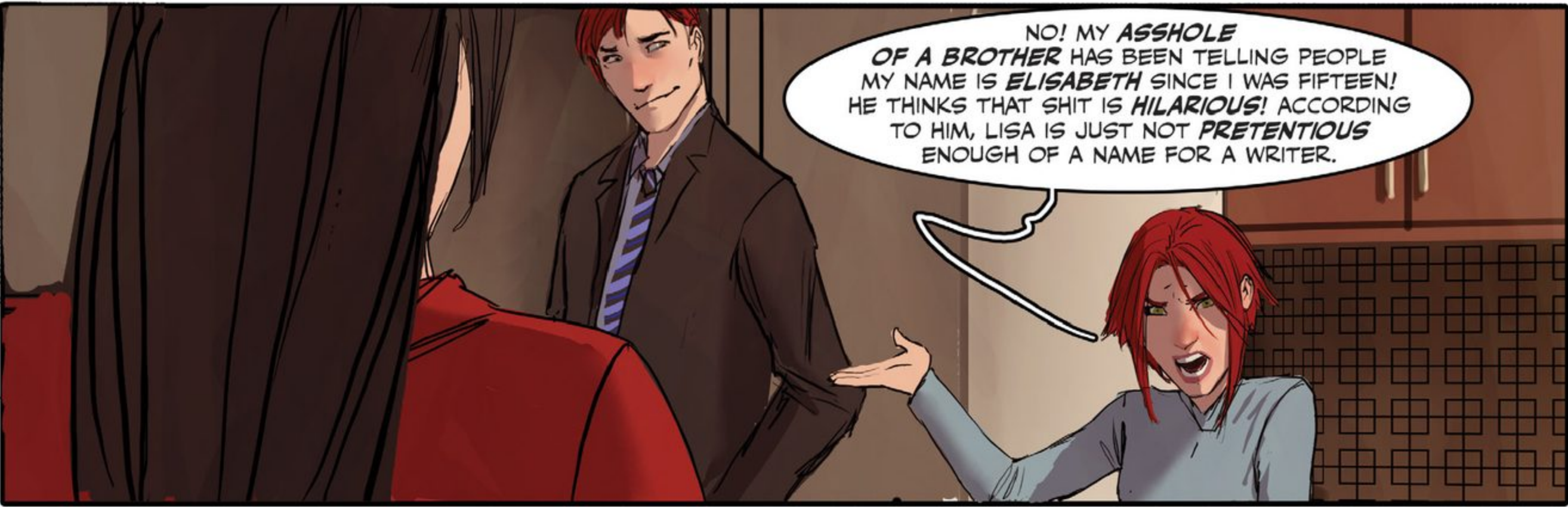
YES...MY
LO...

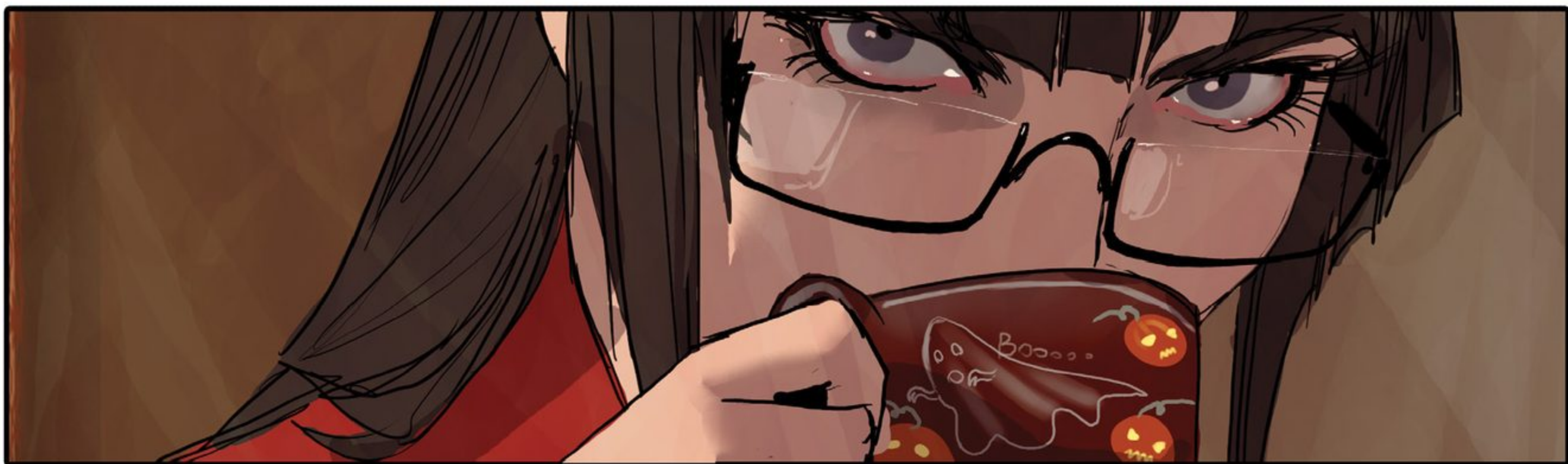
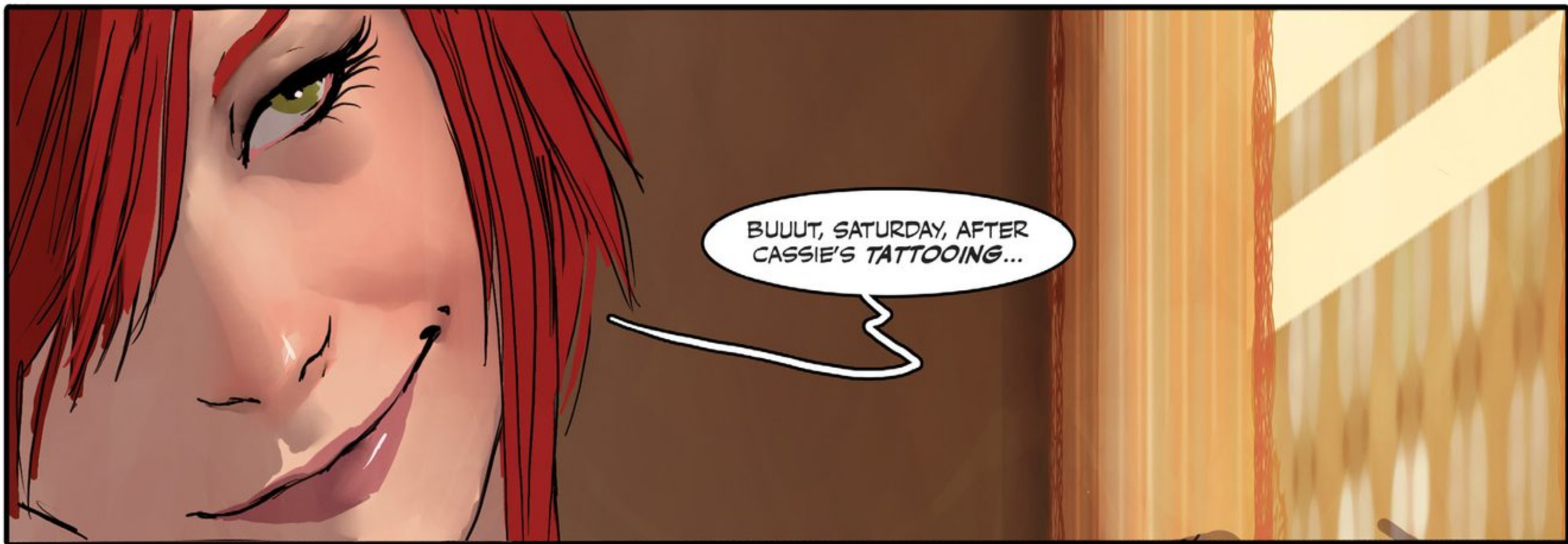


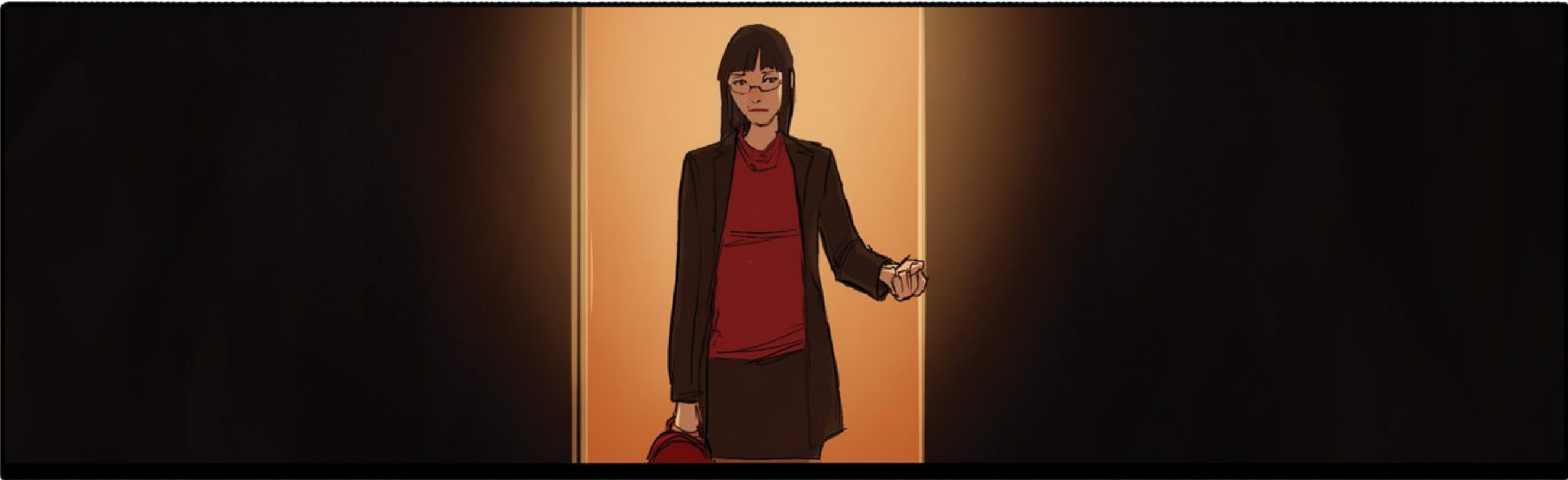
ALLY!!!

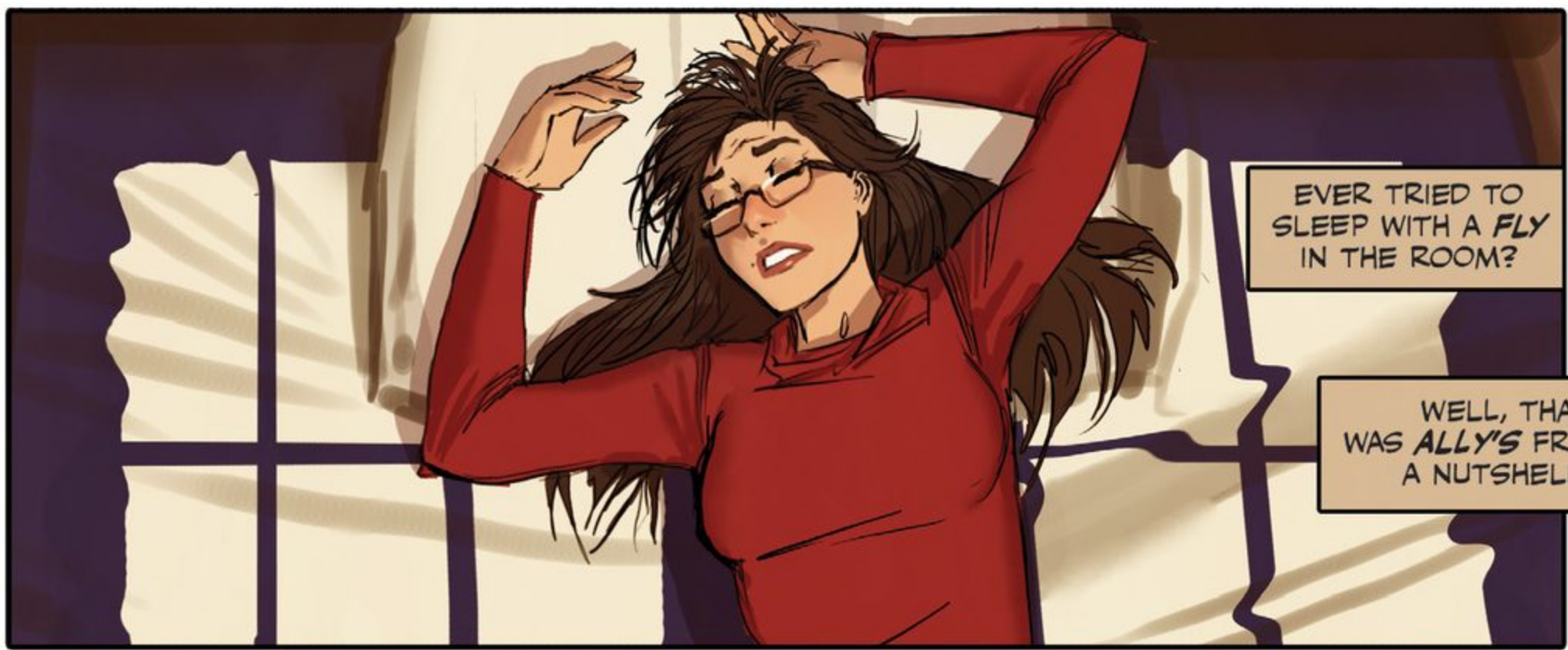












EVER TRIED TO
SLEEP WITH A *FLY*
IN THE ROOM?

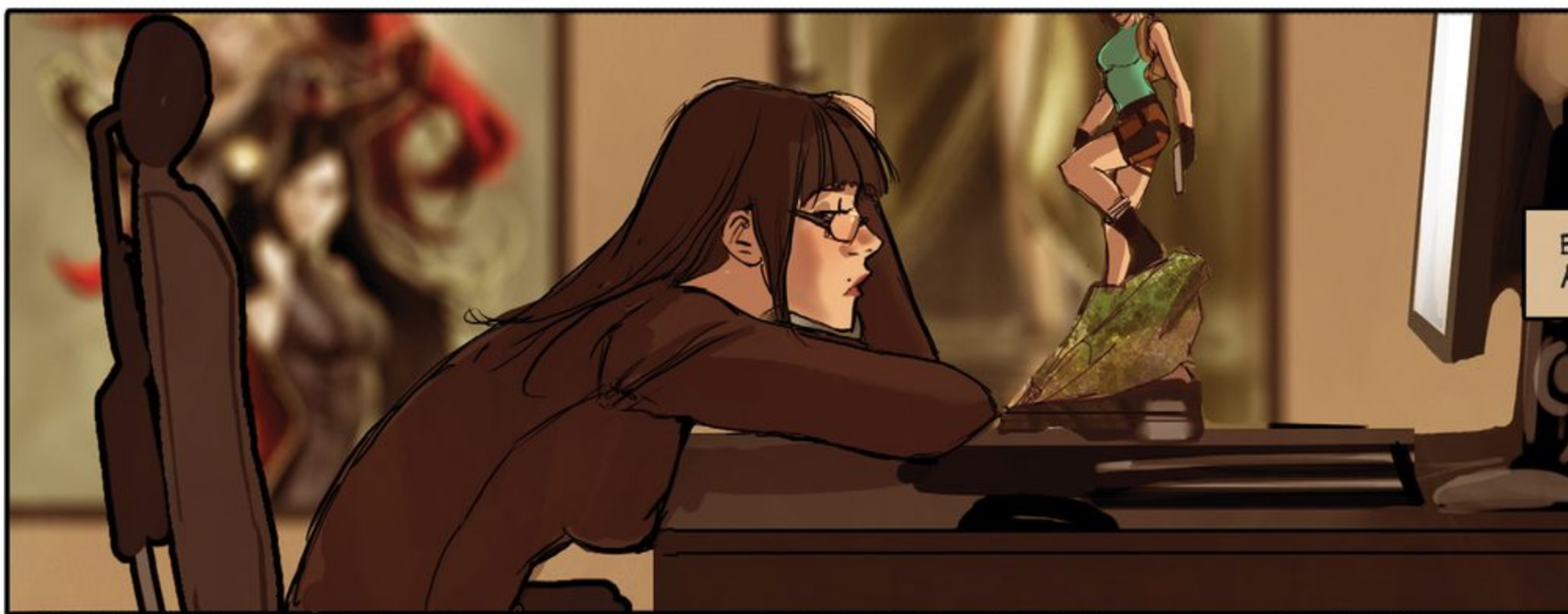
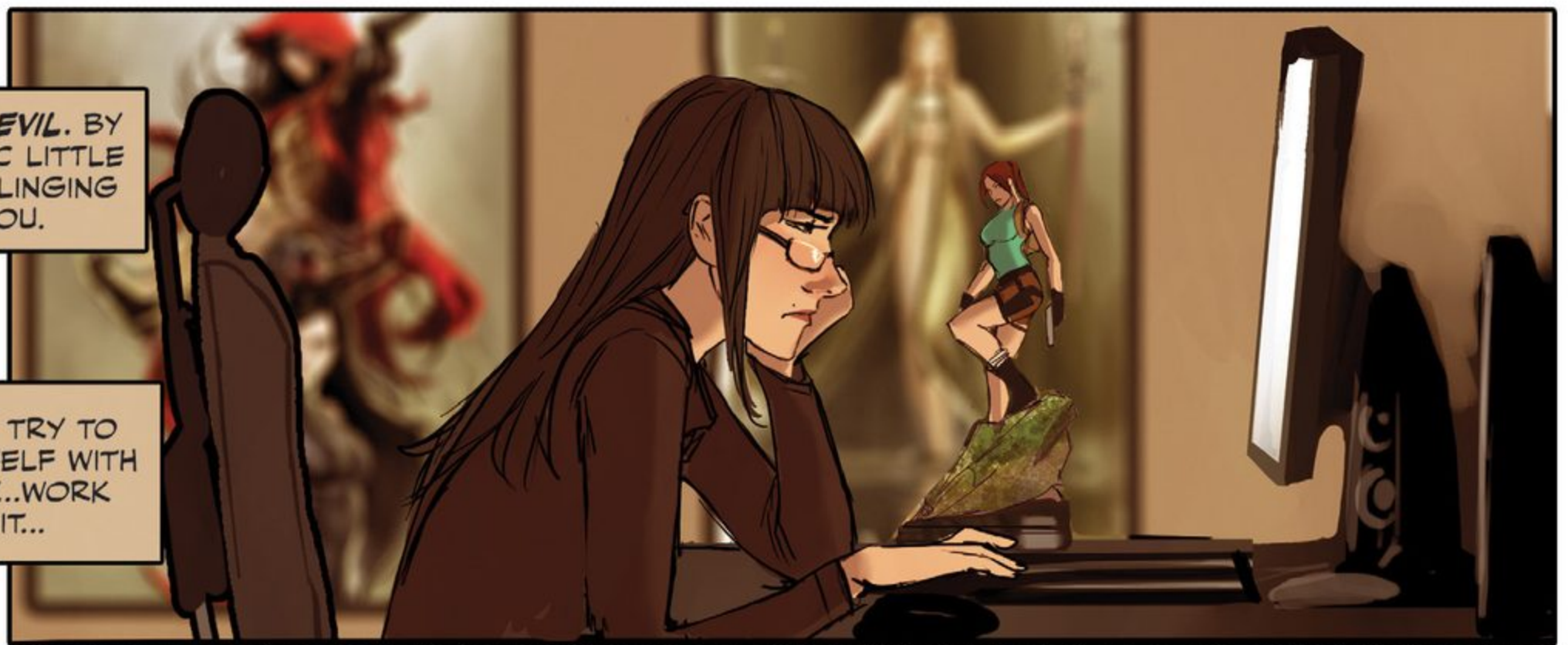
WELL, THAT
WAS *ALLY'S* FRIDAY IN
A NUTSHELL...



EXCEPT IT WASN'T A FLY THAT
ANNOYED ALLY. IT WAS AN *IDEA!*

IDEAS CAN BE QUITE *EVIL*. BY
THAT I MEAN, SADISTIC LITTLE
THINGS THAT KEEP CLINGING
ON, ANNOYING YOU.

SURE, YOU MAY TRY TO
DISTRACT YOURSELF WITH
SOME ACTIVITY...WORK
MIGHT DO IT...



BUT IDEAS ARE
PERSISTENT...



SO ULTIMATELY YOU
HAVE TO *FACE* THEM...

WELL...EITHER
THAT, *OOOR*...



ESCAPISM, HO!

DON'T RUSH IN!!!

DAMN IT, ELLY! THIS ISN'T MY FIRST RAID!!!

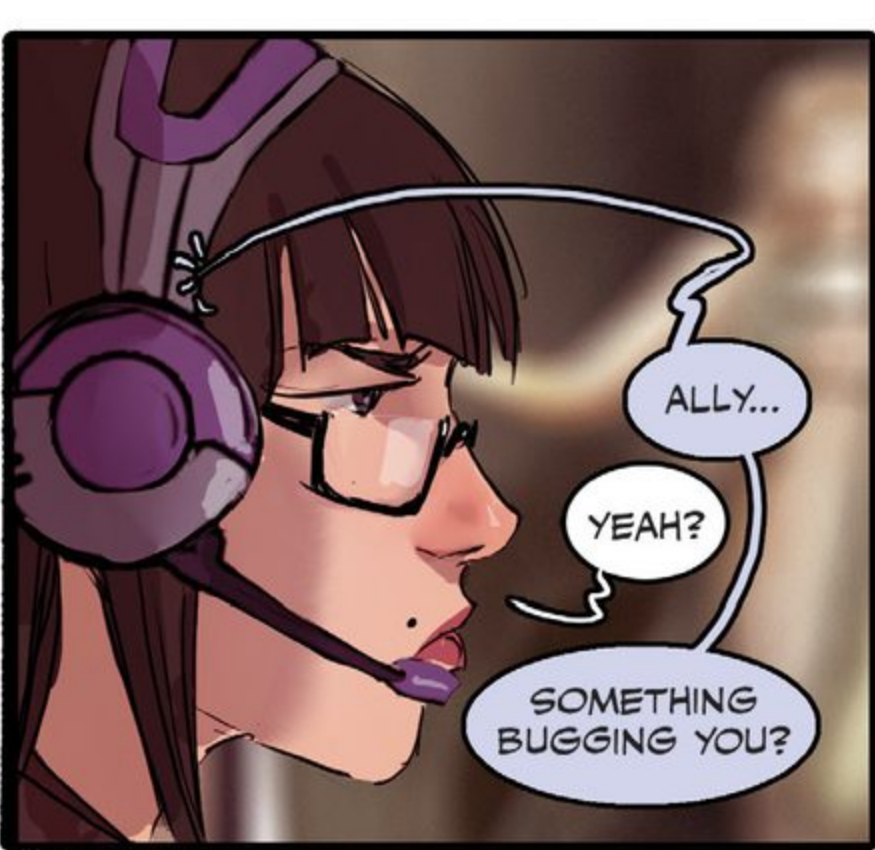


REALLY? COULDA FOOLED ME!

CRAP...

TOTAL WIPE!

SIGH...



ALLY...

YEAH?

SOMETHING BUGGING YOU?



NOW, WHEN THE IDEA BUGGING YOU IS OF A PERSONAL NATURE, SHARING IT WITH THOSE CLOSEST TO YOU TENDS TO BE...TROUBLESOME.

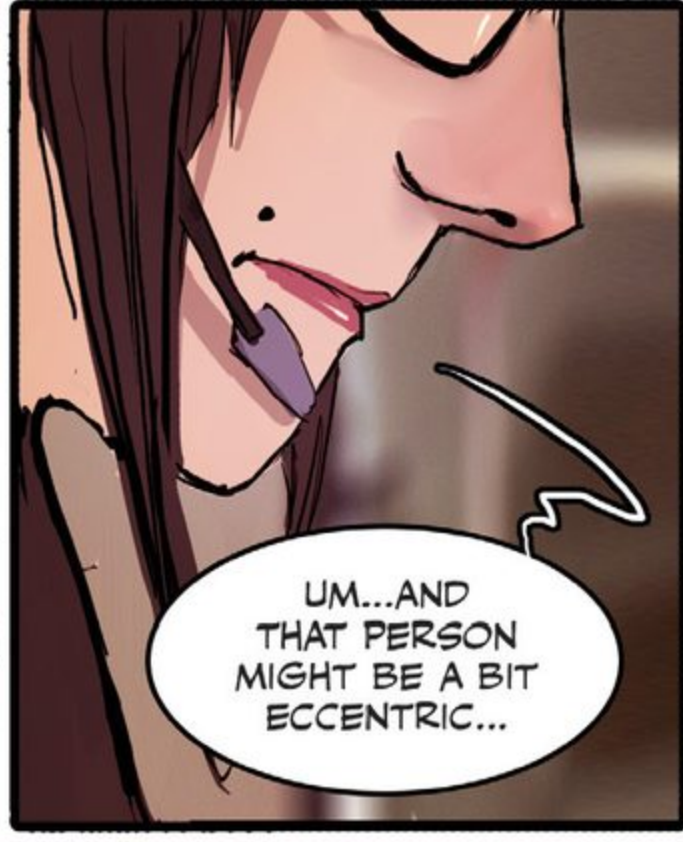
IN THESE MOMENTS, WE TURN TO THOSE WE KNOW JUST WELL ENOUGH TO ASK FOR ADVICE THROUGH VAGUE, UNDEFINED QUESTIONS.

OKAY...UM SO, HERE IT GOES... IT'S A FRIEND OF MINE TYPE OF A SITUATION.

GO ON.



OKAY, TELL ME IF THIS SOUNDS CREEPY TO YOU! SO A REASONABLY FINANCIALLY STABLE PERSON...



UM...AND THAT PERSON MIGHT BE A BIT ECCENTRIC...



AND THEY USUALLY HAVE THIS... SORT OF...WELL...BOSSY KIND OF INTERACTION WITH YOU...



SO IF SUCH A PERSON ASKED YOU TO MOVE INTO THEIR RATHER ROOMY HOUSE, UM... HOW WOULD YOU REACT?



OKAY, WHO THE HELL TOLD YOU???

'SCUSE ME?

UM...

IT WAS HIM, WASN'T IT?

SERGE! WHERE IS THAT APPROX???

ELLIOT? YOU THERE?

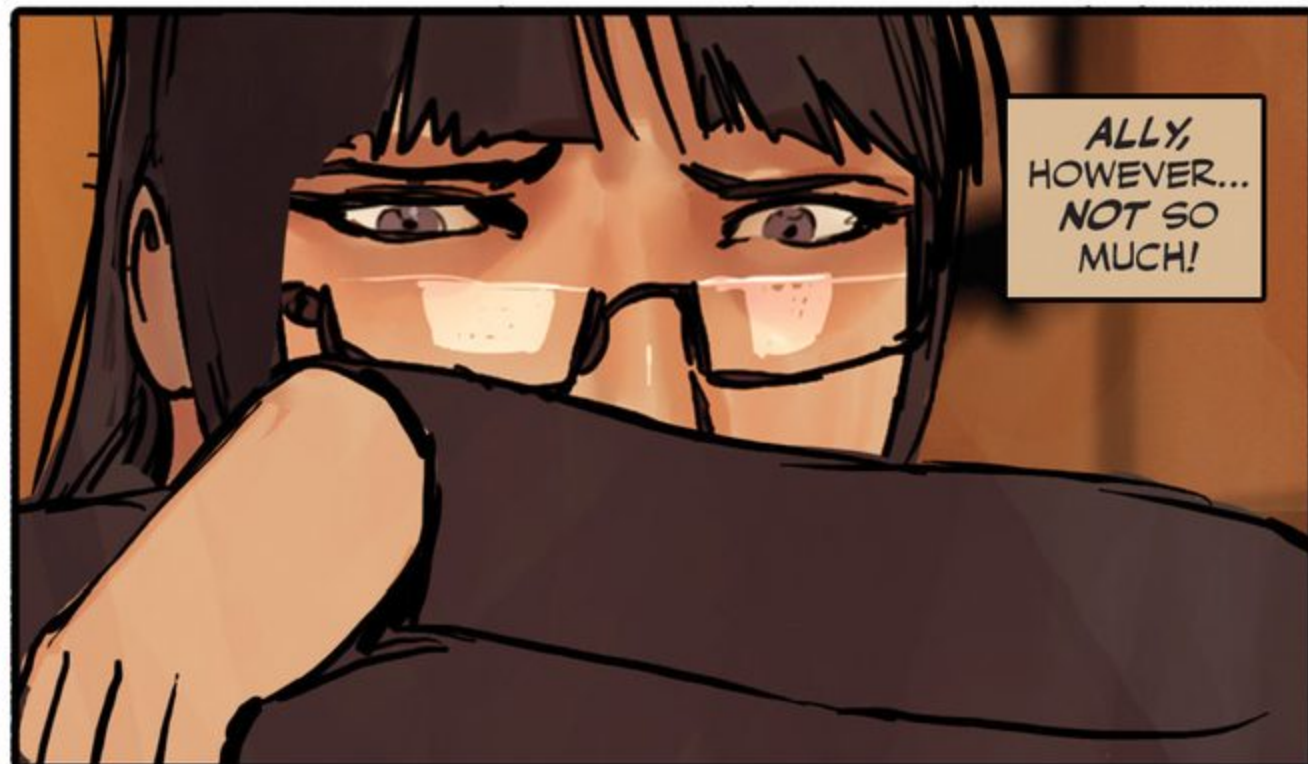
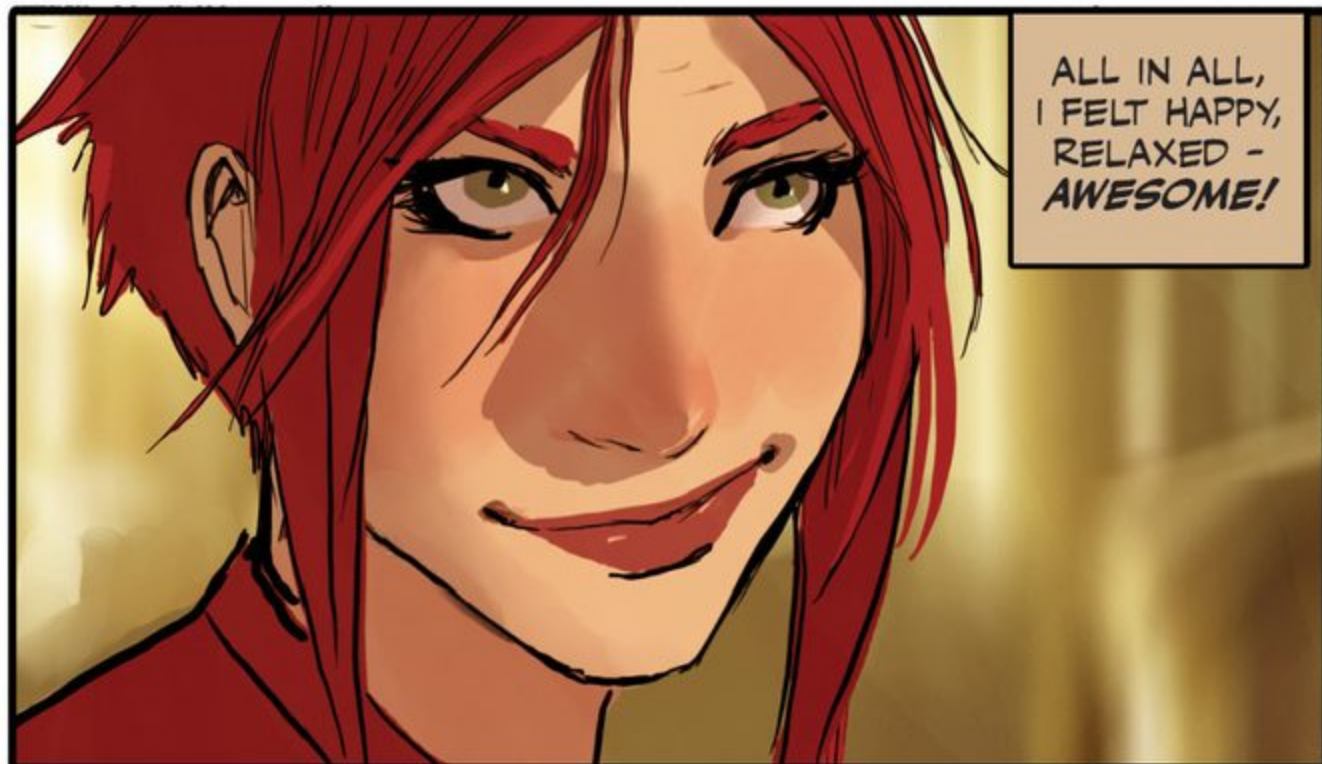
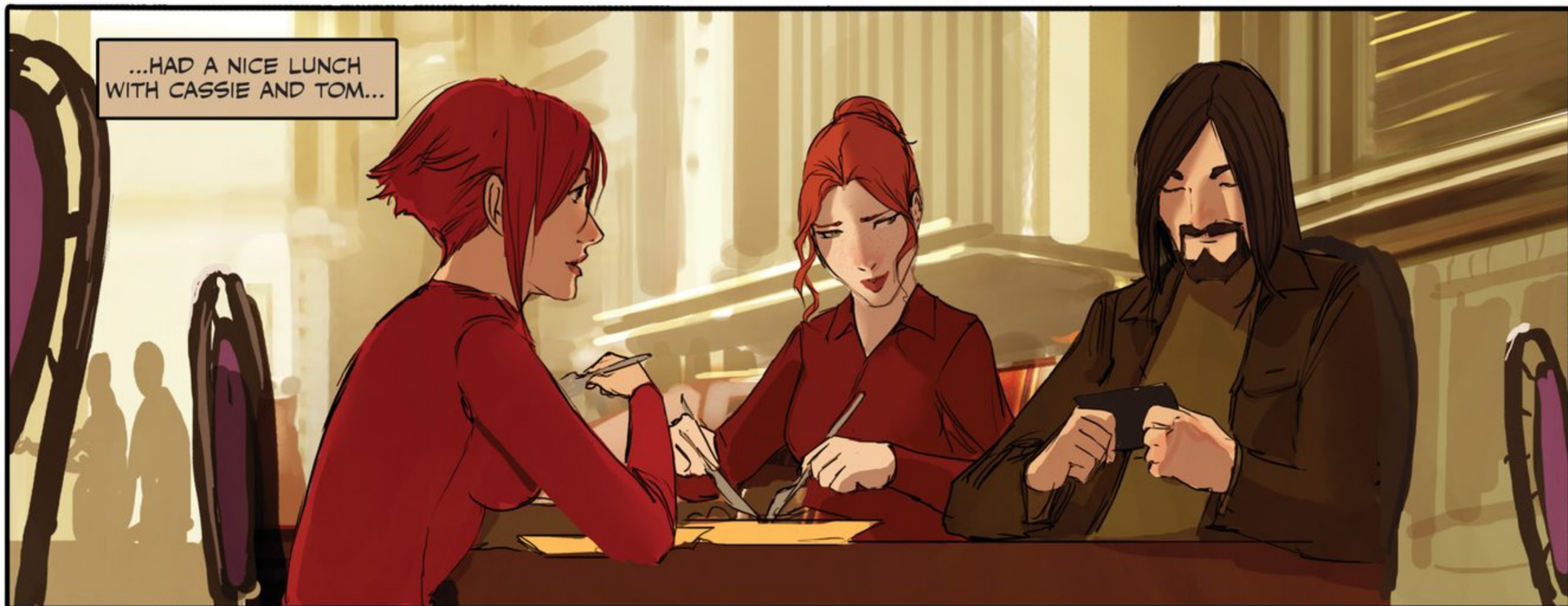
ELLY?

HELLLOOOO?

COINCIDENTALLY, I MET THIS GIRL, ELLIOT. IN CONTEXT THIS IS ACTUALLY QUITE FUNNY.



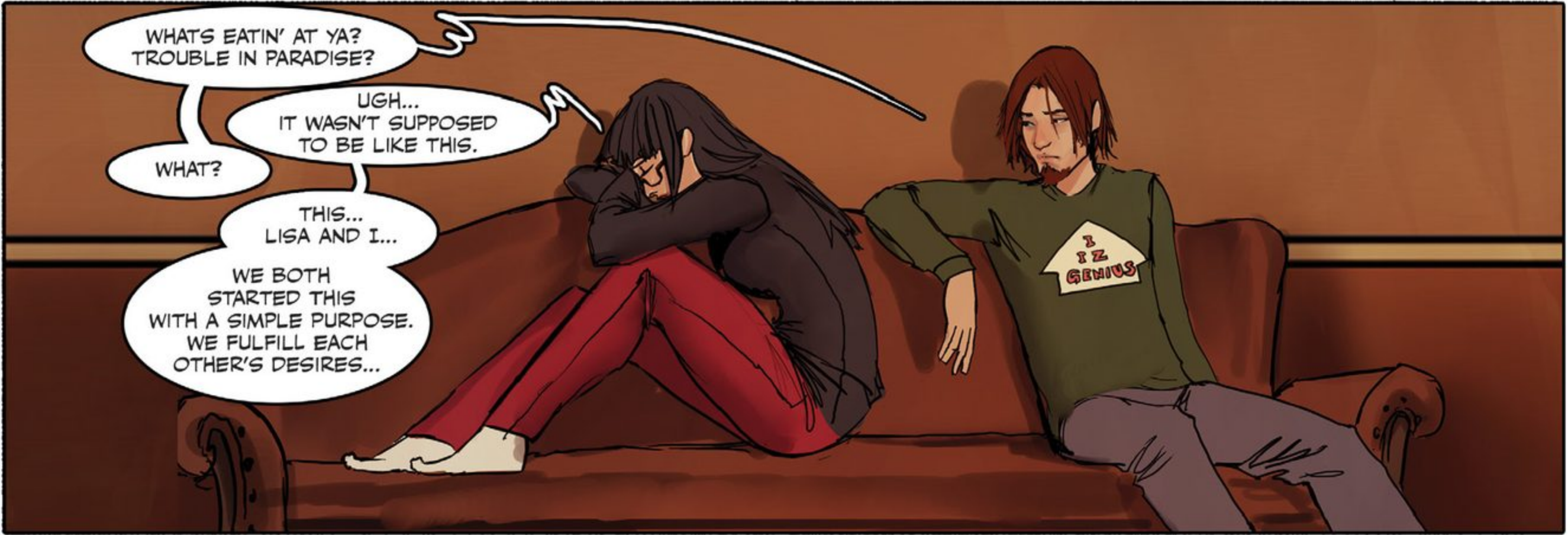
BUT, BACK TO ALLY'S WOES. ULTIMATELY WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS WE TURN TO THOSE CLOSEST TO US...





YO, ALLY!

HEY...



WHAT'S EATIN' AT YA?
TROUBLE IN PARADISE?

UGH...
IT WASN'T SUPPOSED
TO BE LIKE THIS.

WHAT?

THIS...
LISA AND I...

WE BOTH
STARTED THIS
WITH A SIMPLE PURPOSE.
WE FULFILL EACH
OTHER'S DESIRES...

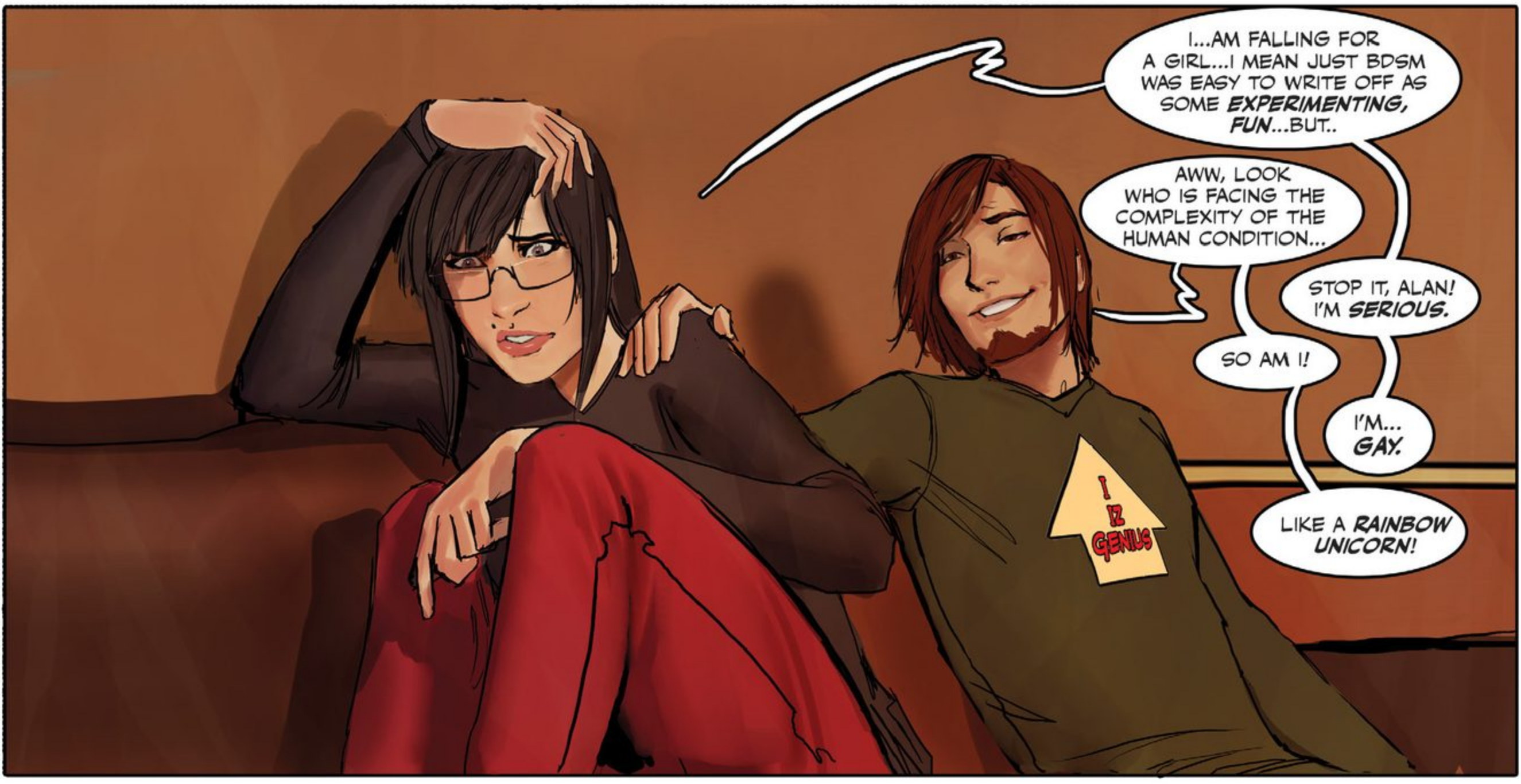


JUST A FRIENDLY GAME...
WE KNEW THE RULES. AND IT WAS AMAZING...
AND NOW ONLY THREE WEEKS LATER...HERE I
AM...A NERVOUS WRECK. MY WORK IS SUFFERING. I
CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HER. I CAN'T PROPERLY
APPRECIATE SOMETHING UNTIL I SHARE IT WITH HER...
THE HOUSE NOW FEELS TOO DAMN BIG.
IT WAS NEVER THIS BIG...

AND EVERY TIME SHE
GOES HOME I JUST WANT HER
TO *STAY*. I SWEAR I'M LOSING
IT HERE...

SHE
CAME TO ME LOOKING
FOR A *DOMME*...AND LOOK
AT ME NOW!

ALAN...I THINK...
I'M *FALLING* FOR HER.



I...AM FALLING FOR
A GIRL...I MEAN JUST BDSM
WAS EASY TO WRITE OFF AS
SOME *EXPERIMENTING*,
FUN...BUT..

AWW, LOOK
WHO IS FACING THE
COMPLEXITY OF THE
HUMAN CONDITION...

STOP IT, ALAN!
I'M *SERIOUS*.

SO AM I!

I'M...
GAY.

LIKE A RAINBOW
UNICORN!



AND YOU KNOW WHAT...
IT'S ALL RIGHT. IT **REALLY** IS!

TRY NOT TO
OVERTHINK IT!
IF YOU **LIKE** HER,
YOU LIKE HER.

SIMPLE AS
THAT, HUH?

HEH,
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
SIMPLE...

I HAVE SEEN YOU
CATASTROPHICALLY
OVERTHINK THINGS
AT TIMES.



JUST...YOU KNOW,
DO WHAT **FEELS** RIGHT
AND NOT WHAT YOU **THINK**
YOU MUST DO.

“**Buh-Limp**”

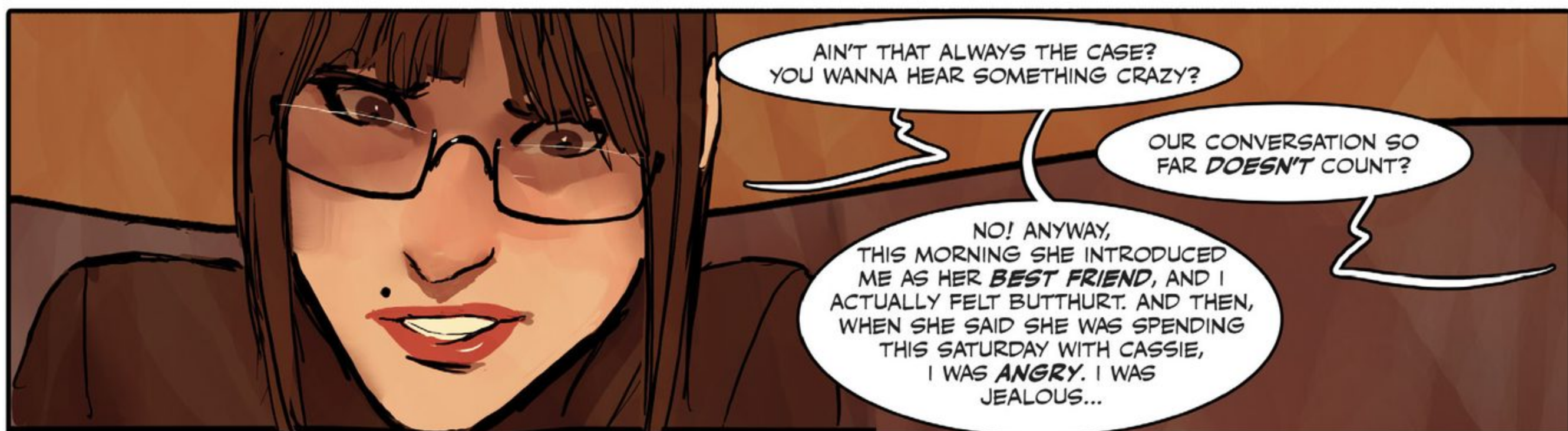
LISA

AND JUST
RELAX...LIFE IS
SERIOUS ENOUGH
WITHOUT US...
AAAND I JUST
LOST YOU.



HEH...UM.
SORRY!

IT'S FINE!
THOUGH
I CAN'T HELP NOTICING
THAT YOUR PROBLEM IS
NOT YOU DOUBTING YOUR
OWN AFFECTION...



AIN'T THAT ALWAYS THE CASE?
YOU WANNA HEAR SOMETHING CRAZY?

OUR CONVERSATION SO
FAR **DOESN'T** COUNT?

NO! ANYWAY,
THIS MORNING SHE INTRODUCED
ME AS HER **BEST FRIEND**, AND I
ACTUALLY FELT BUTTHURT. AND THEN,
WHEN SHE SAID SHE WAS SPENDING
THIS SATURDAY WITH CASSIE,
I WAS **ANGRY**. I WAS
JEALOUS...



OH, SO YOU'RE GONNA BE THE CLINGY POSSESSIVE TYPE? PEOPLE JUST LOOOVEEE THOSE!



OH, SCREW YOU! IT'S NOT LIKE THAT, DAMN IT...I JUST...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH ALL OF THIS!



SO WHAT *IS* THE PROBLEM? THAT SHE IS A WOMAN? THAT YOU ARE HER DOMME? THAT YOU ARE FRIENDS?



ARGGGGHH! ALL OF IT AND MORE!

YES, SHE IS A *WOMAN*, THAT IN ITSELF IS A BIG ENOUGH SHOCK FOR ME...

UH-HUH...

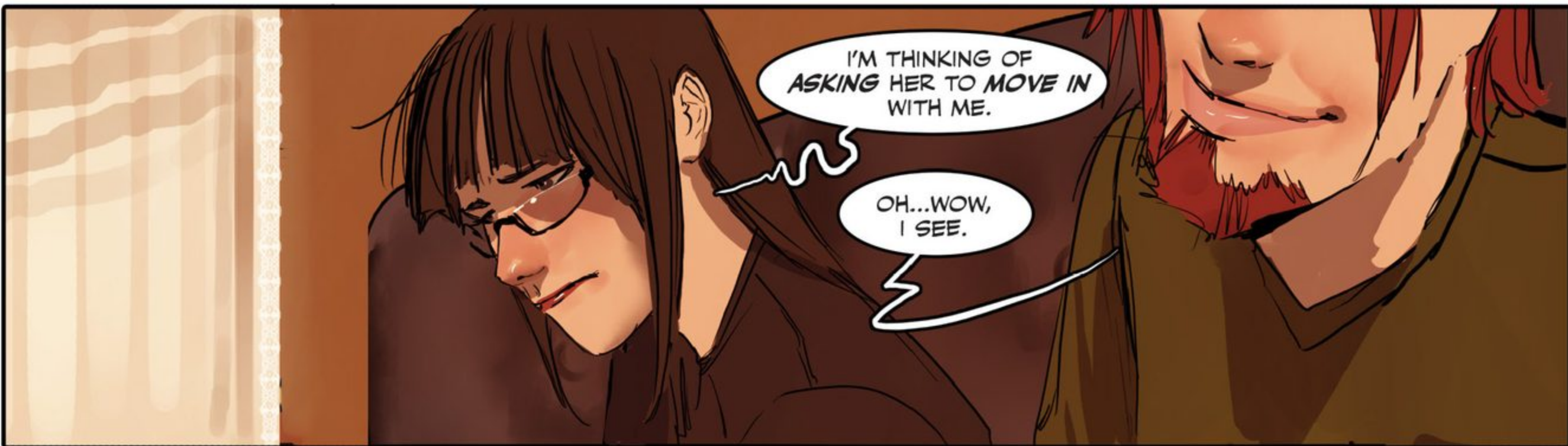
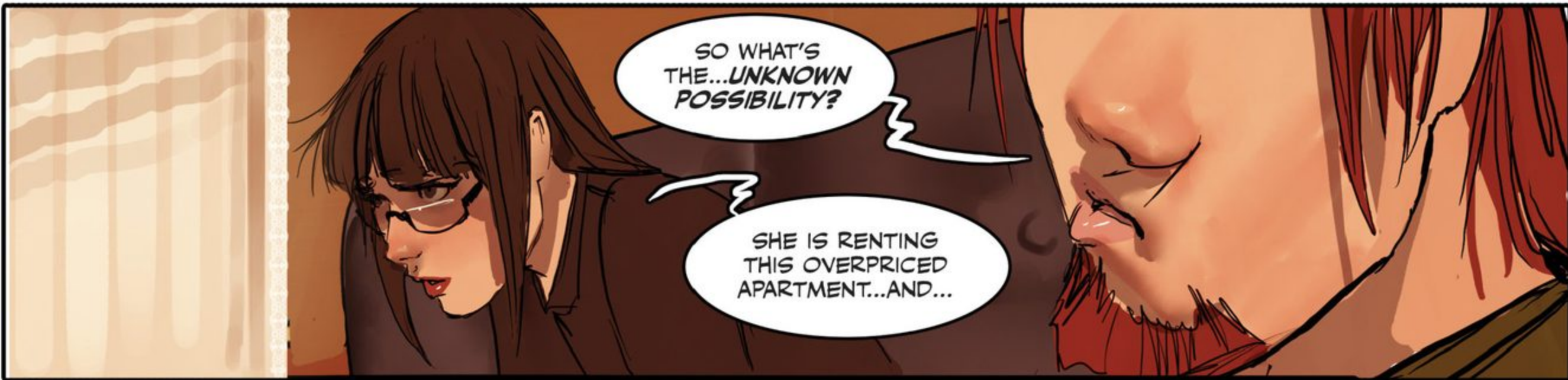


I MEAN, SHE CAME TO ME LOOKING FOR A *DOMME*...TWO MONTHS OF CHATTING AND THEN THESE THREE WEEKS...IT ALL WORKED PERFECTLY FINE...

IT WAS A *FRIENDSHIP* WITH BENEFITS...THAT IS ALL!

YEAH, THOSE ARE NICE.

AND NOW I'M THINKING OF RISKING IT ALL FOR AN *UNKNOWN POSSIBILITY*...AND...





EVERY DAMN SCENARIO
PLAYED IN MY MIND, AND EXCEPT
FOR THE ONE WHERE SHE SAYS YES, THEY
ARE ALL THE WORST EVER!

IT IS A GAMBLE,
I'LL GRANT YOU THAT...



BUT, THINK ABOUT
IT! **EVERYTHING** BETWEEN YOU
TWO SO FAR WAS PRETTY MUCH A GAMBLE,
AND YET, FOR SOME REASON **IT WORKED**. NOW,
ANY ADVICE I GIVE YOU AT THIS POINT WOULD BE
USELESS...BECAUSE, WHEN THE MOMENT
COMES, YOU WILL DO WHAT YOU
FEEL NEEDS TO BE DONE...

SO, GAMBLE?

IF YOU WANT
IT ENOUGH, THEN
YES!



YOU KNOW
THE OLD SAYING:
"GREAT WISDOM COMES
WITH **REGULAR**
MASTURBATION!"

YOU ARE A RARE
GEM, ALAN...

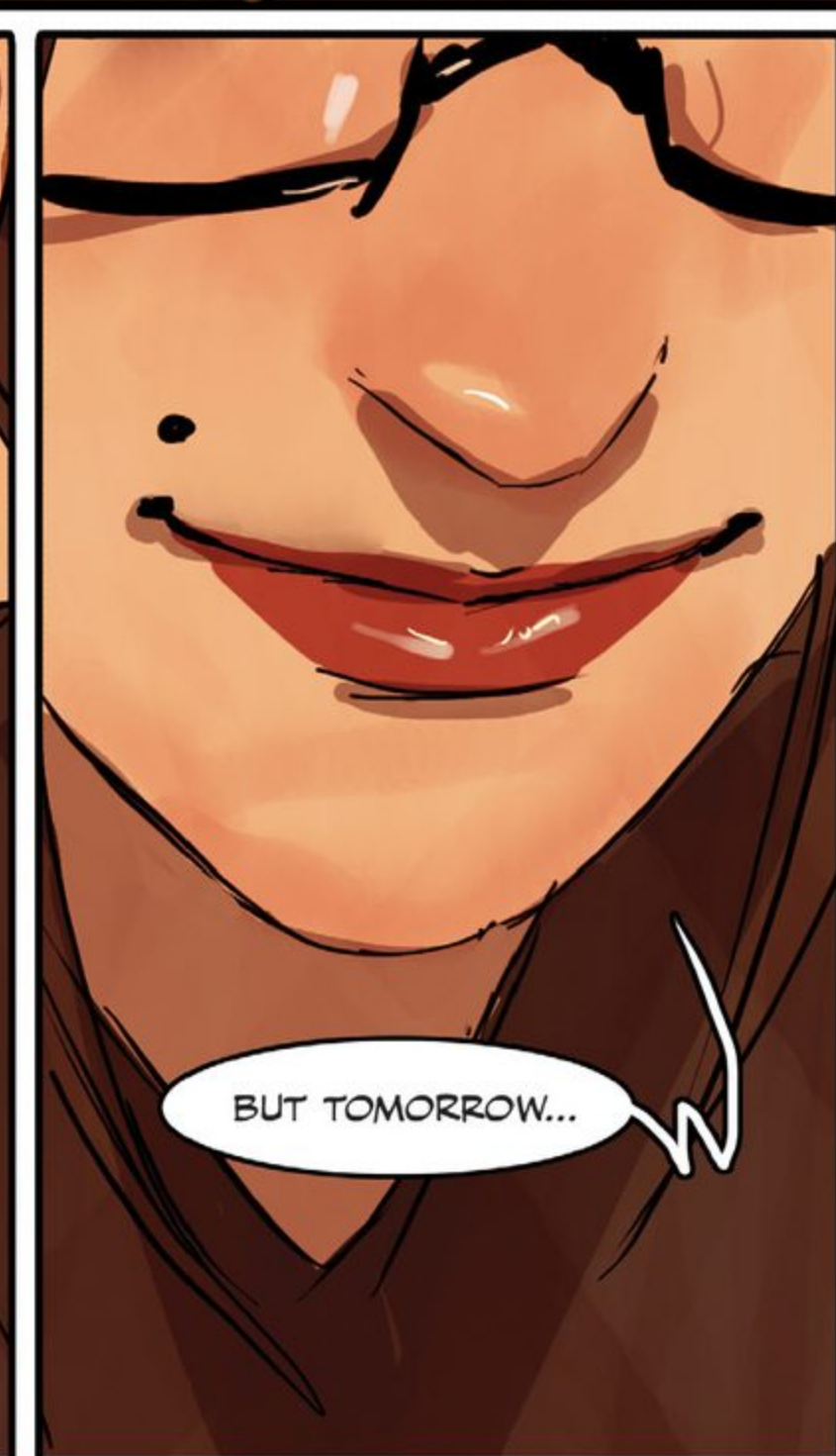
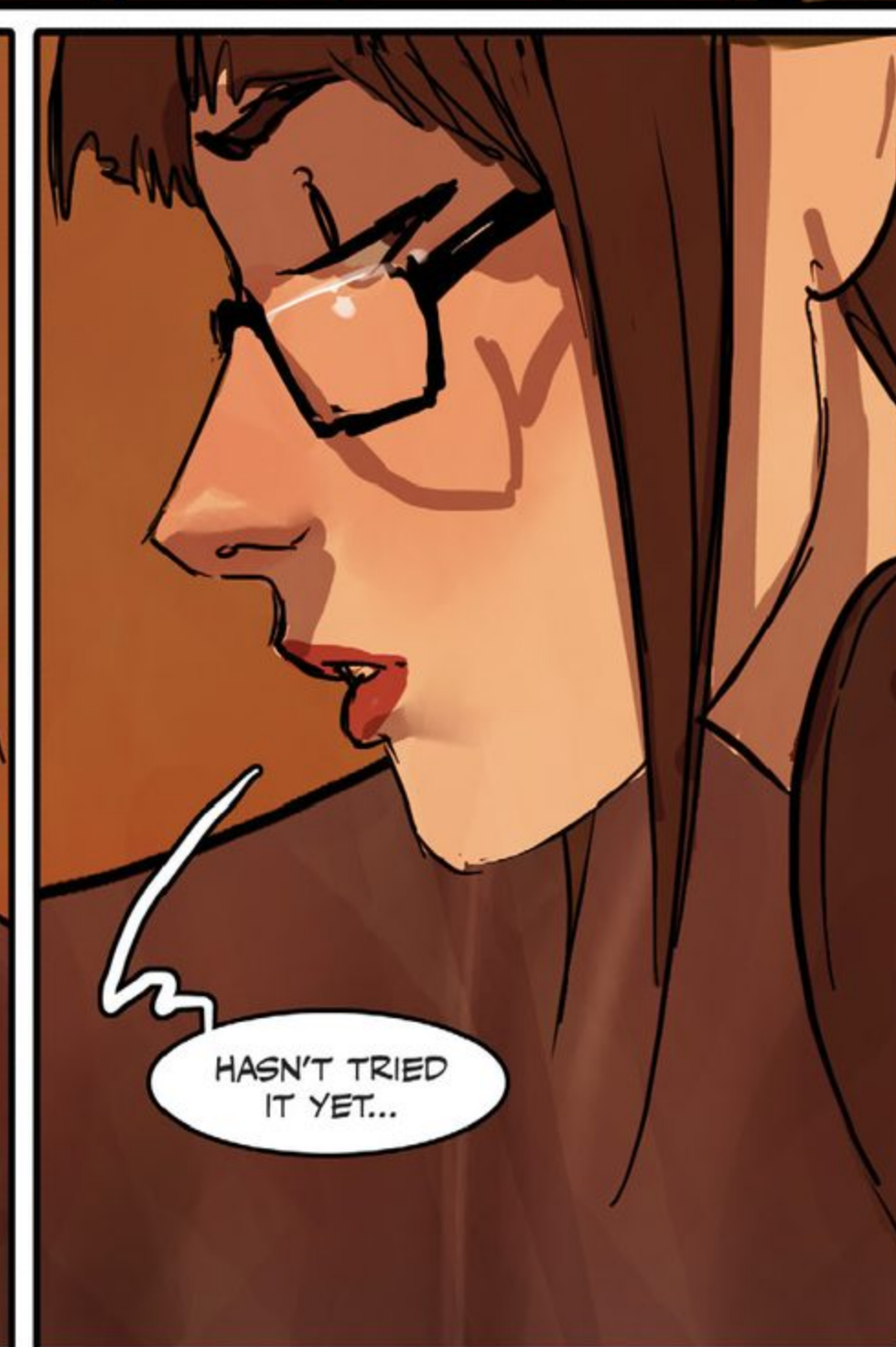
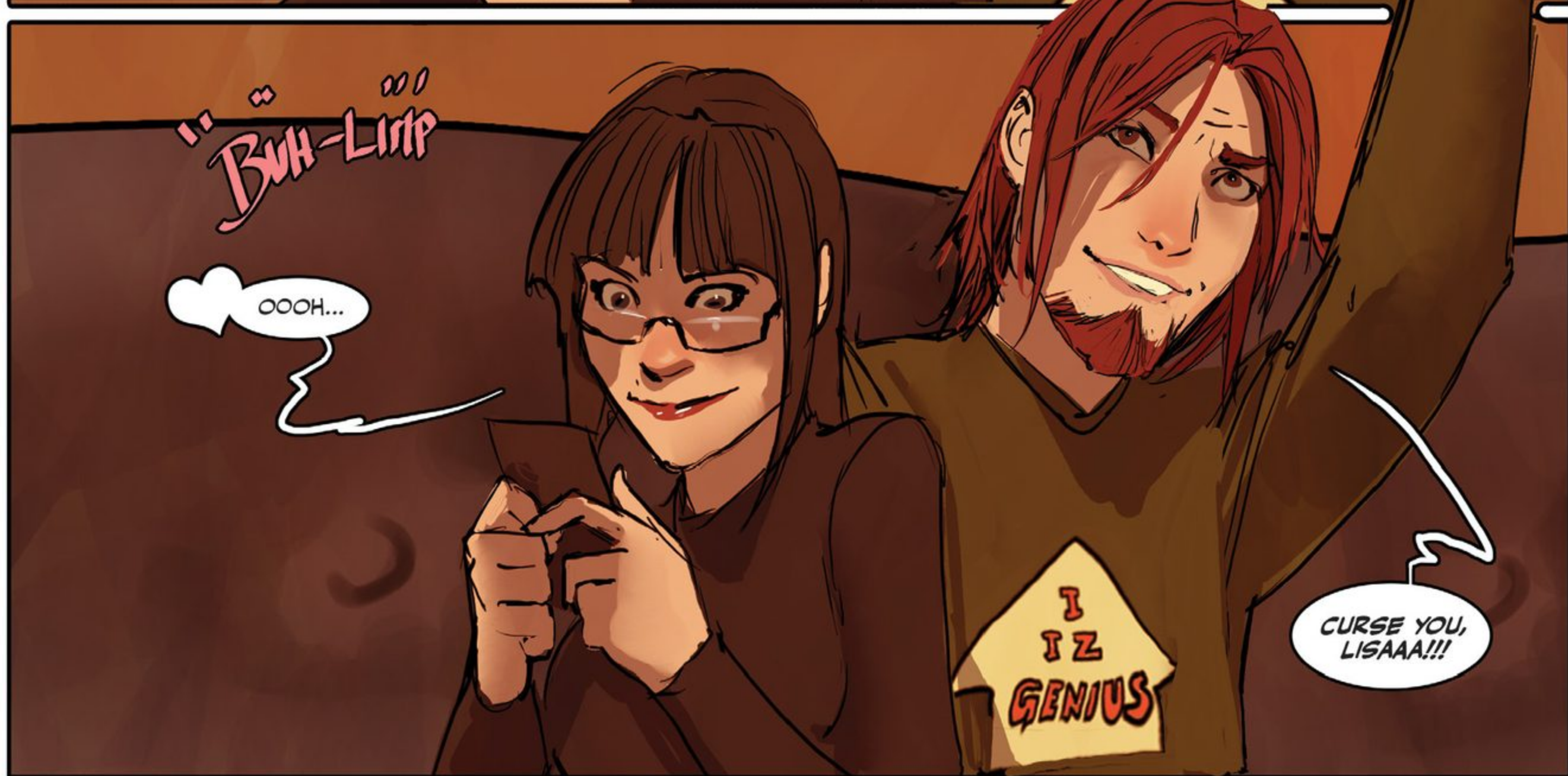
I THOUGHT IT WAS THAT
YOU COULD GO BLIND?

MINE MAKES **JUST**
AS MUCH SENSE!



WELL...THAT'S
IT! I'LL ASK HER
TOMORROW.

ATTAGIRL!



WHEN CASSIE WAS A KID,
AND SHE HAD TO TAKE HER
SHOTS, HER PARENTS TOLD
HER: "DON'T WORRY! IT'S
LIKE A MOSQUITO BITE..."

"YOU WON'T FEEL
A THING."

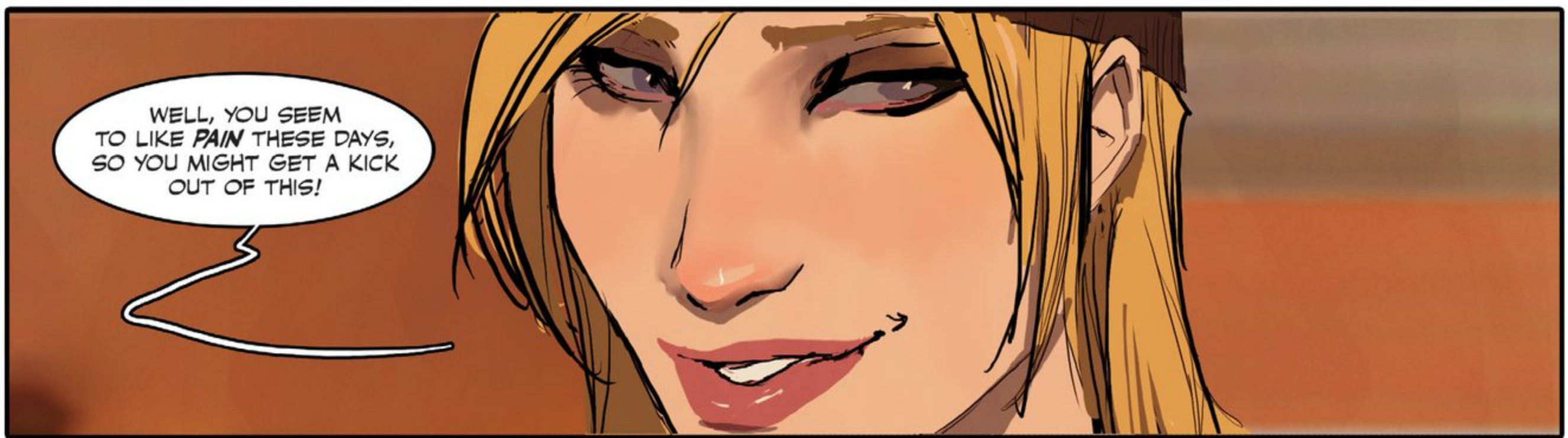
THEY LIED!

EVEN WHEN SHE
GREW UP, SHE STILL HAD
A THING ABOUT NEEDLES...

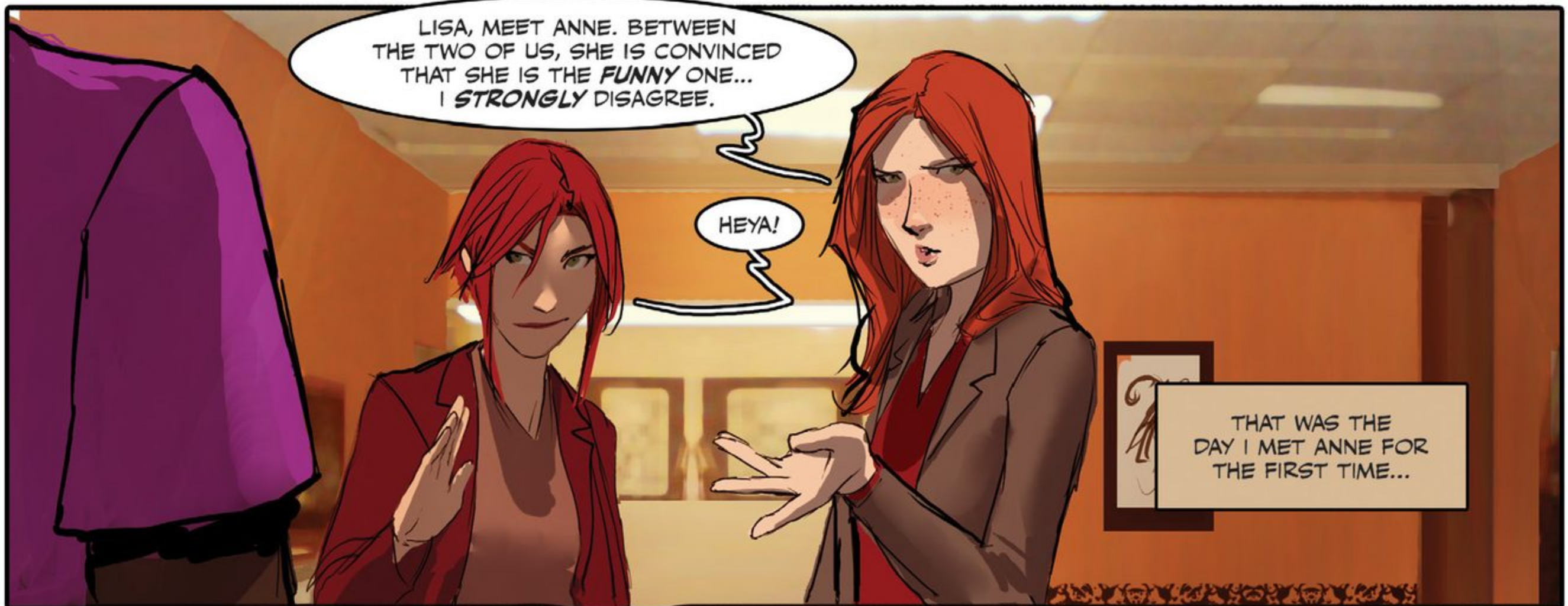
SUFFICE TO SAY...IT TOOK *A LOT*
OF COURAGE FOR HER TO DO WHAT
SHE WAS ABOUT TO DO.

AAAAH, THERE IS MY
GINGER PIN CUSHION! WELCOME
TO THE TORTURE
CHAMBER!

I HATE
YOU!



WELL, YOU SEEM TO LIKE *PAIN* THESE DAYS, SO YOU MIGHT GET A KICK OUT OF THIS!



LISA, MEET ANNE. BETWEEN THE TWO OF US, SHE IS CONVINCED THAT SHE IS THE *FUNNY* ONE... I *STRONGLY* DISAGREE.

HEYA!

THAT WAS THE DAY I MET ANNE FOR THE FIRST TIME...



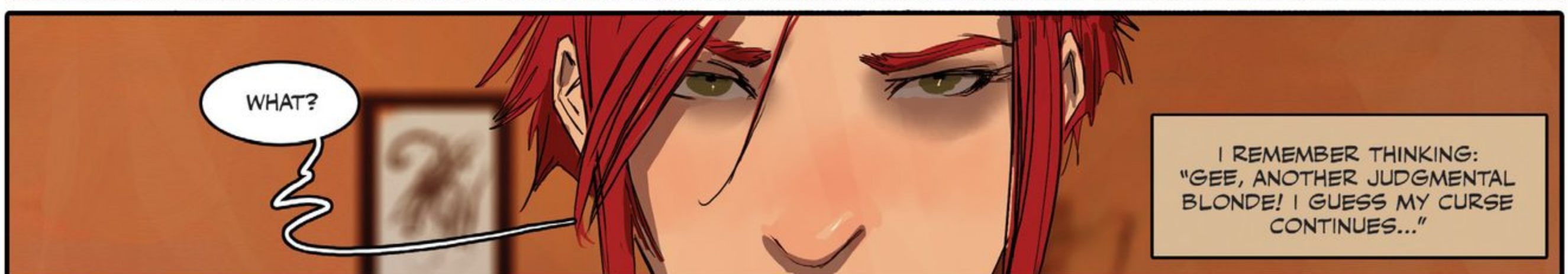
SOOO... YOU WOULD BE THE NEW *PERVY* WRITER FRIEND OF HER?

'SCUSE ME?

I DID NOT LIKE ANNE...



HMMM...



WHAT?

I REMEMBER THINKING: "GEE, ANOTHER JUDGMENTAL BLONDE! I GUESS MY CURSE CONTINUES..."



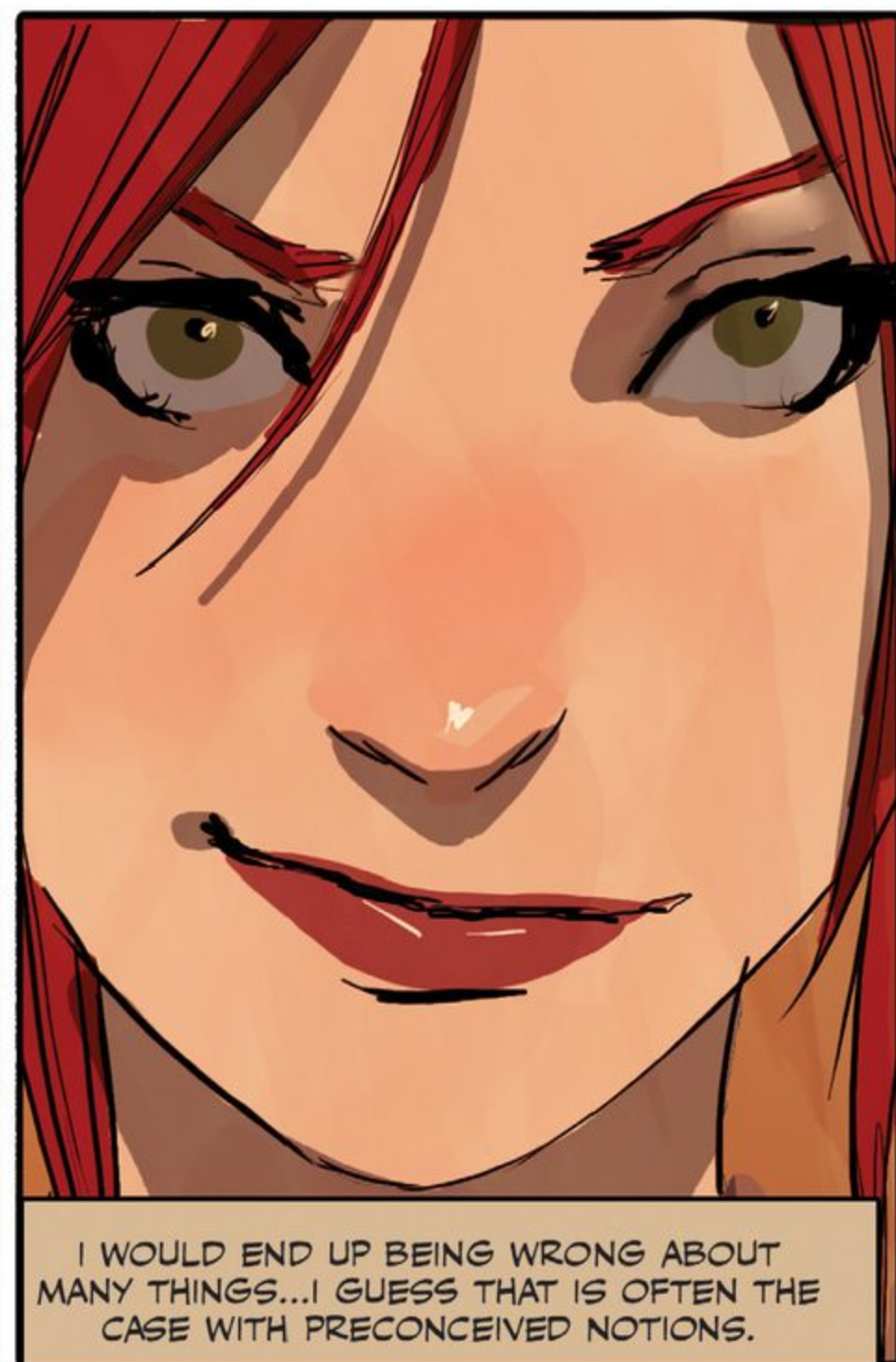
HEH,
NOTHING, I
JUST THOUGHT IT
MIGHT BE MORE
OBVIOUS.

I WAS
WRONG...



SORRY, I'M JUST
SCREWING WITH YOU A BIT.
IT'S KIND OF A LONG-RUNNING
JOKE BETWEEN CASSIE
AND ME.

OH...
UM, OKAY.



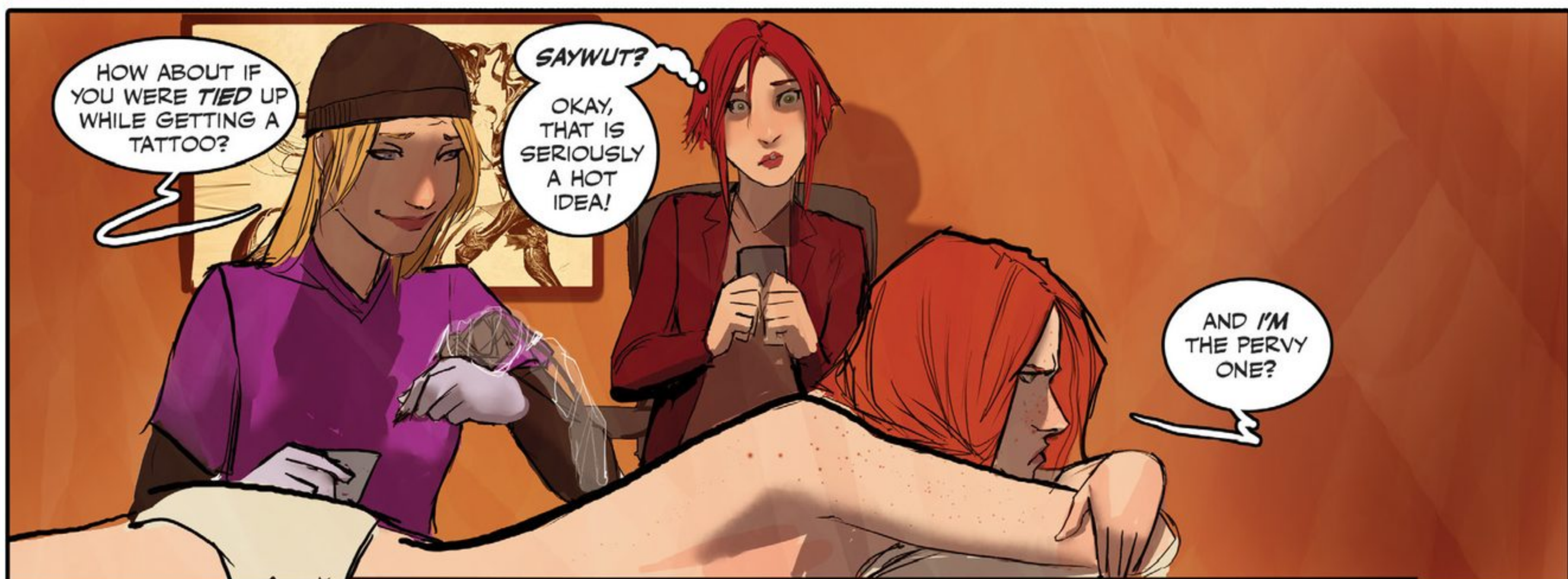
I WOULD END UP BEING WRONG ABOUT
MANY THINGS...I GUESS THAT IS OFTEN THE
CASE WITH PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS.



SOO, CASSIE,
DOES **THIS** GET YOUR
MOTOR RUNNING?

SCREW
YOU!

AW, COME ON!
YOU ARE AMONG
FRIENDS. SAFE
SPACE!



HOW ABOUT IF
YOU WERE **TIED** UP
WHILE GETTING A
TATTOO?

SAYWUT?

OKAY,
THAT IS
SERIOUSLY
A HOT
IDEA!

AND I'M
THE PERVY
ONE?

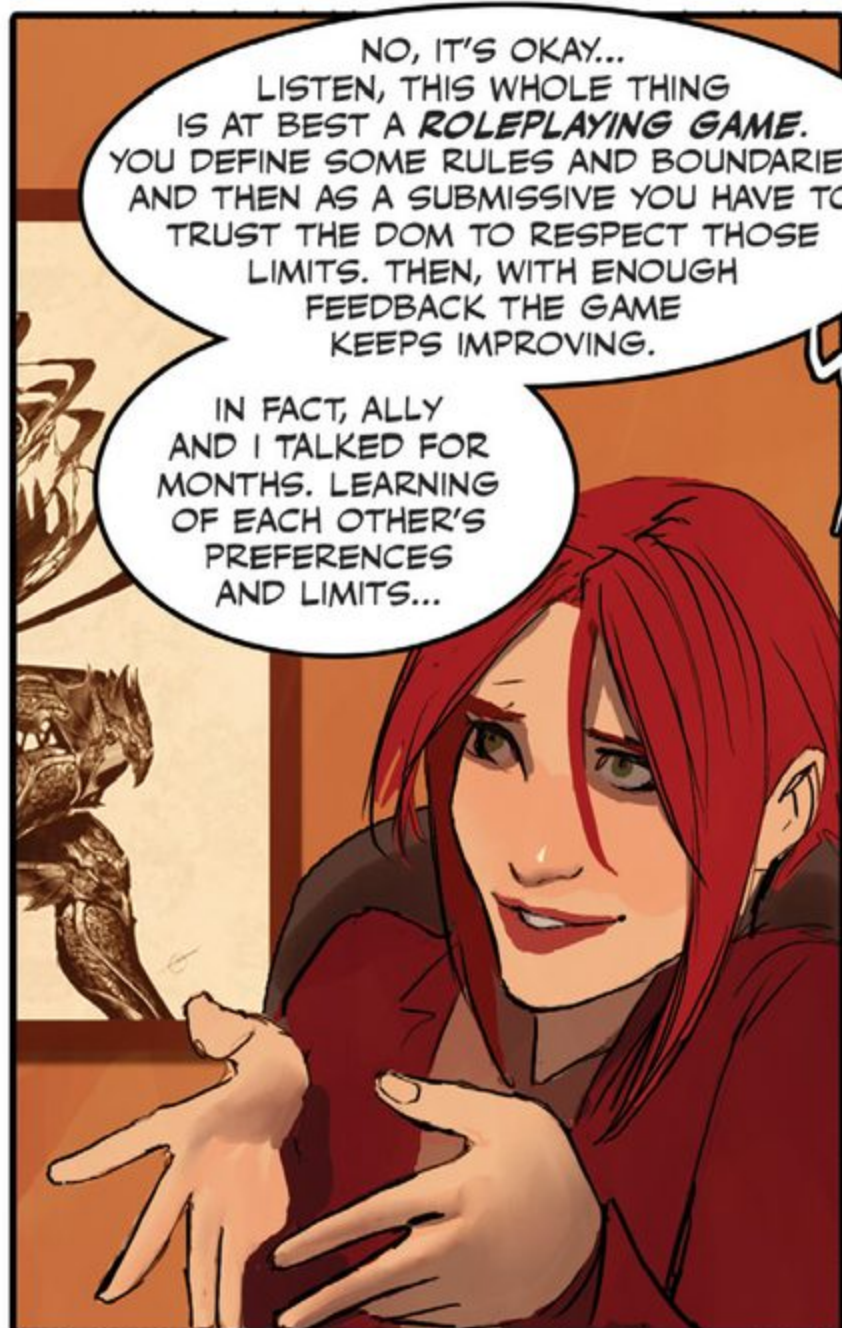




OKAY...SO,
I'M TRYING TO FIGURE THIS
OUT. THIS MISTRESS OF YOURS...
DOES SHE, LIKE, OWN YOU?

SNORT
OH, WOW...**NO!**
FUCKING
INTERNET!

WELL, *PARDON*
MY IGNORANCE!



NO, IT'S OKAY...
LISTEN, THIS WHOLE THING
IS AT BEST A **ROLEPLAYING GAME**.
YOU DEFINE SOME RULES AND BOUNDARIES,
AND THEN AS A SUBMISSIVE YOU HAVE TO
TRUST THE DOM TO RESPECT THOSE
LIMITS. THEN, WITH ENOUGH
FEEDBACK THE GAME
KEEPS IMPROVING.

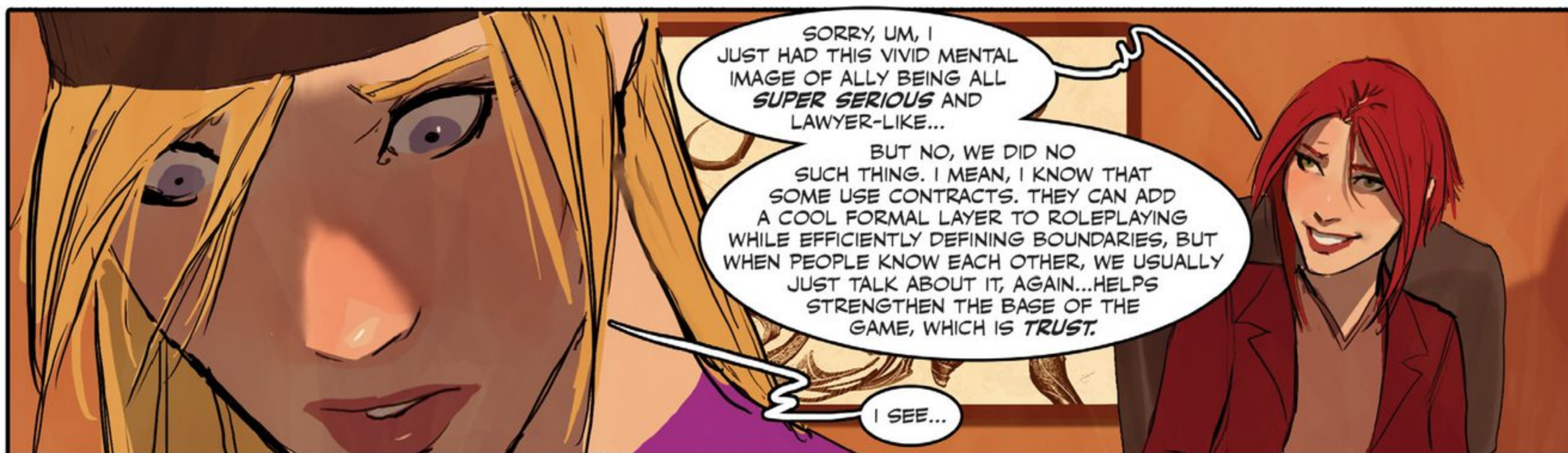
IN FACT, ALLY
AND I TALKED FOR
MONTHS. LEARNING
OF EACH OTHER'S
PREFERENCES
AND LIMITS...



AND THEN,
WHAT?
YOU SIGNED A
CONTRACT OR
SOMETHING?



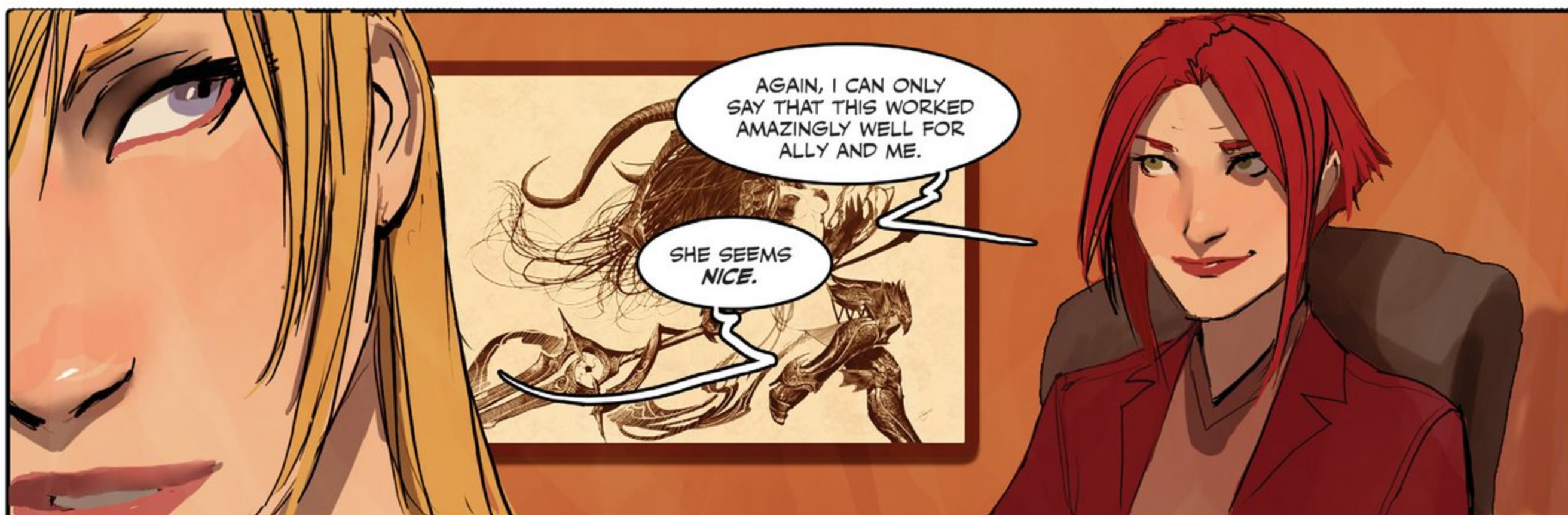
BWAHAHAHAHAHA!



SORRY, UM, I
JUST HAD THIS VIVID MENTAL
IMAGE OF ALLY BEING ALL
SUPER SERIOUS AND
LAWYER-LIKE...

BUT NO, WE DID NO
SUCH THING. I MEAN, I KNOW THAT
SOME USE CONTRACTS. THEY CAN ADD
A COOL FORMAL LAYER TO ROLEPLAYING
WHILE EFFICIENTLY DEFINING BOUNDARIES, BUT
WHEN PEOPLE KNOW EACH OTHER, WE USUALLY
JUST TALK ABOUT IT, AGAIN...HELPS
STRENGTHEN THE BASE OF THE
GAME, WHICH IS **TRUST**.

I SEE...



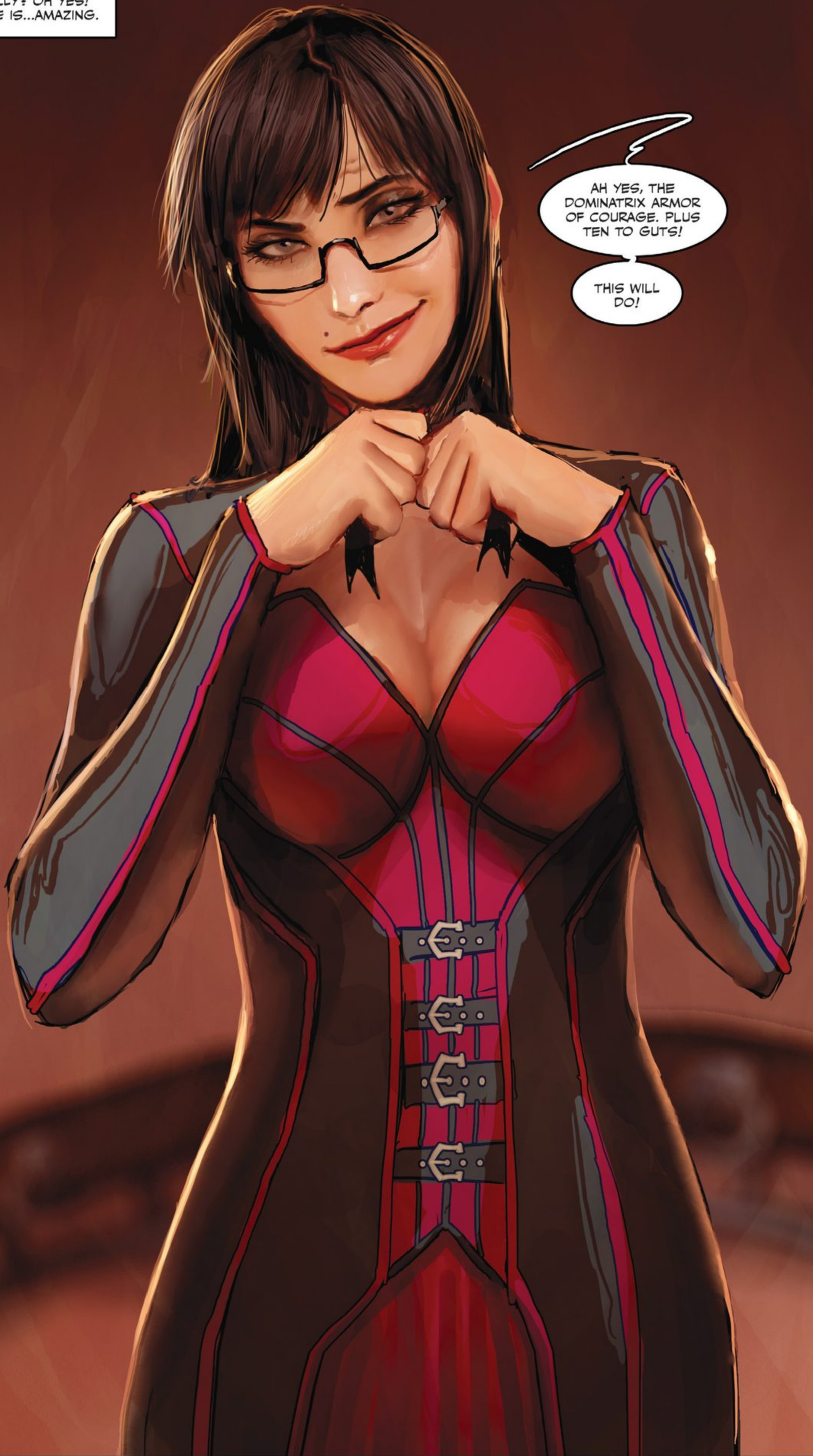
AGAIN, I CAN ONLY
SAY THAT THIS WORKED
AMAZINGLY WELL FOR
ALLY AND ME.

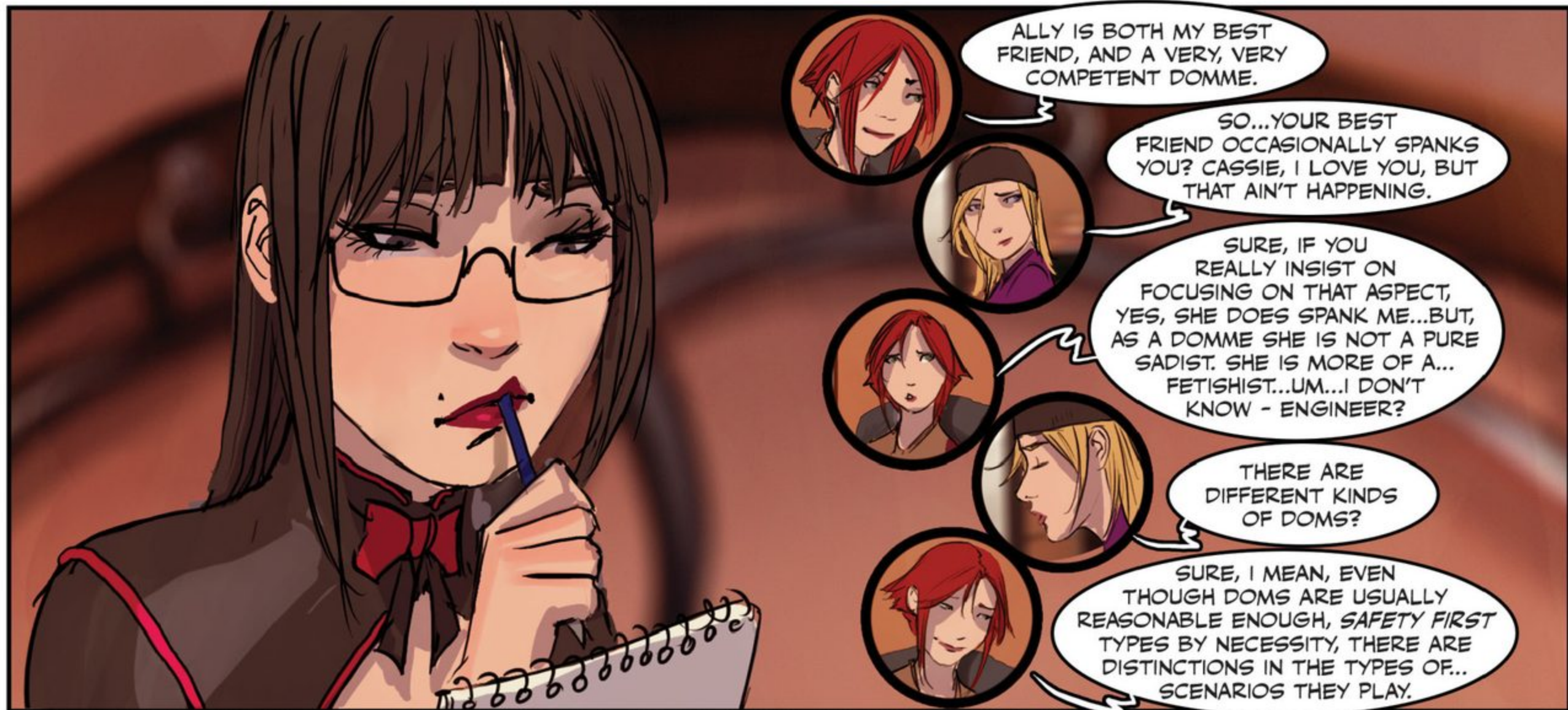
SHE SEEMS
NICE.

ALLY? OH YES!
SHE IS...AMAZING.

AH YES, THE
DOMINATRIX ARMOR
OF COURAGE. PLUS
TEN TO GUTS!

THIS WILL
DO!





ALLY IS BOTH MY BEST FRIEND, AND A VERY, VERY COMPETENT DOMME.

SO...YOUR BEST FRIEND OCCASIONALLY SPANKS YOU? CASSIE, I LOVE YOU, BUT THAT AIN'T HAPPENING.

SURE, IF YOU REALLY INSIST ON FOCUSING ON THAT ASPECT, YES, SHE DOES SPANK ME...BUT, AS A DOMME SHE IS NOT A PURE SADIST. SHE IS MORE OF A... FETISHIST...UM...I DON'T KNOW - ENGINEER?

THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS OF DOMS?

SURE, I MEAN, EVEN THOUGH DOMS ARE USUALLY REASONABLE ENOUGH, *SAFETY FIRST* TYPES BY NECESSITY, THERE ARE DISTINCTIONS IN THE TYPES OF... SCENARIOS THEY PLAY.



SCENARIOS?



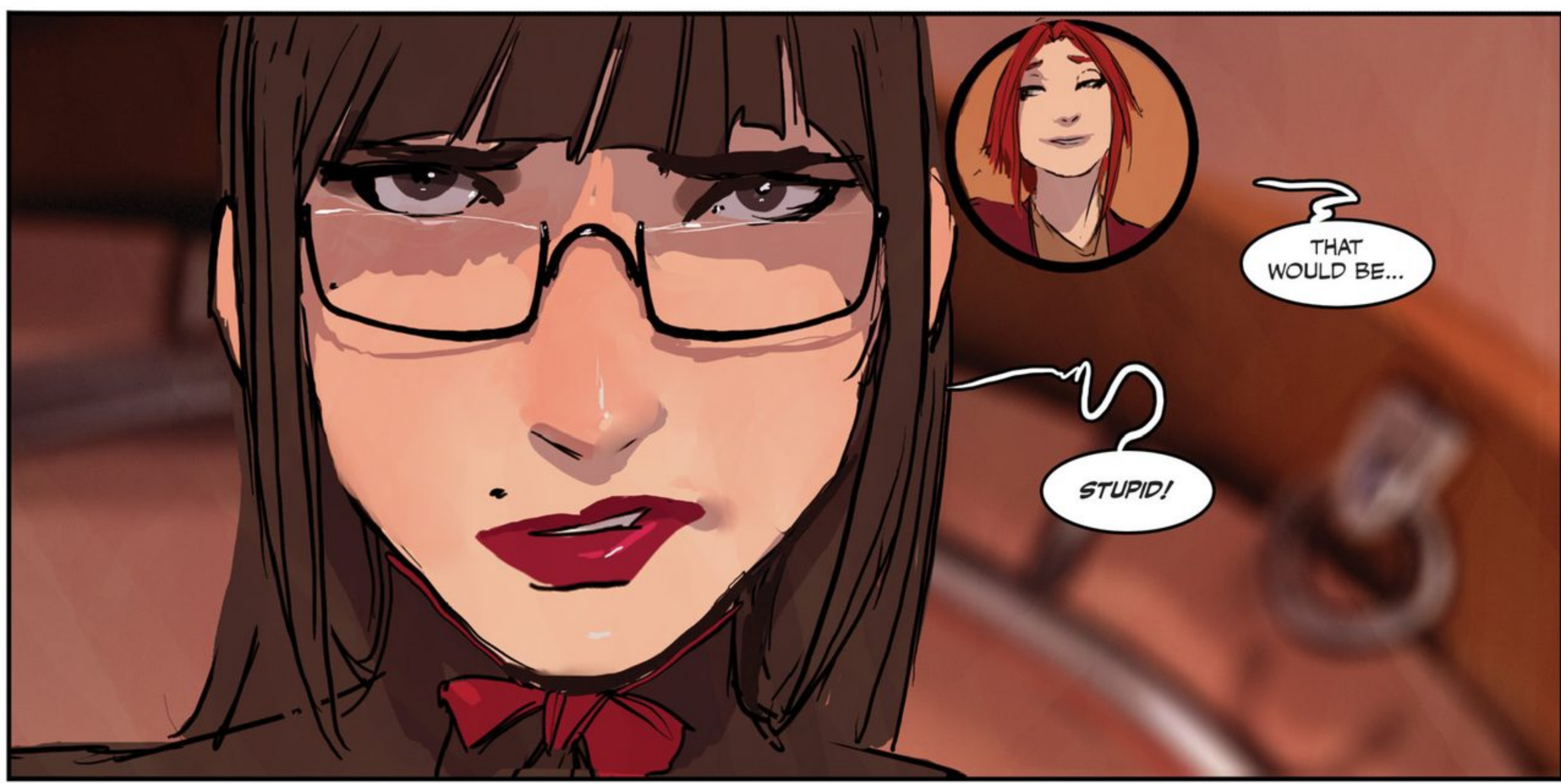
IDEAS BEHIND A SESSION. NOT... Y'KNOW *ACTUAL* SCENARIOS.

AND THEN WHEN SHE DROPS IT SHE CAN'T PICK IT UP...



IT'S NOT LIKE SHE WRITES HER OWN DIALOGUE *BEFOREHAND*...

AND THEN I'LL GO WITH, EITHER THAT GOES BACK *UP*, OR YOU WILL SPEND THE NEXT HOUR GOING *DOWN*... ON ME!



THAT WOULD BE...

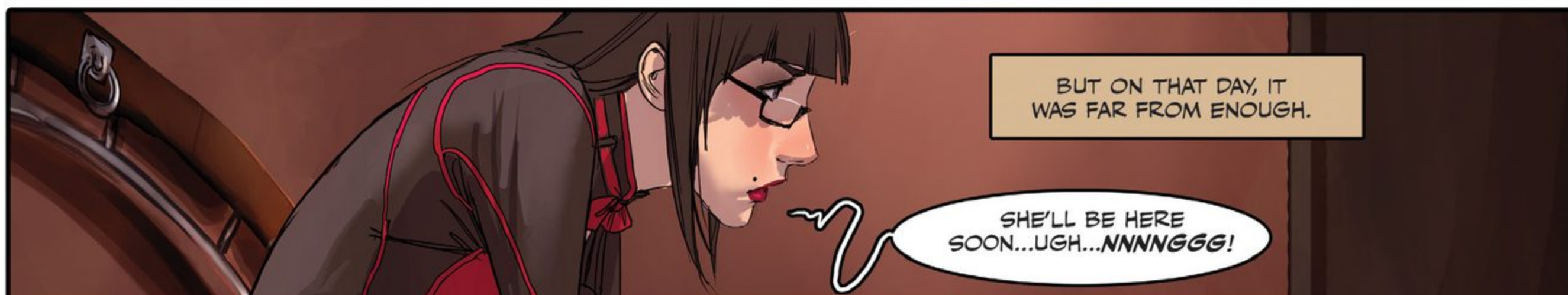
STUPID!



TOO STUPID...
TOO ORDINARY...
CAN'T HAVE
THAT TODAY.

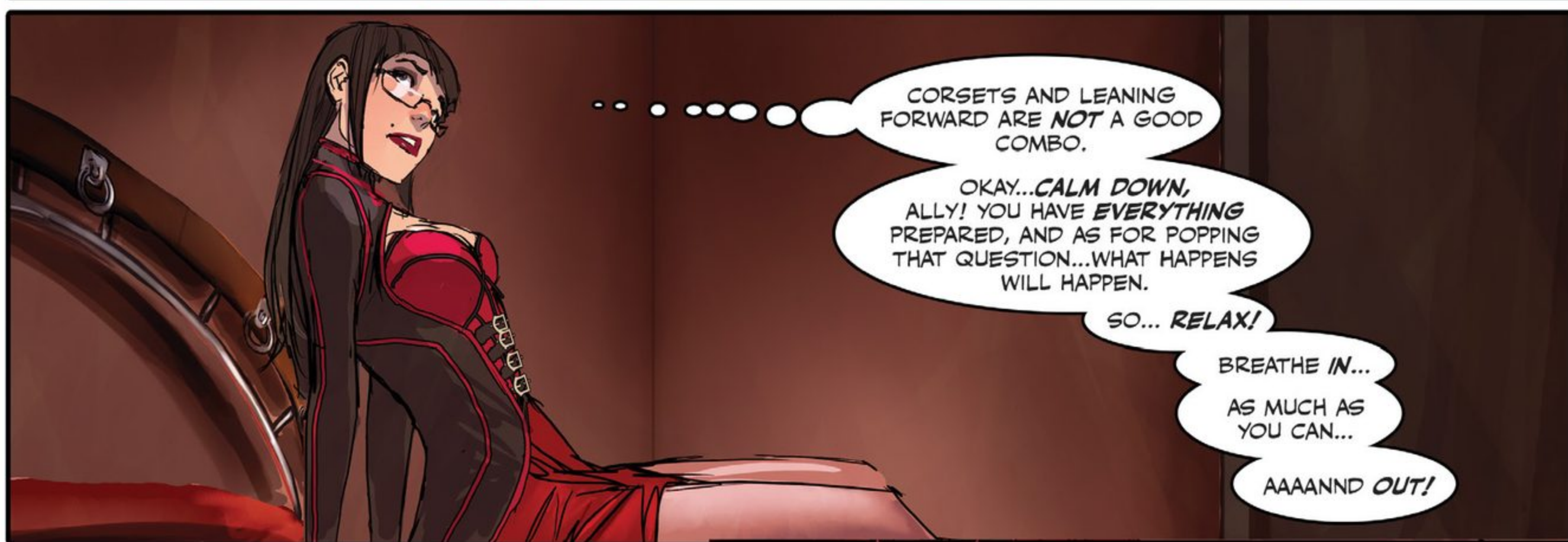
ALLY HAS BEEN A FETISHIST
FOR A LONG TIME.

SURE, SHE WAS A DOMME...
(AN EMPOWERING, IF RESPONSIBILITY-
HEAVY ROLE). BUT SHE FOUND THAT
IT WAS THE FETISHISTIC *DRESS-UP*
THAT OFTEN GAVE HER THE *CONFIDENCE*
TO TRULY PROJECT THAT PART OF HER.
THIS STRANGE TRANSFORMATIVE
EFFECT WAS VERY EMPOWERING IN
ITS OWN WAY. AHM...I WOULD KNOW!



BUT ON THAT DAY, IT
WAS FAR FROM ENOUGH.

SHE'LL BE HERE
SOON...UGH...NNNNGGG!



CORSETS AND LEANING
FORWARD ARE *NOT* A GOOD
COMBO.

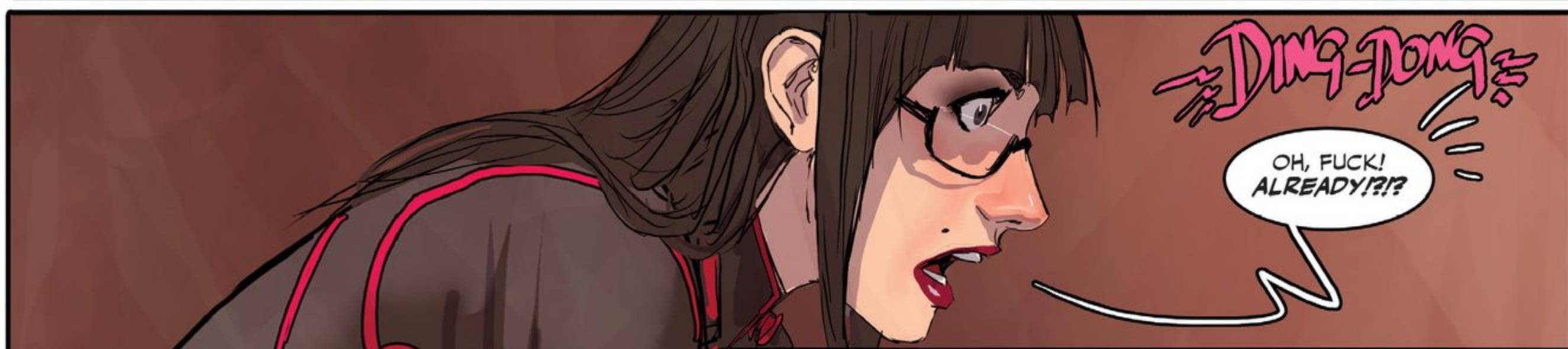
OKAY...*CALM DOWN*,
ALLY! YOU HAVE *EVERYTHING*
PREPARED, AND AS FOR POPPING
THAT QUESTION...WHAT HAPPENS
WILL HAPPEN.

SO... *RELAX!*

BREATHE *IN*...

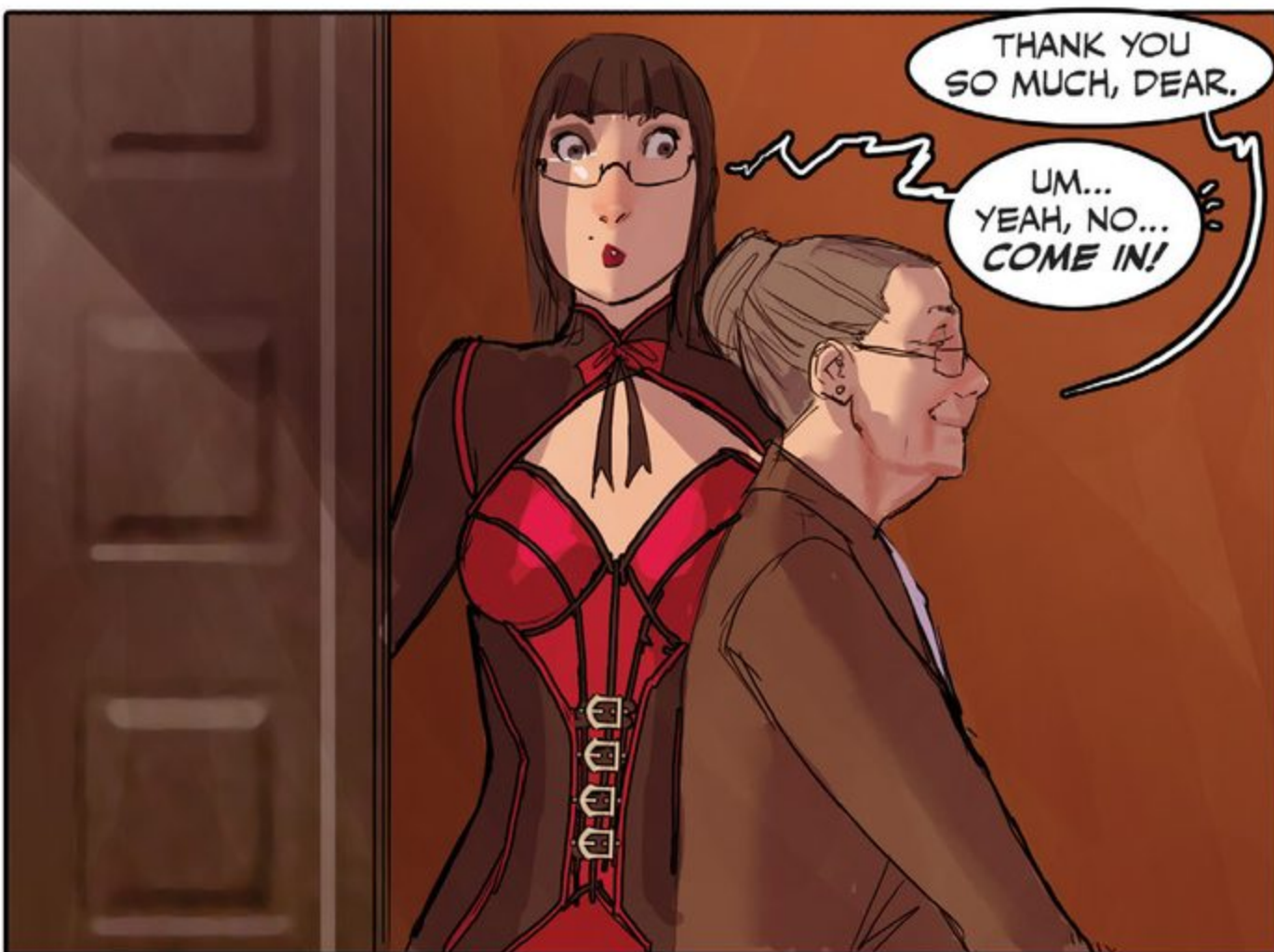
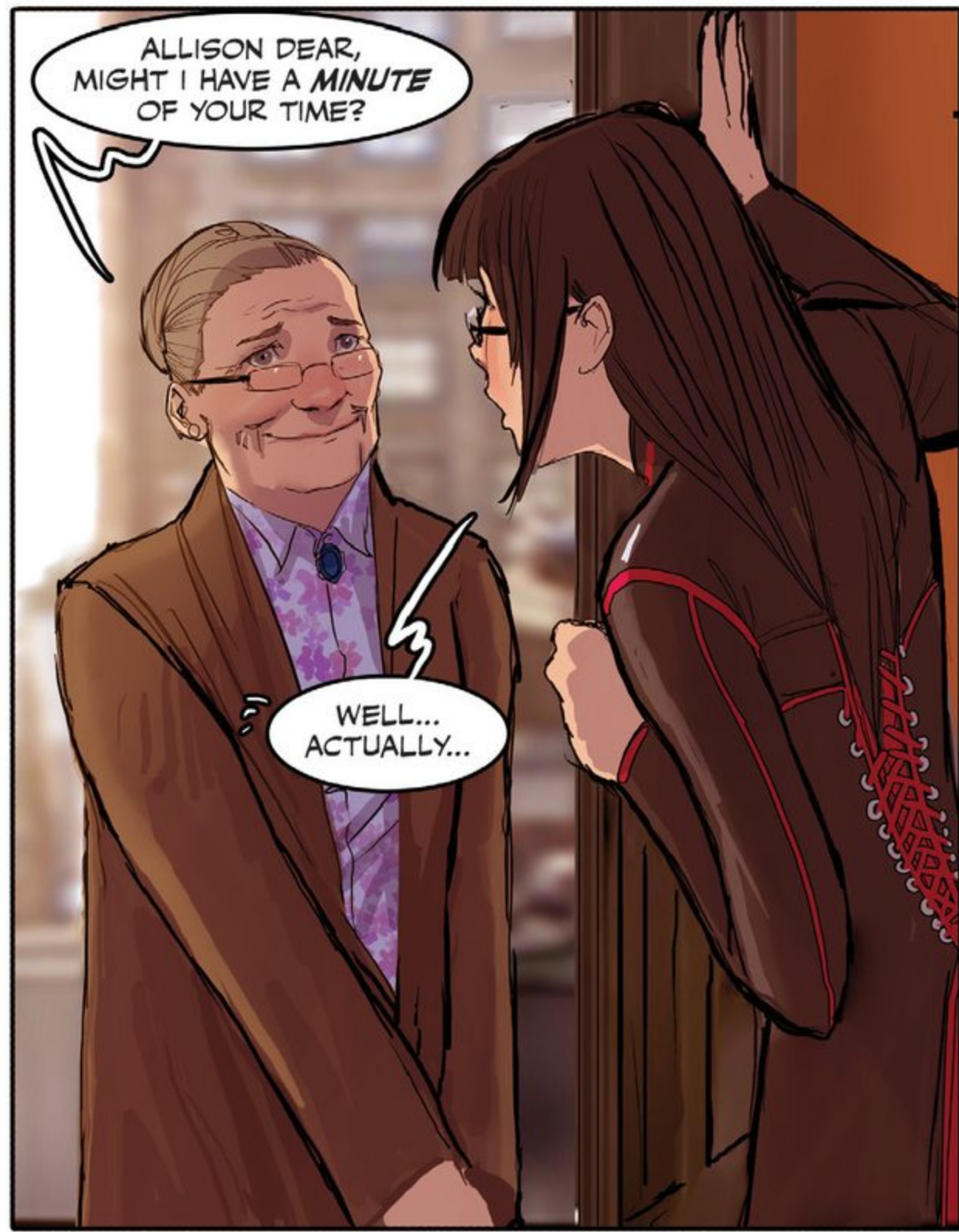
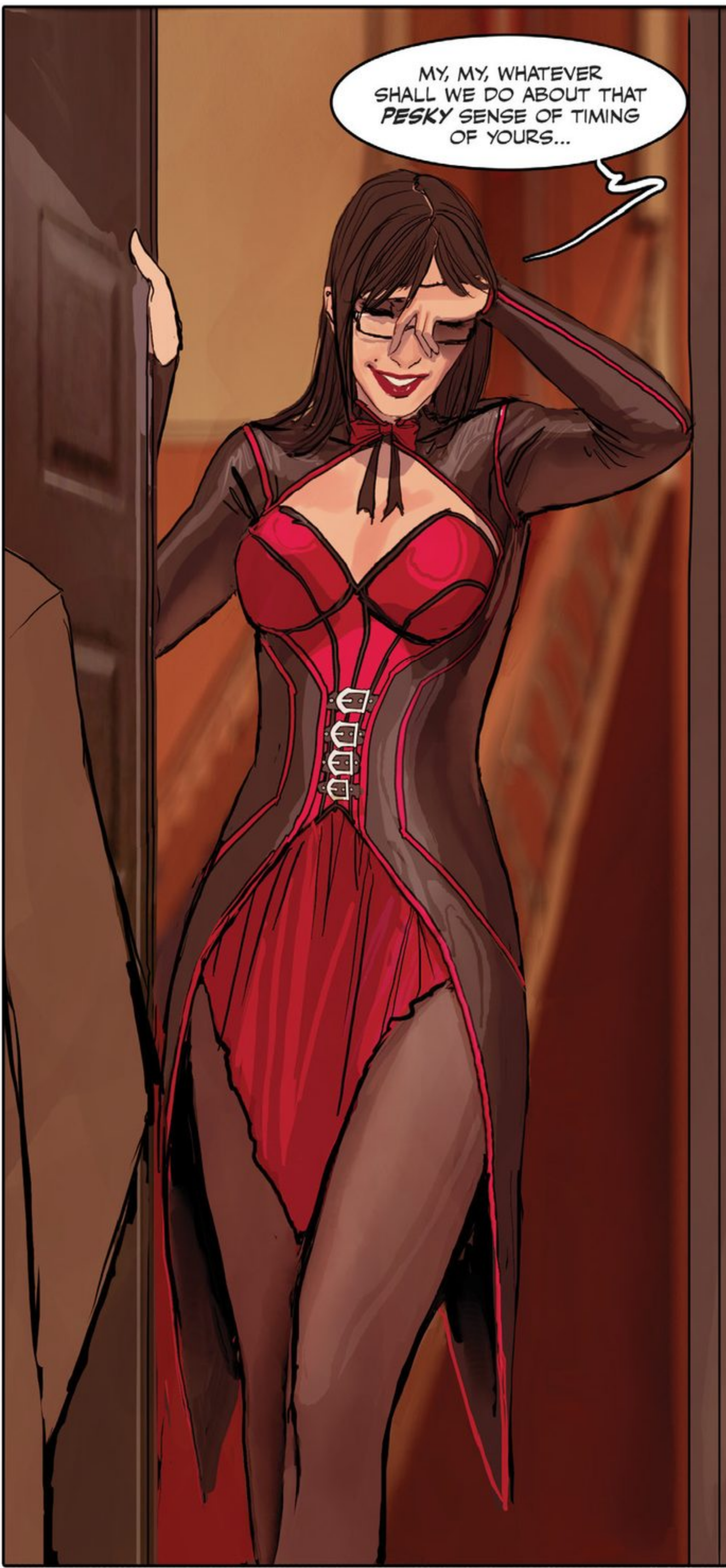
AS MUCH AS
YOU CAN...

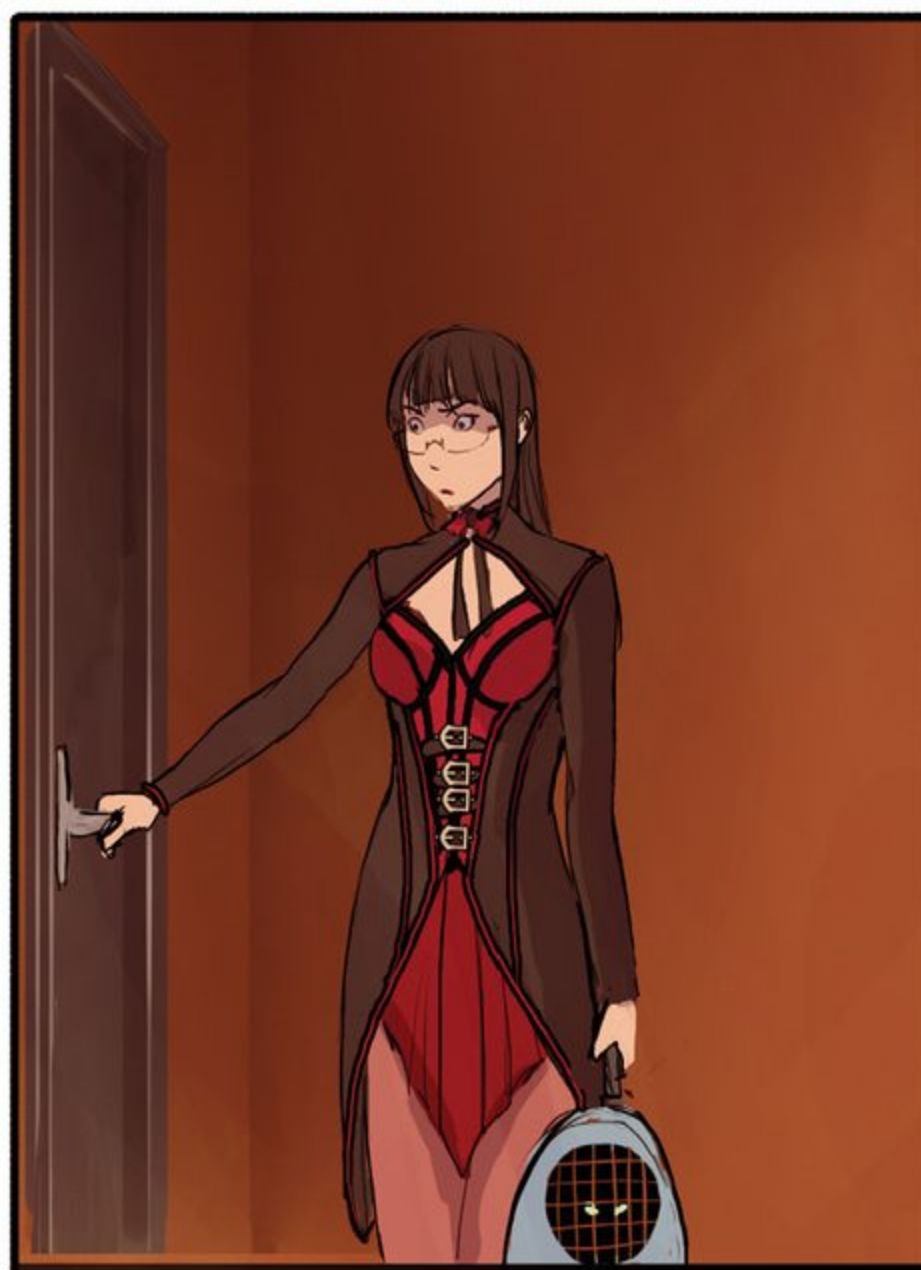
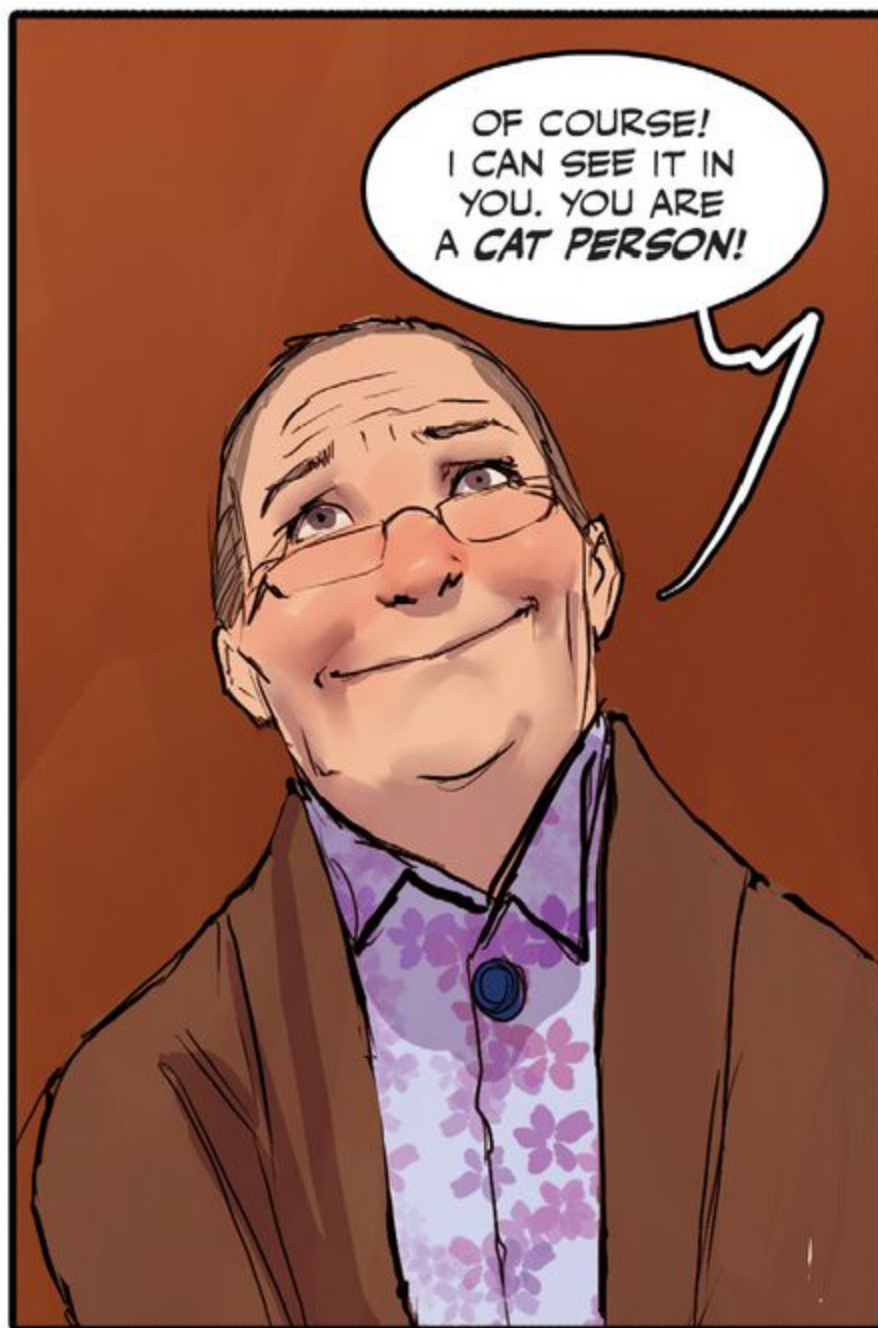
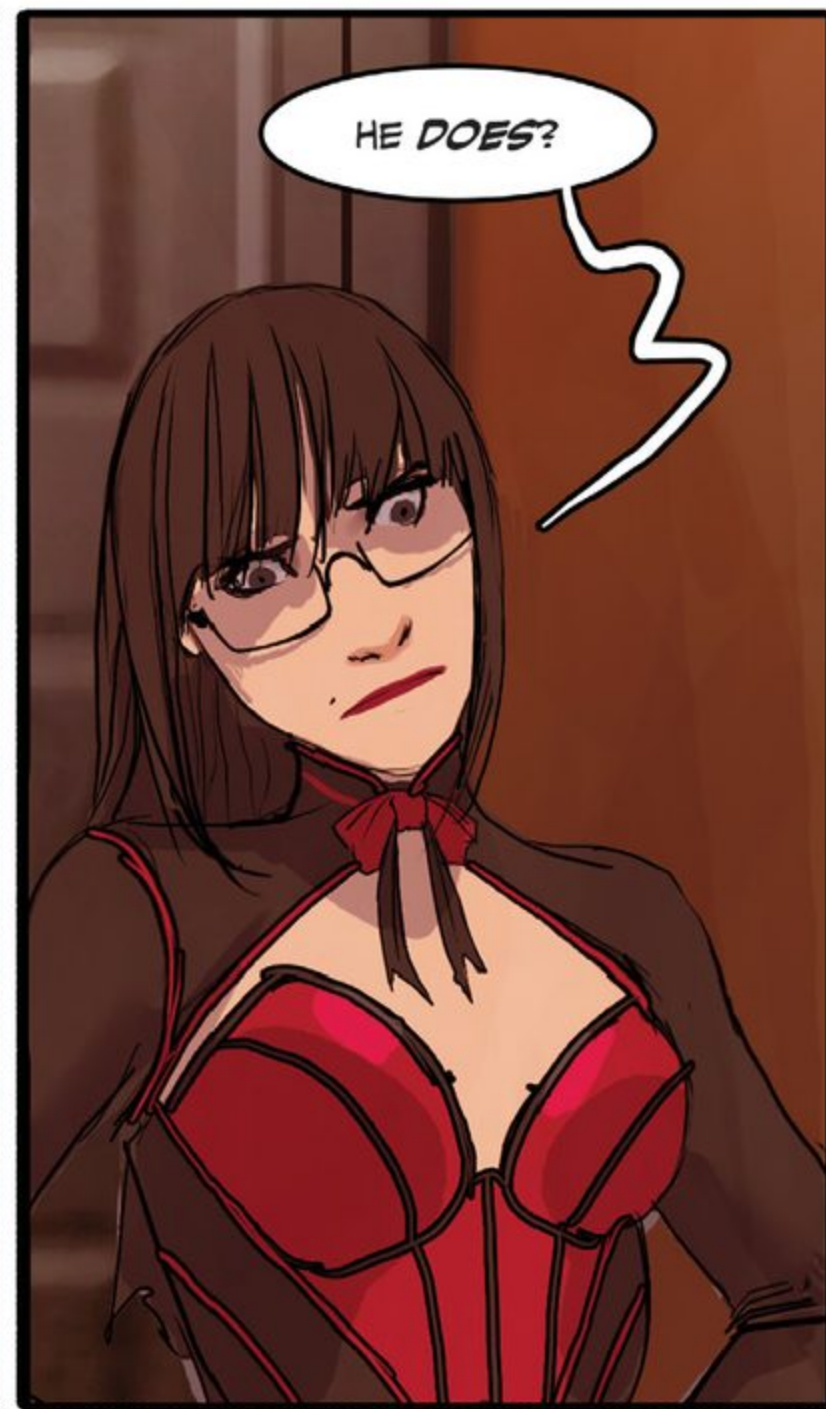
AAAAAND *OUT!*



DING-DONG

OH, FUCK!
ALREADY!?!?







AWW, WHO'S A BRAVE GIRL? WHO SHOULD, BY THE WAY, AVOID CRAZY BONDAGE SEX FOR *AT LEAST* A WEEK!

UH-HUH...

YOU WERE WEIRDLY SILENT THOUGH...WHAT WAS UP WITH THAT?

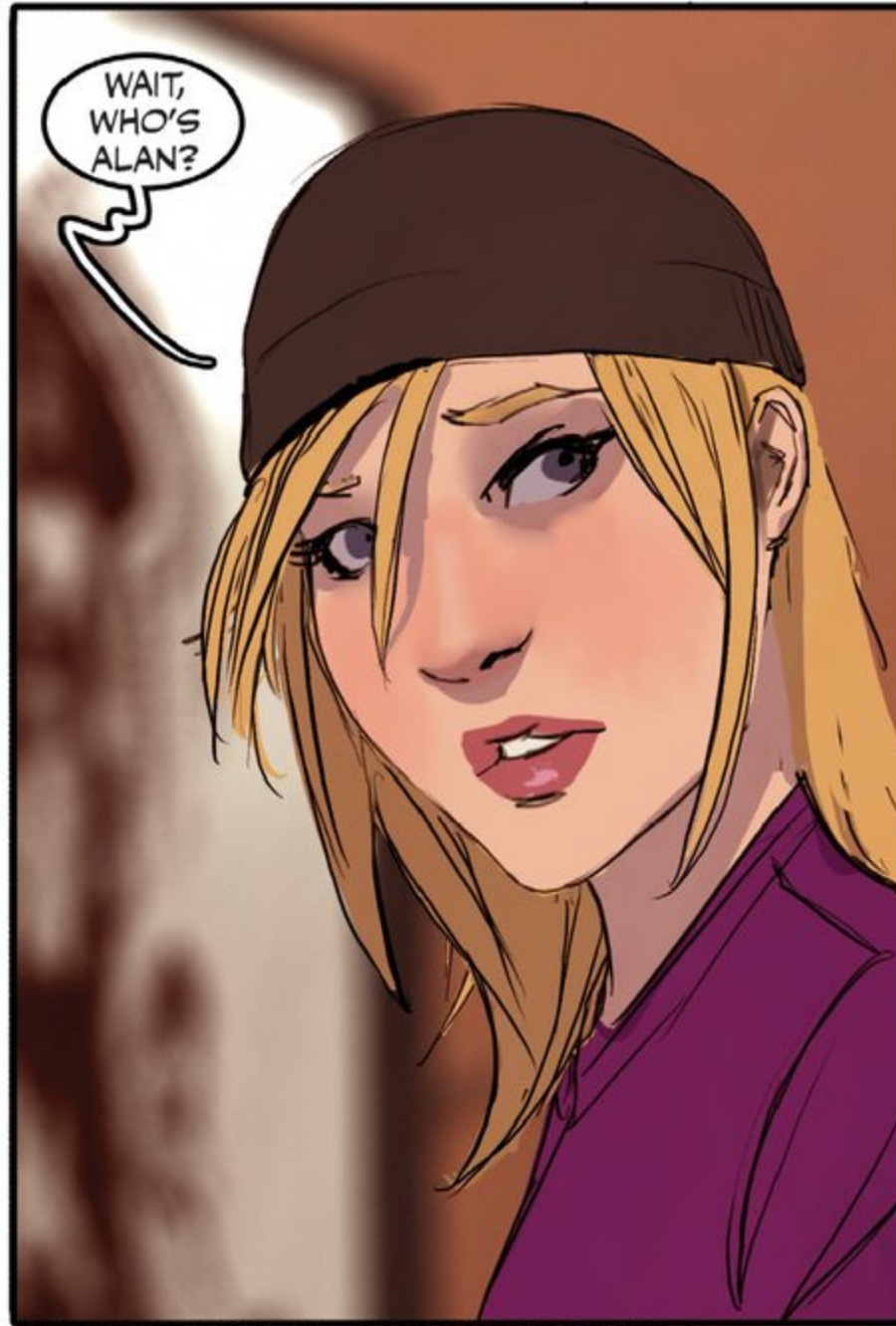
OH, NOTHING. I WAS JUST AMUSED BY YOUR CREEPING BDSM *OBSESSION*. YOU KNOW I COULD HOOK YOU UP WITH A GUY WHO COULD SHOW YOU THE... *ROPES*.



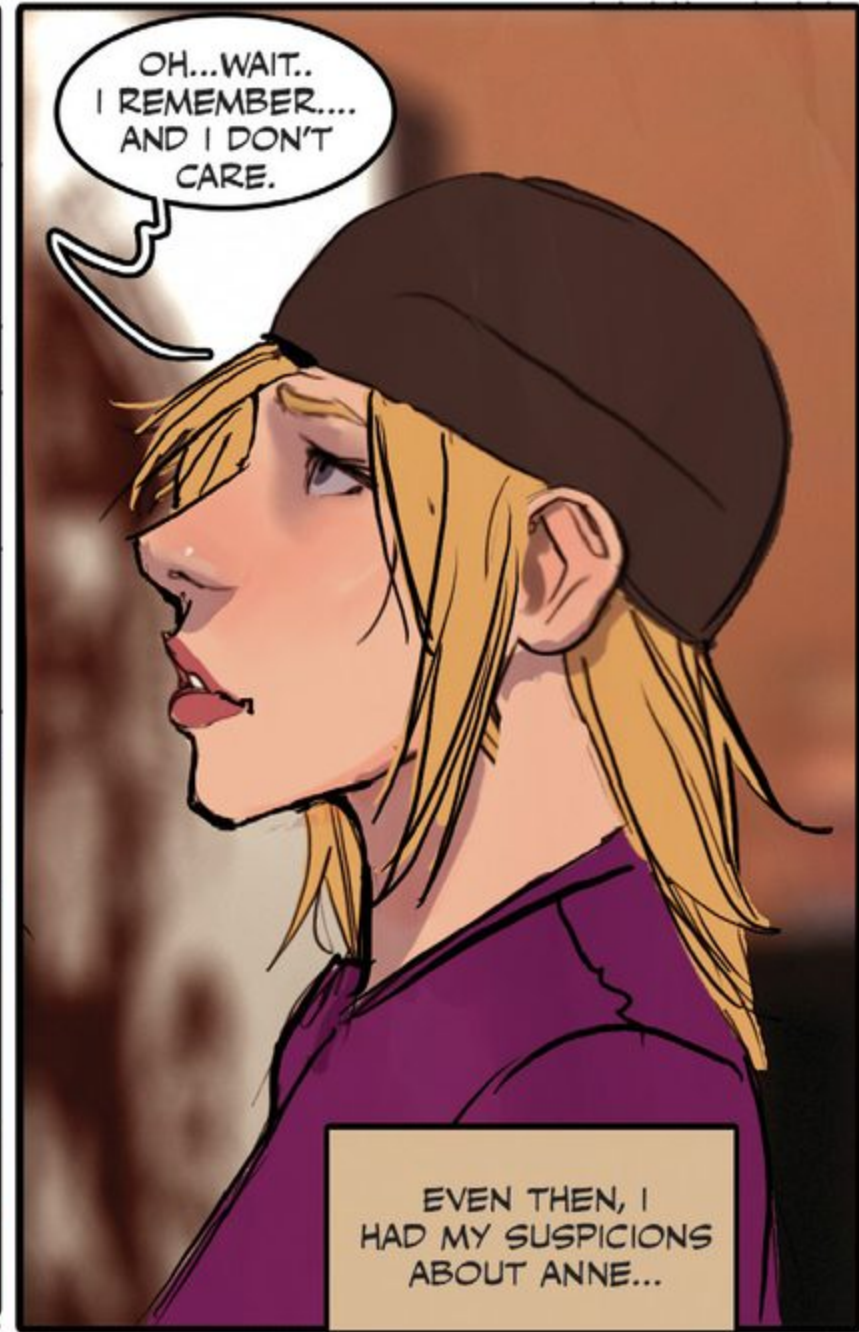
ALAN?

YUP!

OH YEAH!

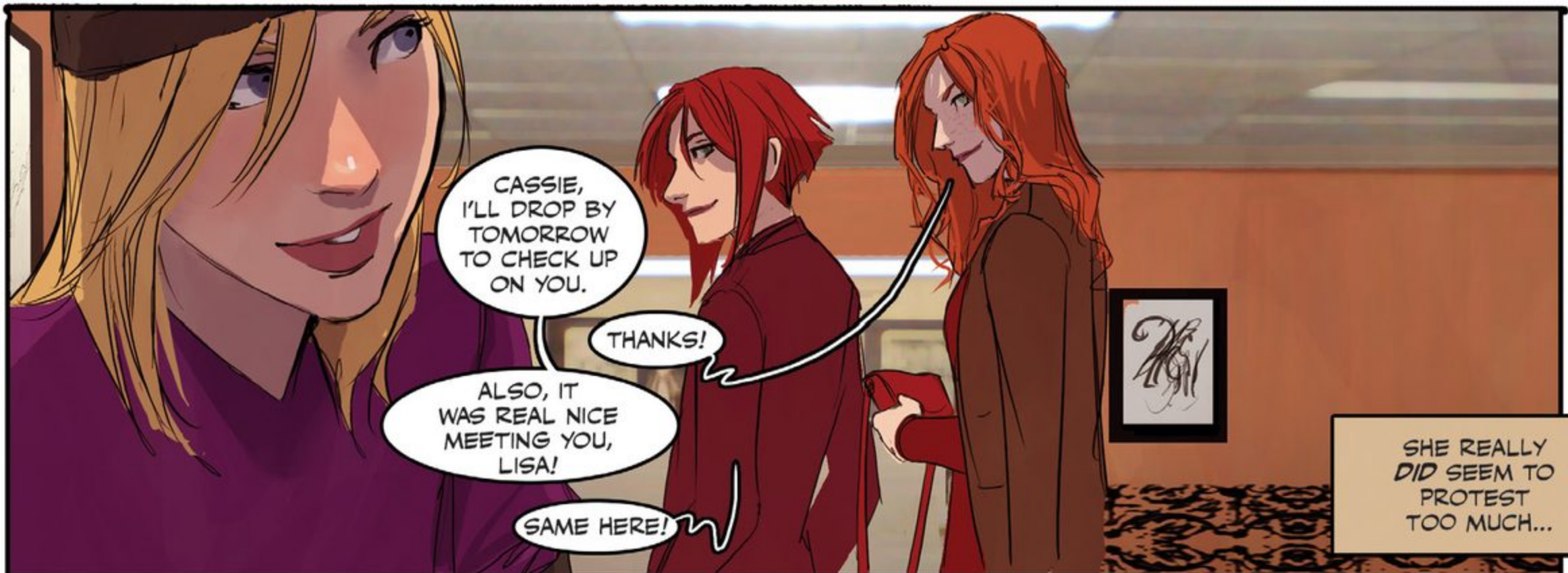


WAIT, WHO'S ALAN?



OH...WAIT.. I REMEMBER... AND I DON'T CARE.

EVEN THEN, I HAD MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT ANNE...



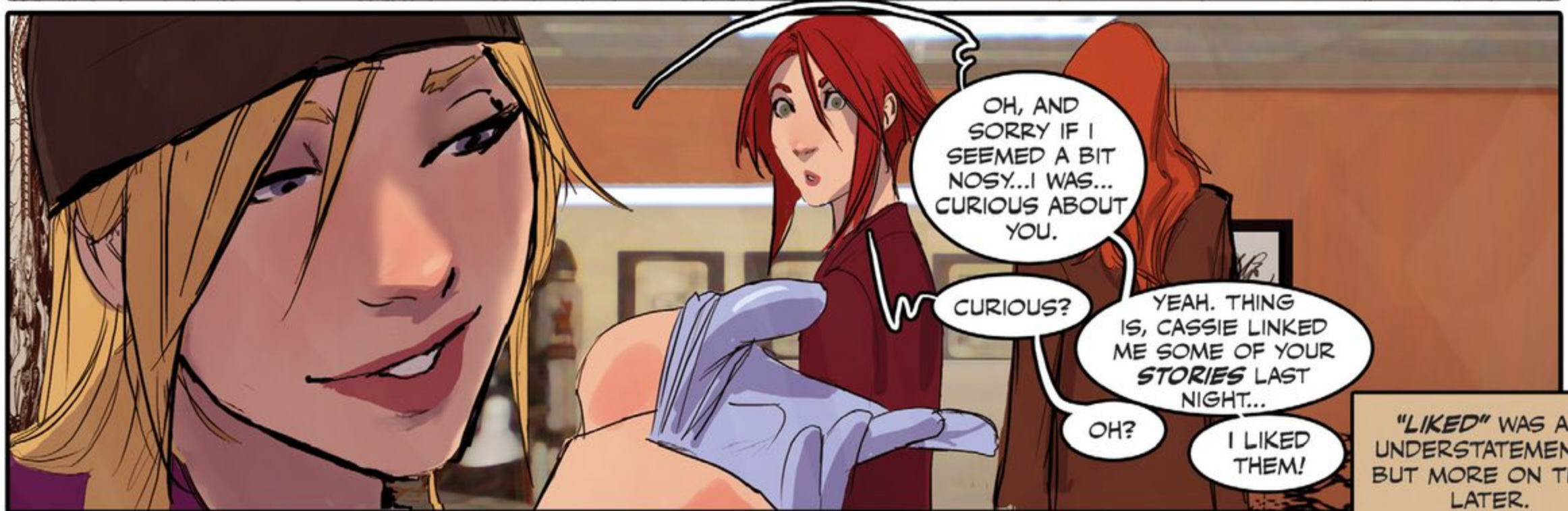
CASSIE, I'LL DROP BY TOMORROW TO CHECK UP ON YOU.

THANKS!

ALSO, IT WAS REAL NICE MEETING YOU, LISA!

SAME HERE!

SHE REALLY DID SEEM TO PROTEST TOO MUCH...



OH, AND SORRY IF I SEEMED A BIT NOSY...I WAS... CURIOUS ABOUT YOU.

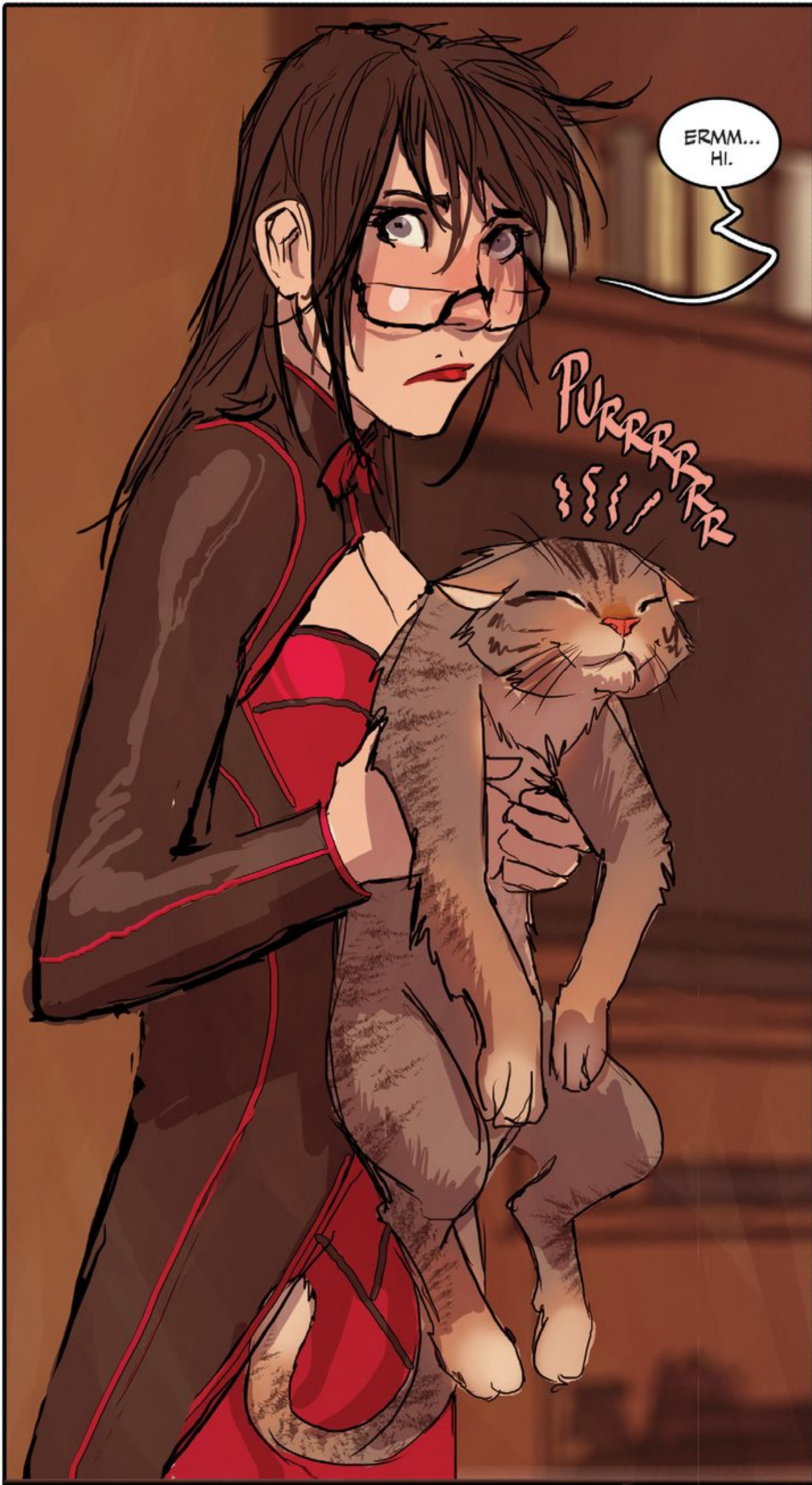
CURIOUS?

YEAH. THING IS, CASSIE LINKED ME SOME OF YOUR *STORIES* LAST NIGHT...

OH?

I LIKED THEM!

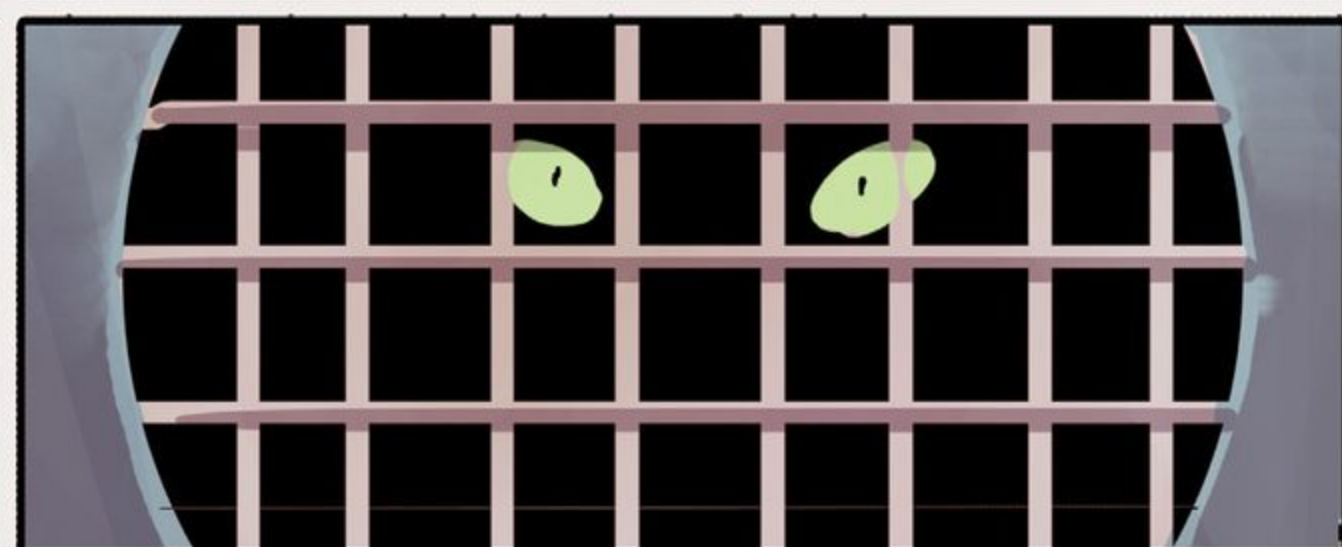
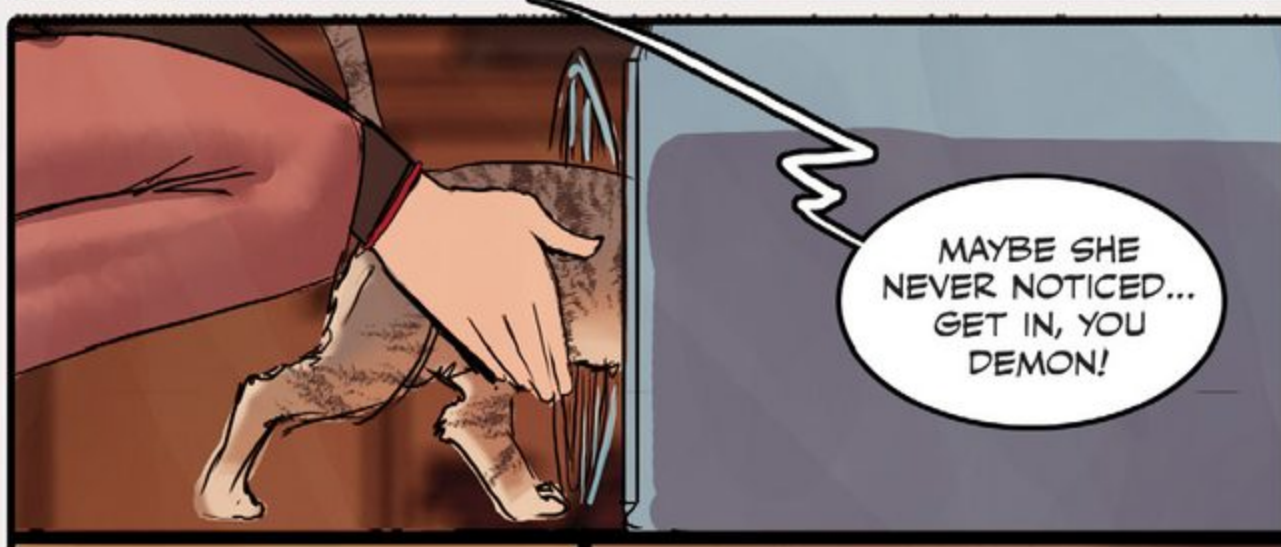
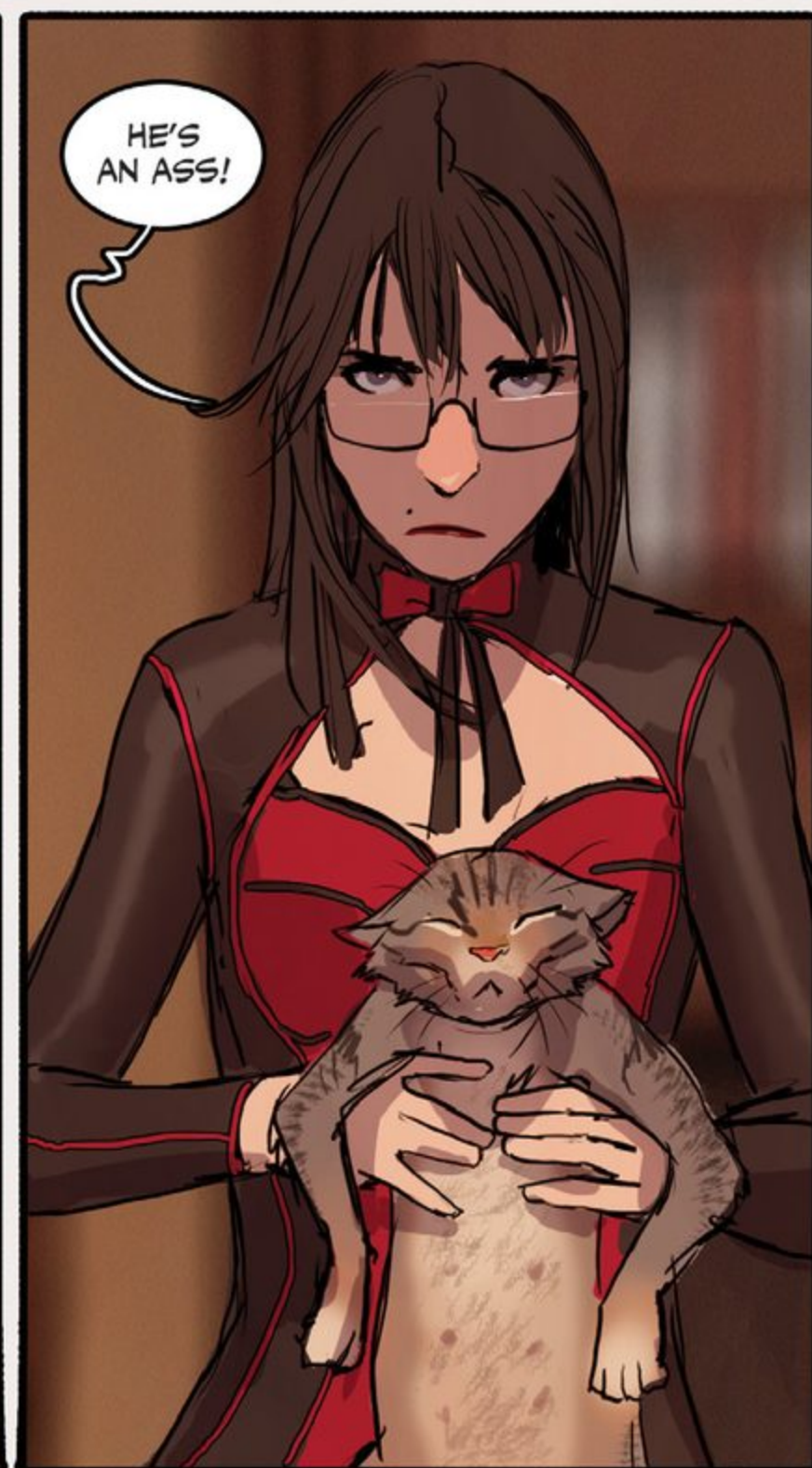
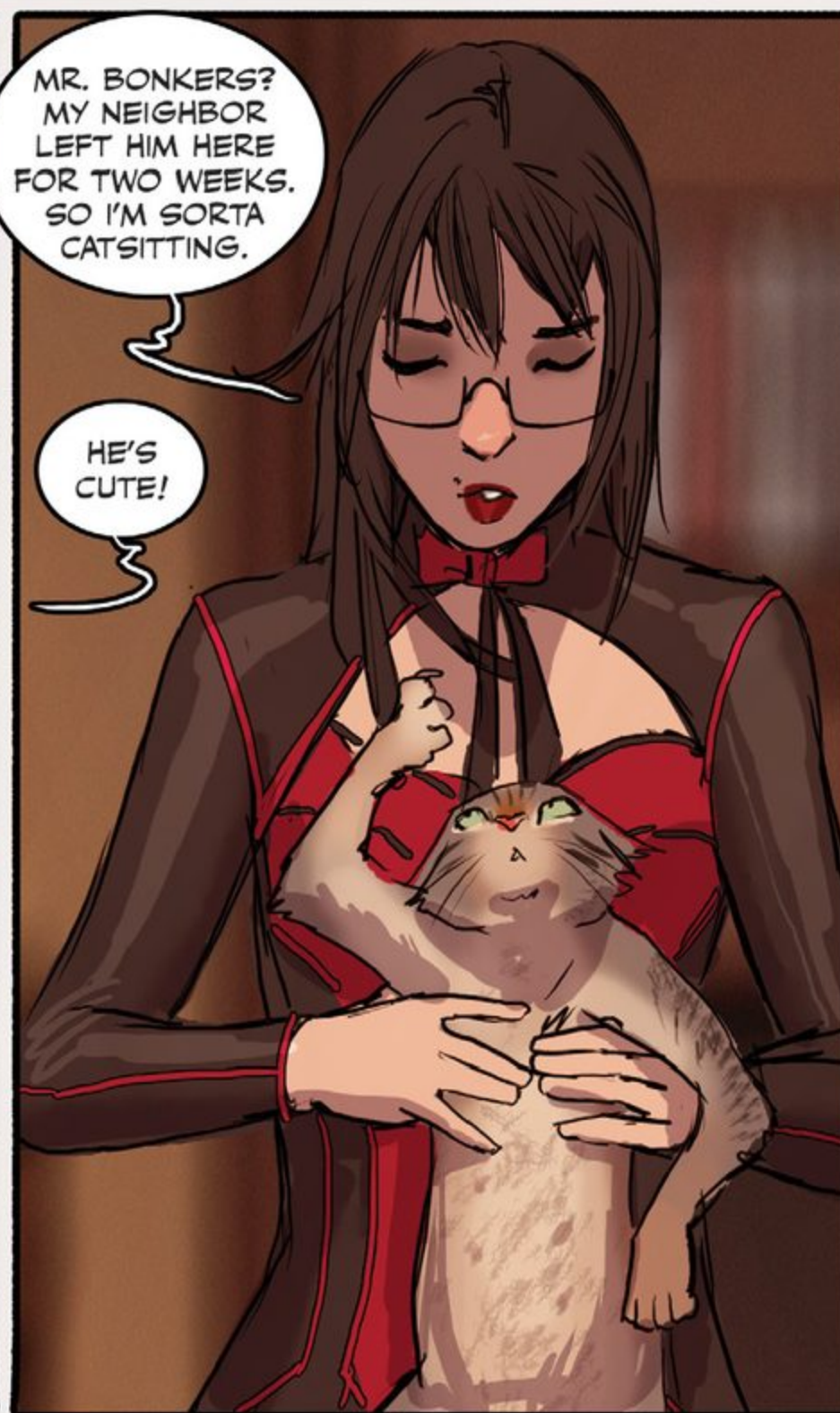
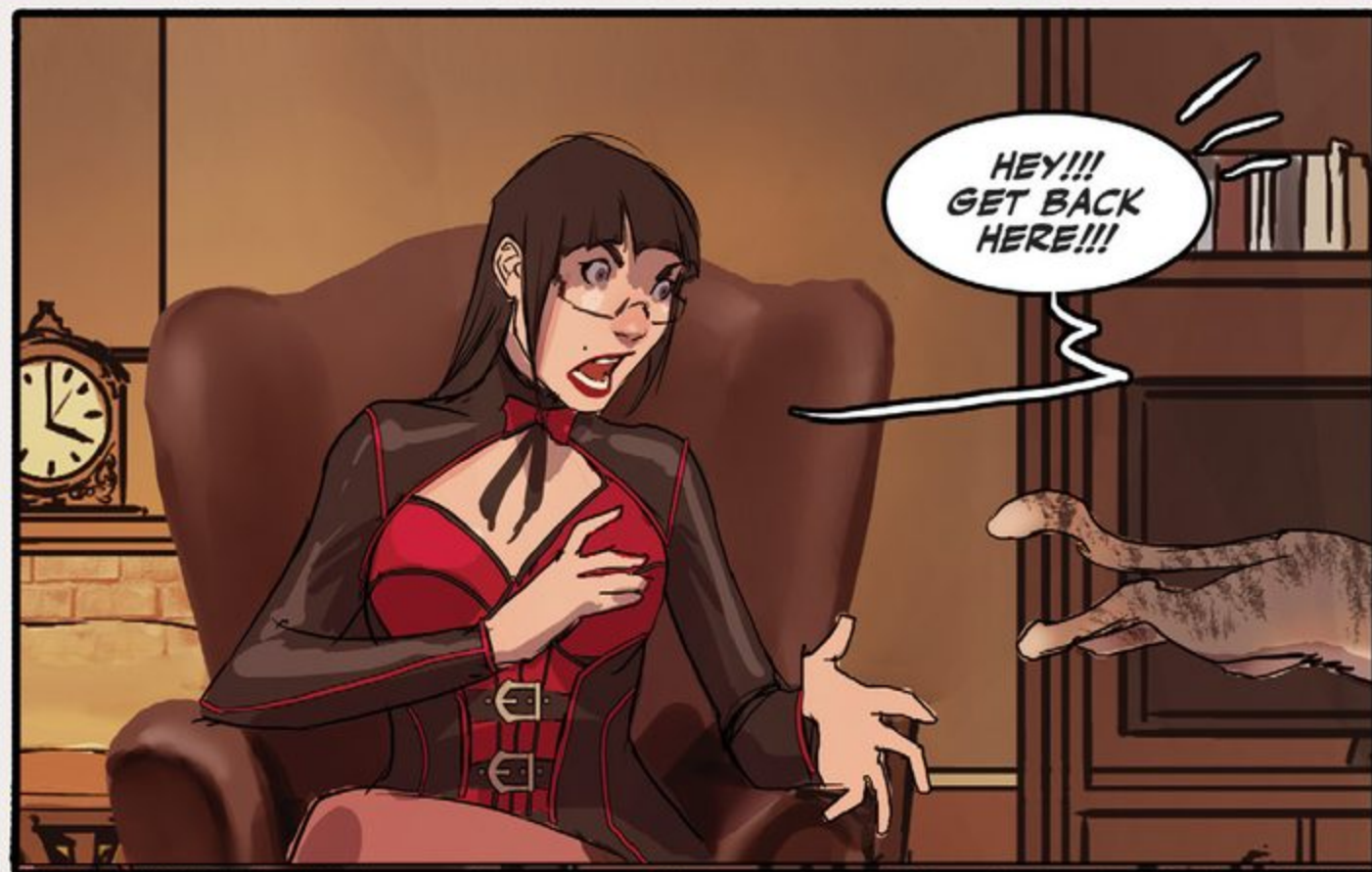
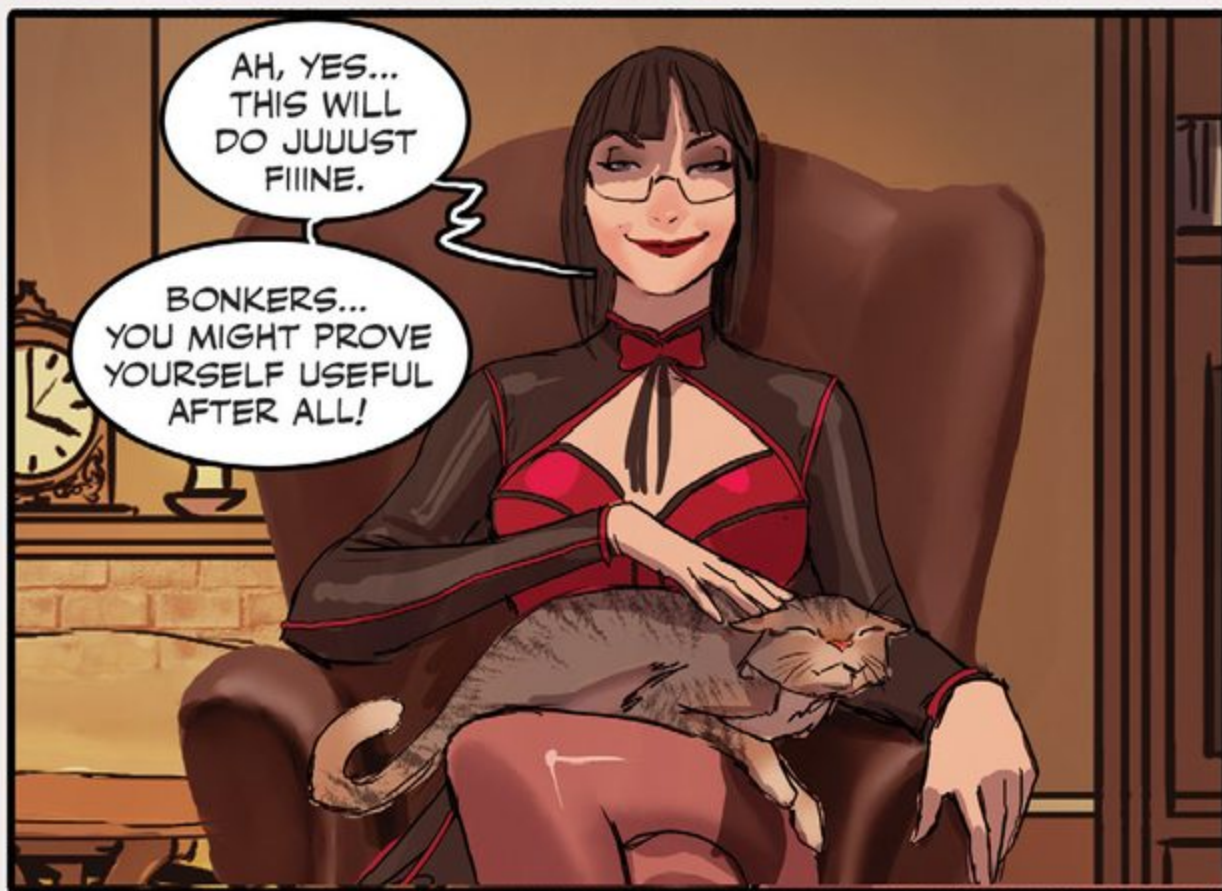
"*LIKED*" WAS AN UNDERSTATEMENT... BUT MORE ON THAT LATER.

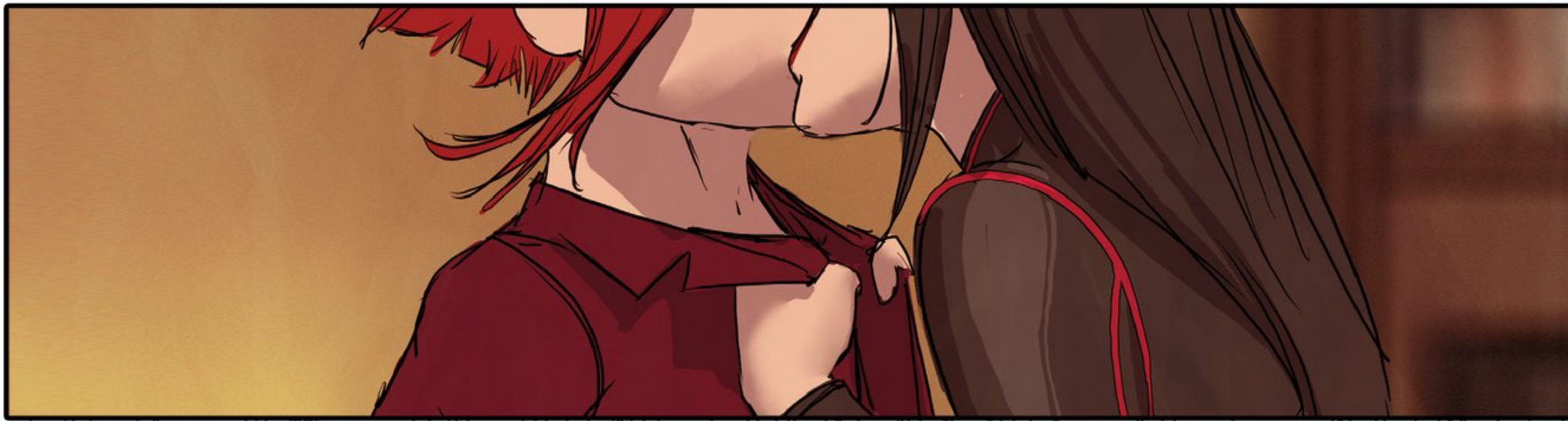


PLANNING IS SOMEWHAT OF A DEFINING SKILL FOR A DOM. IT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GOOD SESSION AND AN AMAZING SESSION. NOW OVERALL, ALLY HAD PLANS FOR THAT SATURDAY. GOOD PLANS...FUN PLANS...

AND THEN THE CAT ARRIVED.

I CALLED TO LET HER KNOW I WAS ON MY WAY. ALLY, BEING ALLY, THEN DECIDED TO SPICE THINGS UP WITH SOME THEATRICALITY.





OFTEN DOMS ARE QUITE REGULAR PEOPLE. YOU WOULD NEVER GUESS THEIR PREFERENCES. MANY OF THEM FIND THE ROLE BEYOND SEXUALLY EMPOWERING. IT'S A CONFIDENCE BOOSTER, AND ALLY NEEDED IT MORE THAN EVER.

SHE KNEW THAT IN HER DOMME MODE, SHE WAS STRONG, IN CONTROL...AND NOT THE EMOTIONAL, STRESSED OUT, FEAR-FILLED *MESS* SHE CURRENTLY FELT LIKE AS SHE WAS MUSTERING UP THE COURAGE TO ASK AN *IMPORTANT* QUESTION.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, BEYOND THE IDEALIZED, PERFECT BDSM SCENARIO, LIES THE *TRUTH*.



QUITE OFTEN, A SESSION MAY FAIL. SOMETIMES, THINGS THAT WORK IN THEORY FAIL MISERABLY IN PRACTICE.

OW,
OW, OWWW!
SUNSTONE!



LIMITATIONS OF THE FLESH AND ALL THAT...

AARRGHHH!
CRAAAMP!!!



UM, YEAH...
I GOTTA *PEE!*

AND THAT SATURDAY...
WELL...MURPHY'S LAW
WAS KICKING OUR ASSES.



HAAHH...
SORRY ABOUT
THAT. I'M A LITTLE
WIMPY TODAY, I
GUESS.

NO...IT'S
ME.



YOU?



I'M...
FREAKING
OUT...I'M
SLOPPY.



FREAKING
OUT...*ABOUT?*

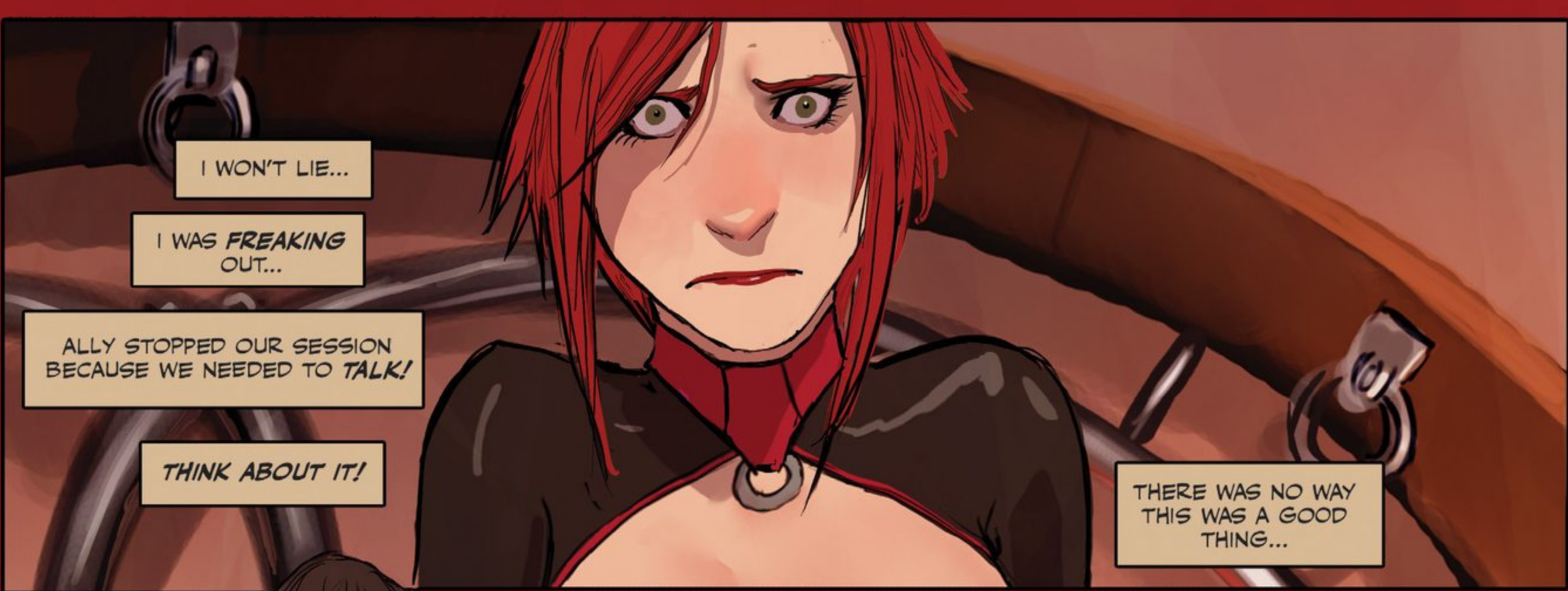
SIGH...



YOU!
I MEAN...I WANTED
TO ASK YOU SOMETHING,
AND...ON ONE SIDE IF YOU
TOOK IT THE WRONG WAY, IT
COULD RUIN A GOOD
THING...

AND YET...IF I
DON'T ASK YOU I MIGHT
END UP RUINING IT MYSELF...SO...
I *GUESS* THE ONLY SOLUTION
IS TO ACTUALLY *ASK* YOU
AND WHAT HAPPENS,
HAPPENS.

ASK ME
WHAT?



I WON'T LIE...

I WAS *FREAKING* OUT...

ALLY STOPPED OUR SESSION BECAUSE WE NEEDED TO *TALK!*

THINK ABOUT IT!

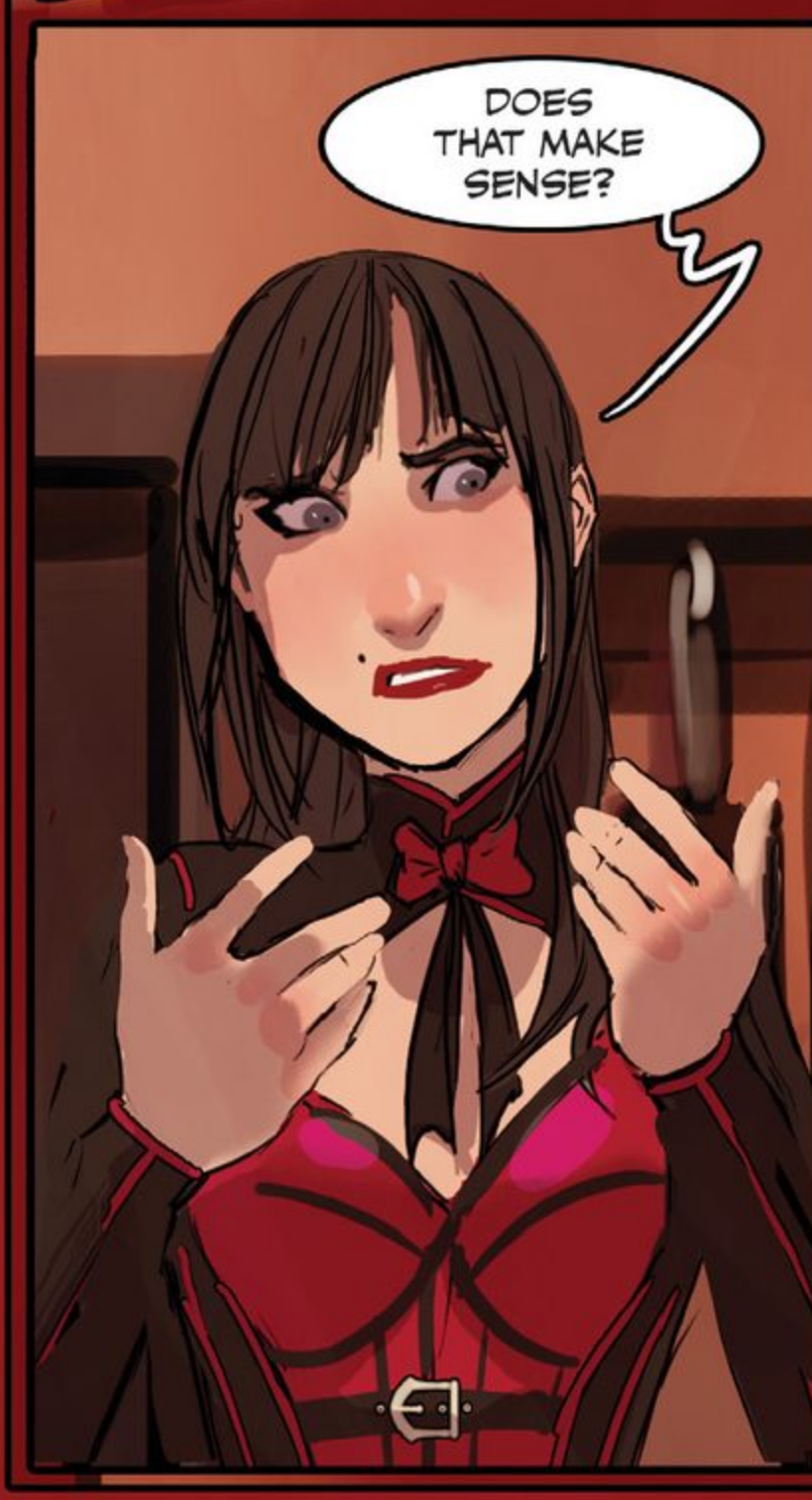
THERE WAS NO WAY THIS WAS A GOOD THING...



WELL...THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT...

OKAY, SO HERE IT IS...

FOR AWHILE NOW, MY HOUSE WAS TOO BIG...I MEAN IT WAS SMALLER BEFORE.. AND NOW IT'S...*BIG*... YOU KNOW?



DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?



WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS...I NEVER NOTICED THIS BEFORE...I MEAN, I WAS FINE. IT WAS ALL FINE, AND THEN *YOU* CAME...



DON'T GET ME WRONG, I AM NOT SAYING THAT **YOU** ARE TO BLAME...I MEAN, I'M NOT SAYING THERE **IS** A **BLAME**...



UGH...WHAT I MEAN IS...OKAY...SO I GOT THIS IDEA...AND TRUST ME, I HAVE GIVEN IT A LOT OF THOUGHT...

I KNOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT YOUR APARTMENT IS RELATIVELY **CLOSE** TO YOUR WORKPLACE. AND YOU SAID THAT SOMETIMES YOU LIKE TO WRITE AT THE **LIBRARY**.

WELL, WITH **THE BUSES** HERE, IT TAKES A BIT LONGER TO GET TO WORK, BUT THERE IS A LIBRARY RELATIVELY **CLOSE**!



AND THERE ARE MANY **ADVANTAGES** TO MY IDEA. I MEAN YOU COULD **REMODEL** YOUR SPACE...WHATEVER ROOM YOU WANT...WELL, EXCEPT FOR MINE. AND...AND AS FAR AS RENT GOES...



I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT A LOT. **AT FIRST**, I THOUGHT I DIDN'T NEED IT, BUT THEN I REALIZED THAT WOULD SEND THE WRONG MESSAGE. YOU KNOW... GIVEN THE **NATURE** OF OUR... UM....FRIENDSHIP.

SO I THOUGHT, **MAYBE** IF YOU HANDLED SOME OF THE HOUSE CLEANING AND COOKING...

BUT THEN I THOUGHT AGAIN, **WRONG MESSAGE!** SO I GUESS WE COULD DO IT FOR LESS THAN YOU ARE PAYING NOW...



CAUSE...I MEAN, I WON'T LIE. I HAD SOME, UM...LET'S SAY, DARKER IDEAS. BUT I HONESTLY DON'T WANT YOU TO MISUNDERSTAND ME OR GET OFFENDED CAUSE...THIS FRIENDSHIP OF OURS...IT MEANS **EVERYTHING** TO ME!



ALLY... TODAY?



OKAY...
OKAY...

I...WOULD LIKE YOU...TO *MOVE IN* WITH ME. HERE...*WITH ME*... I SAID WITH ME, DIDN'T I?

WELL...*THAT* IS MY QUESTION.



W...WHAT?



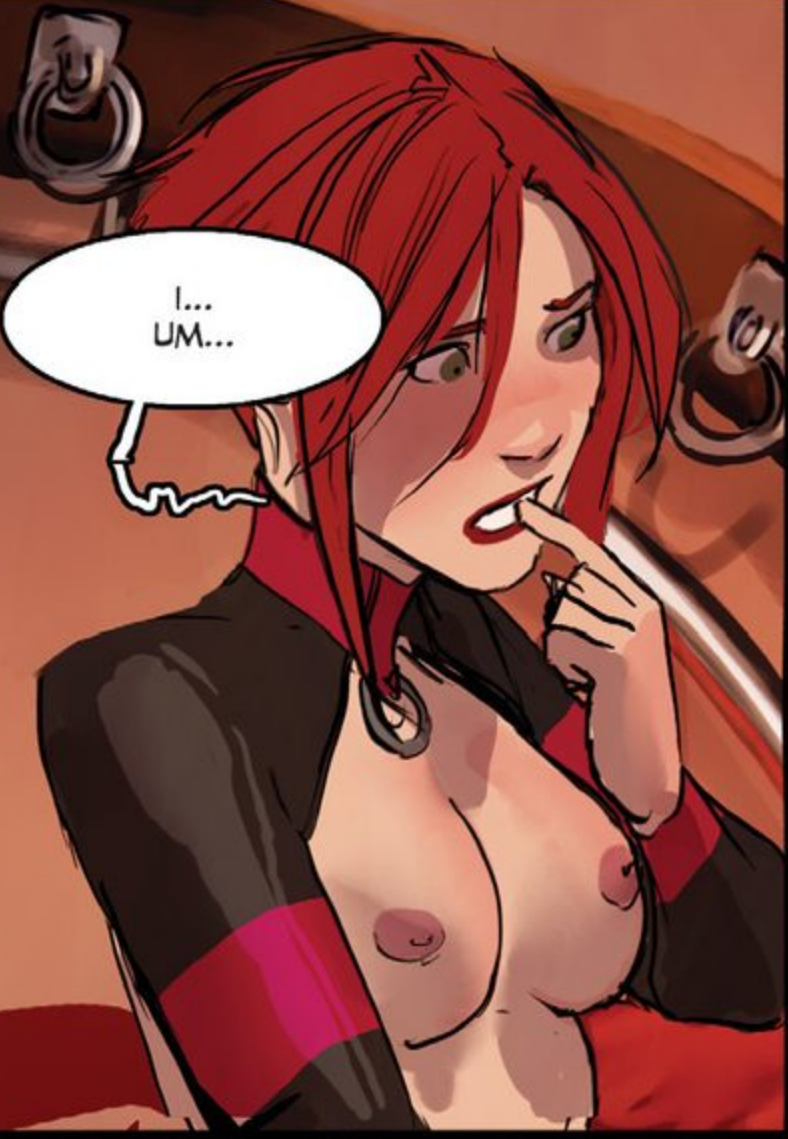
AND THERE IT WAS. ONE OF THE DEFINITELY WEIRDEST MOMENTS OF MY LIFE, IF I WAS TO OBSERVE IT OBJECTIVELY. I WAS WEARING A FETISHY OUTFIT, CUFFS AND STRAPS ALL OVER ME. I WAS IN... WELL, A SEX ROOM OF A DOMINATRIX...

A DOMINATRIX WHO WAS MY BEST FRIEND...AND ACCORDING TO MY RISING PULSE, PERHAPS... SOMETHING MORE PROFOUNDLY EGO-SHATTERING. AND SHE JUST ASKED ME TO MOVE IN WITH HER.

TO SAY THAT MY MIND WAS RACING WOULD BE AN UNDERSTATEMENT. RACING? NO, *REBELLING!* IT TRIED TO FIND THE REASONS TO REFUSE...

HONESTLY, IT WAS PANIC. FEAR OF A DEEP PERSONAL CHANGE. FEAR OF POTENTIAL, OF WHERE IT ALL MIGHT BE GOING...

BUT IN A WAY THAT WAS THE DEFINING QUALITY OF OUR... FRIENDSHIP. THE *COURAGE* TO TAKE THAT LEAP OF FAITH...



MORE THAN EVER, I AM REMINDED THAT BEYOND THE VISAGE WE PRESENT TO EACH OTHER...WE ARE THE *SAME*...

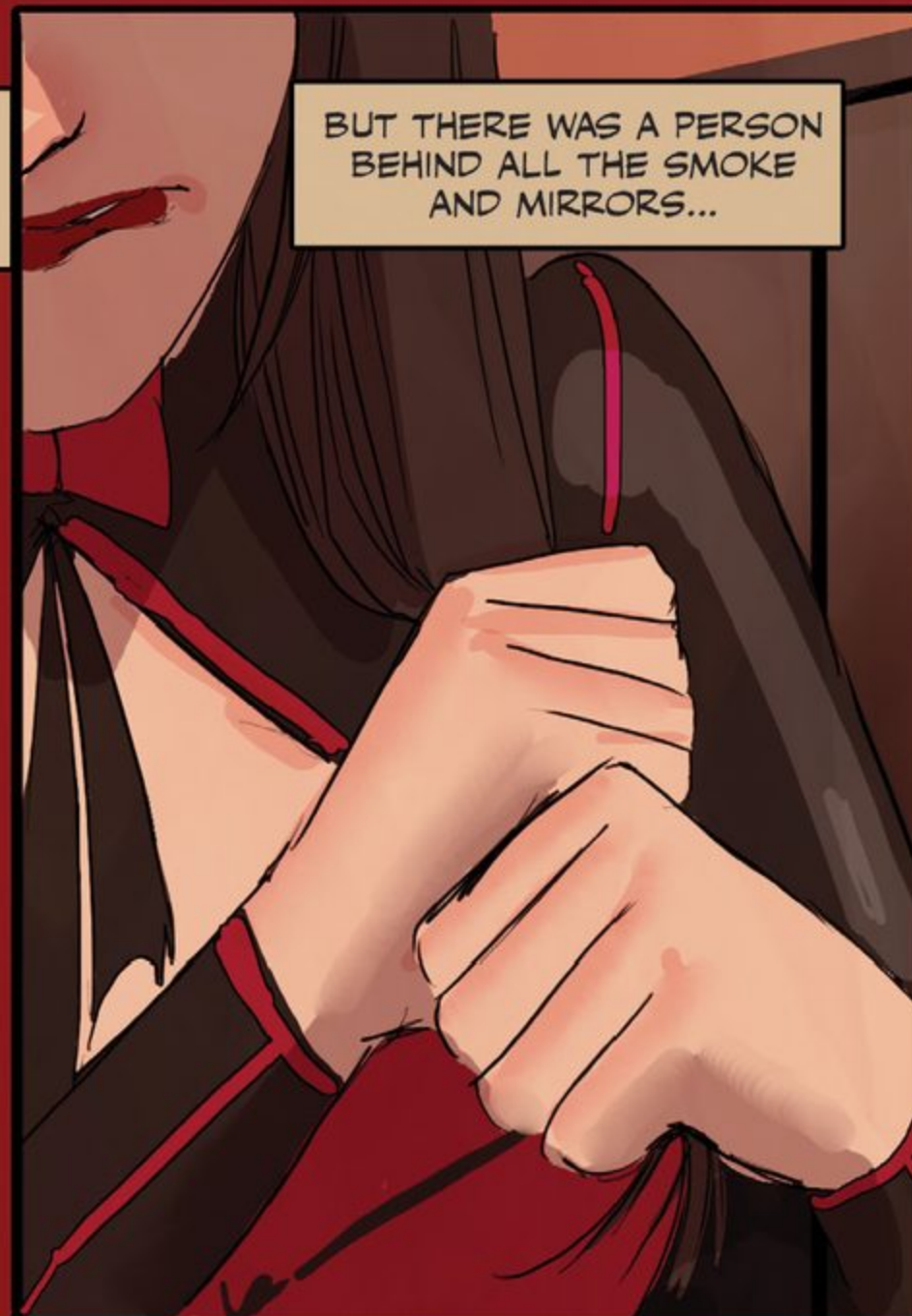
I SEE IN HER THE GROWING *FEAR*, THE PANIC AND THE CRIPPLING SELF-DOUBT.



IN BDSM, WE FORM A WONDERFUL ILLUSION. AND THIS IS ESPECIALLY TRUE FOR DOMS...

THEY ARE THE VISAGE OF CONTROL... PERFECTLY UNTOUCHABLE MASTERS OF THEIR UNIVERSE.

BUT THERE WAS A PERSON BEHIND ALL THE SMOKE AND MIRRORS...



IT'S THE *PERSON* THAT FOUND HER WAY UNDER MY SKIN. I MAY HAVE *LUSTED* AFTER THE DOMME, BUT I WAS *FALLING* FOR THE WOMAN BEHIND THE WHIPS, THE CORSETS, AND ALL THE MAKE UP. I KNEW WELL THAT I WAS ALREADY *WAY PAST* THE POINT OF NO RETURN.

ANYWAY...

I...I
GUESS...
UM...

LIVING WITH MY BEST FRIEND? SOUNDS FUN!

Y...ES?

YEAH, *FRIEND*...

AS YOU MAY NOTICE DEAR READER... SELF DELUSION IS A PERSISTENT AND QUITE POWERFUL THING.

AND WITH ALL THAT OUT OF THE WAY, ALLY REALLY FELT LIKE...
CELEBRATING.



WELL, *THAT*
BROUGHT YOUR
SPARK BACK!

YOU HAVE
NOOO IDEA!

IT REALLY ENDED UP
BEING A LOVELY,
RELAXING EVENING...

JUST THE TWO
OF US, UNWINDING...

PLAYING GAMES...

NOT MUCH TO *SAY*
ABOUT IT, REALLY...

SO I *WON'T* BE
SAYING MUCH.

I WILL, HOWEVER,
GRIN LIKE I DID
THAT NIGHT.

HEY, LISA...

HUH?

MY STRESS
IS GONE!

UH-HUH!

YOU SLEEPING
HERE TONIGHT?

MIGHT AS WELL...

GOOD,
CAUSE I GOT
YOUR PAJAMAS
ALL READY.

ALLISON CARTER. A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER AND A SOFTWARE DEVELOPER.

HOBBIES: READING BOOKS, ASSORTED COMICS, GAMING, AND BDSM.

SHE TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN TYING ME UP, TAKING AWAY ALL OF MY CONTROL...

AND THEN USING A MIXTURE OF... OOOH, LET'S CALL IT A *POSITIVE* AND *NEGATIVE* FEEDBACK TO GET ME TO SUBMIT TO HER WILL.

SO...I *ACCEPTED* THE OFFER TO MOVE IN WITH HER...

CRAZY?

MAYBE...

BUT THE KICKER IS MY MISTRESS IS ALSO MY ALLYCAT...MY BEST FRIEND...

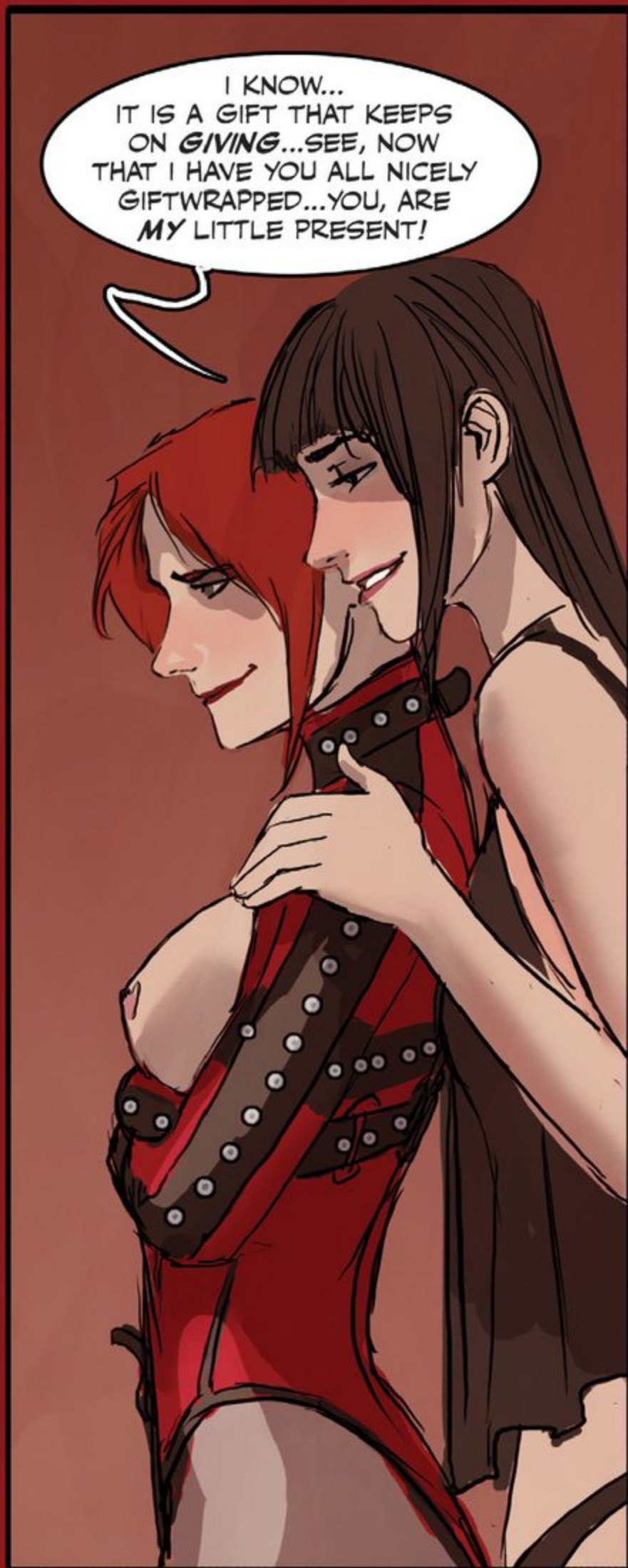
AND THE PERSON I WAS FALLING IN LOVE WITH... FOR HER, I'M FINE WITH BEING A LITTLE *CRAZY*.

SO, YOUR IDEA OF A...GIFT...IS A STRAITJACKET?

YOU *LIKE* IT?

UM...*LOVE IT!* BUT IT'S A BIT OF A *CODEPENDENT* GIFT. CAN'T REALLY... Y'KNOW, USE IT MYSELF.





I KNOW...
IT IS A GIFT THAT KEEPS
ON *GIVING*...SEE, NOW
THAT I HAVE YOU ALL NICELY
GIFTWRAPPED...YOU, ARE
MY LITTLE PRESENT!



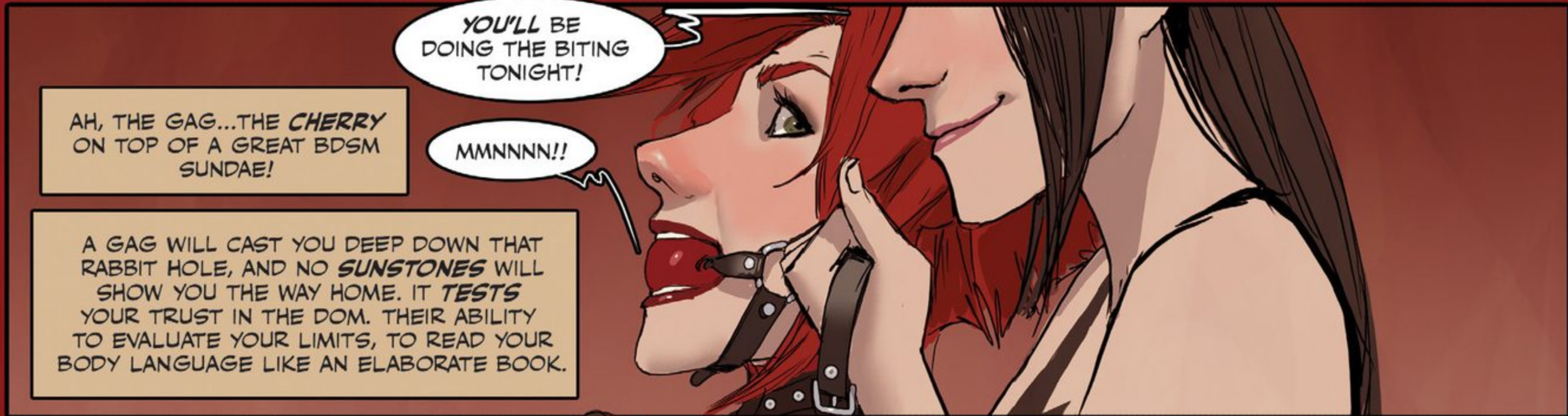
OH, WE'LL
JUST *SEE* ABOUT
THAT! *GNNN*...
DAMN...



BITE ME!

SO, HOW'S THAT
WORKING FOR YOU?

NOT TONIGHT,
HONEY.



YOU'LL BE
DOING THE BITING
TONIGHT!

AH, THE GAG...THE *CHERRY*
ON TOP OF A GREAT BDSM
SUNDAE!

MMNNNN!!

A GAG WILL CAST YOU DEEP DOWN THAT
RABBIT HOLE, AND NO *SUNSTONES* WILL
SHOW YOU THE WAY HOME. IT *TESTS*
YOUR TRUST IN THE DOM. THEIR ABILITY
TO EVALUATE YOUR LIMITS, TO READ YOUR
BODY LANGUAGE LIKE AN ELABORATE BOOK.



SURE...THERE ARE SIGNALS YOU COULD
USE, HAND GESTURES, BLINKS, SIMPLE
MELODIES YOU COULD HUM...

BUT THE POWER OF THE GAG IS
IN *NOT* DOING THAT...INSTEAD
ALLOWING YOUR PARTNER TO
LEARN FROM YOU...

DID I MENTION THAT
I LOVED GAGS?

WHAT? IN A *PREVIOUS*
CHAPTER?

WELL FINE, IT'S A TOOL
SO *NICE* I WROTE ABOUT
IT *TWICE*!



ANYHOO...ALLY WAS REEEALLY IN HER ELEMENT THAT NIGHT.



AND *ALL* I COULD DO WAS *RELAX*...



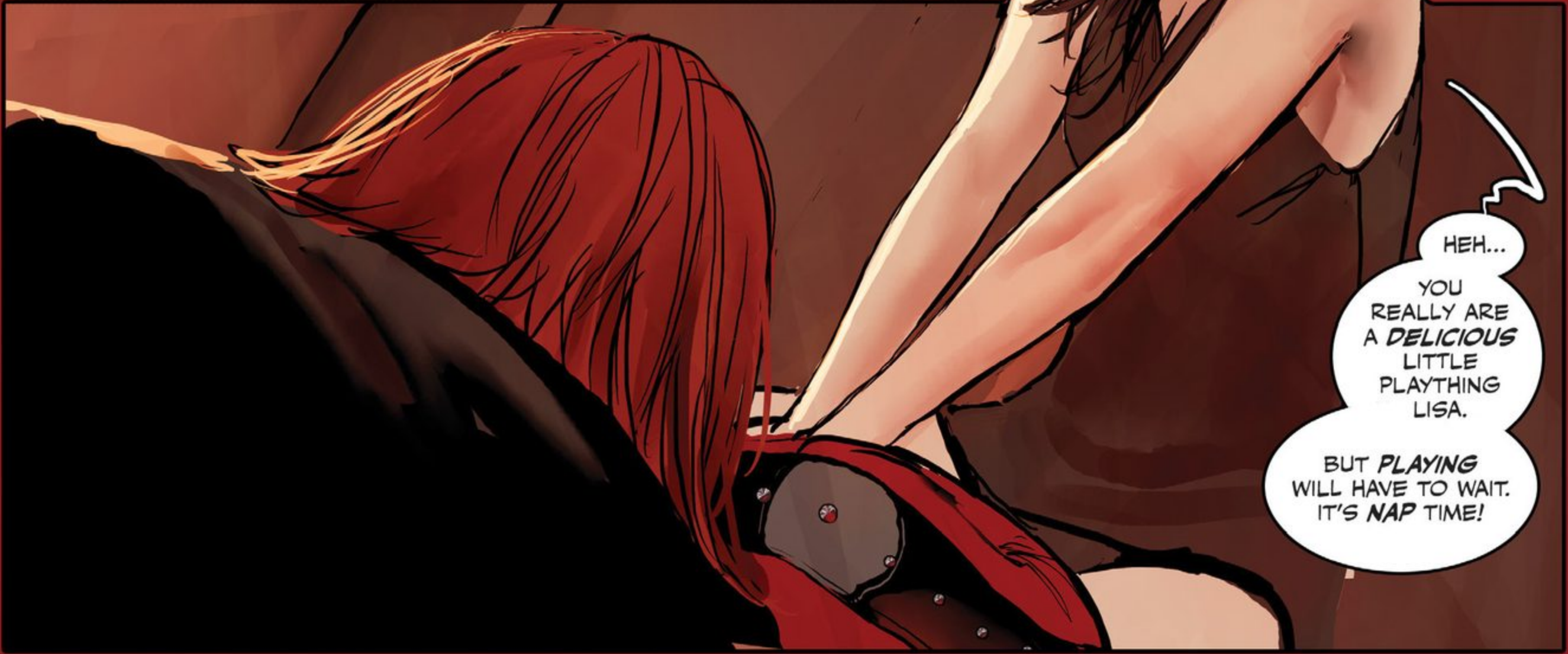
AND, UM... *ENJOY*.

GNNNN...



AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

I WAS *VERY MUCH* OKAY WITH THAT!



HEH...

YOU REALLY ARE A *DELICIOUS* LITTLE PLAYTHING LISA.

BUT *PLAYING* WILL HAVE TO WAIT. IT'S *NAP* TIME!



GOODNIGHT,
MY PET!

AND SHE KEPT ME LIKE THAT.
BOUND, GAGGED, AND STIMULATED. IT
LASTED THE *WHOLE NIGHT* UNTIL I
PASSED OUT, OUT OF SHEER
EXHAUSTION BROUGHT ABOUT BY WAVE
AFTER WAVE OF CONSECUTIVE...



BULLSHIT!!!

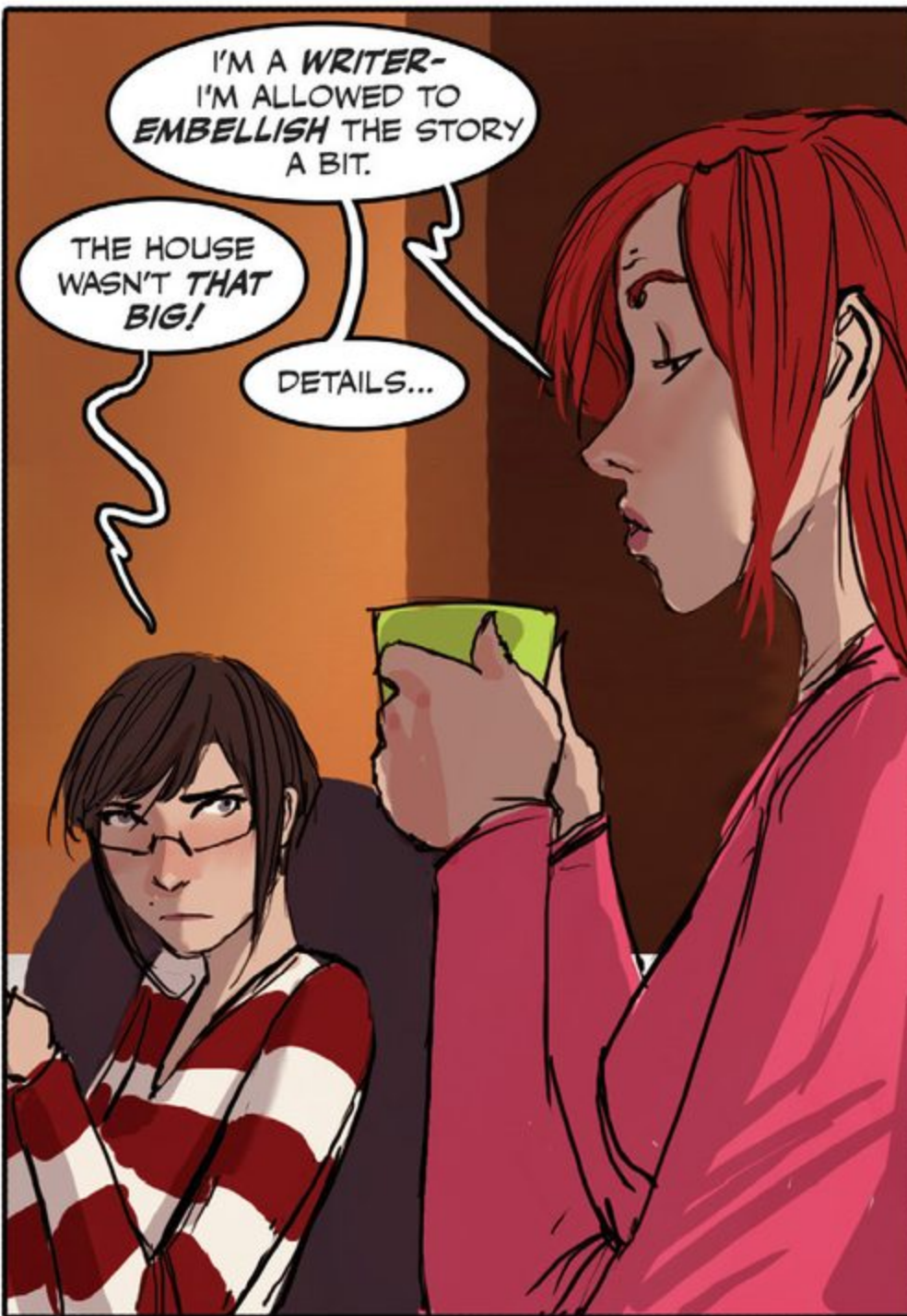
I SO DID **NOT**!!!!
LET'S IGNORE THE FACT THAT
I DIDN'T TIE YOU UP IN THE PLAYROOM
BUT IN THE **BEDROOM**, I MOST CERTAINLY
DID NOT LEAVE YOU LIKE THAT
OVERNIGHT, IT WAS ONLY
AN HOUR!!!



WHO CARES?

YOUR
NIPPLES,
FOR ONE!
REMEMBER
HOW YOU
TEARED UP
AFTER I TOOK
OFF THE
CLAMPS?

SO?



I'M A **WRITER**-
I'M ALLOWED TO
EMBELLISH THE STORY
A BIT.

THE HOUSE
WASN'T **THAT**
BIG!

DETAILS...



ALSO, I DID NOT
FREAK OUT AS MUCH AS
YOU SAY!

PLEASE, YOU WERE
ABOUT TO FALL APART
LIKE A POORLY ASSEMBLED
PUZZLE.



YOU ONLY
TRIED OUT
TWO OUTFITS
WHEN WE
INVITED
ALAN!



AGAIN, **SO?**



SO, YOU
SEEM QUITE
DETERMINED
TO PAINT ME AS
SOME **BDSM**
HOARDER!



OH, SO YOU
WANT TO DO SOME
FACT CHECKING?

SURE THING!

YOU WANT US
TO GO THROUGH
YOUR **CREDIT CARD**
HISTORY?



THAT'S NOT...

I'M NOT...

UGH!

SCREW YOU!

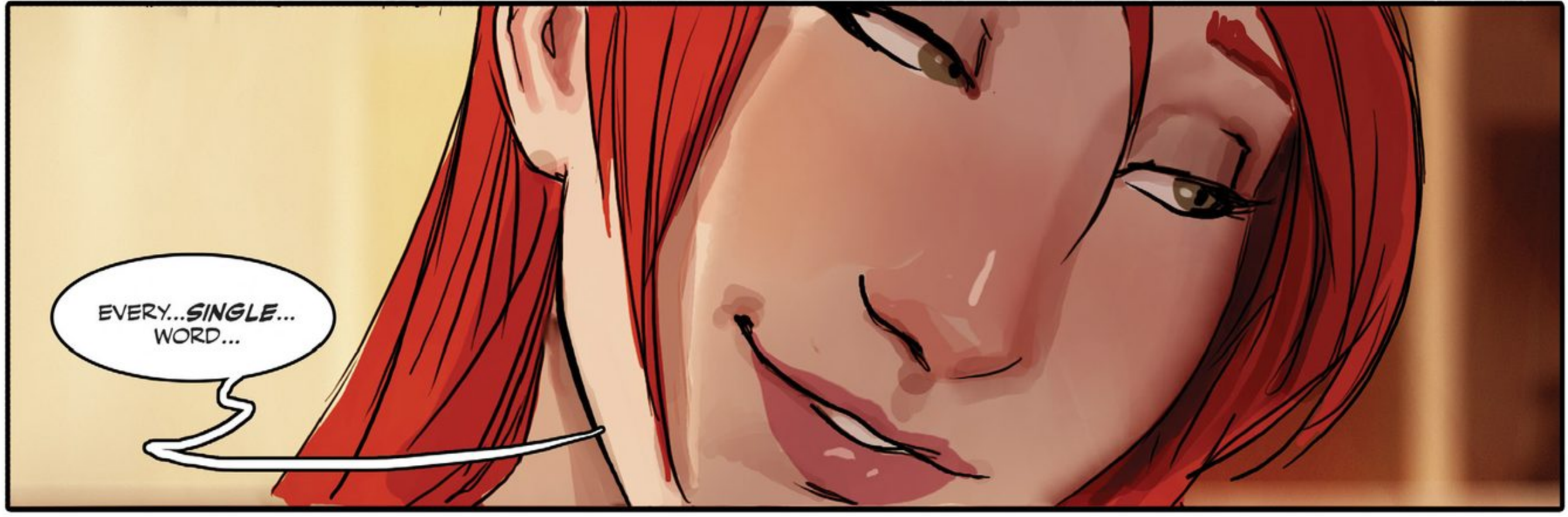


WHEN?

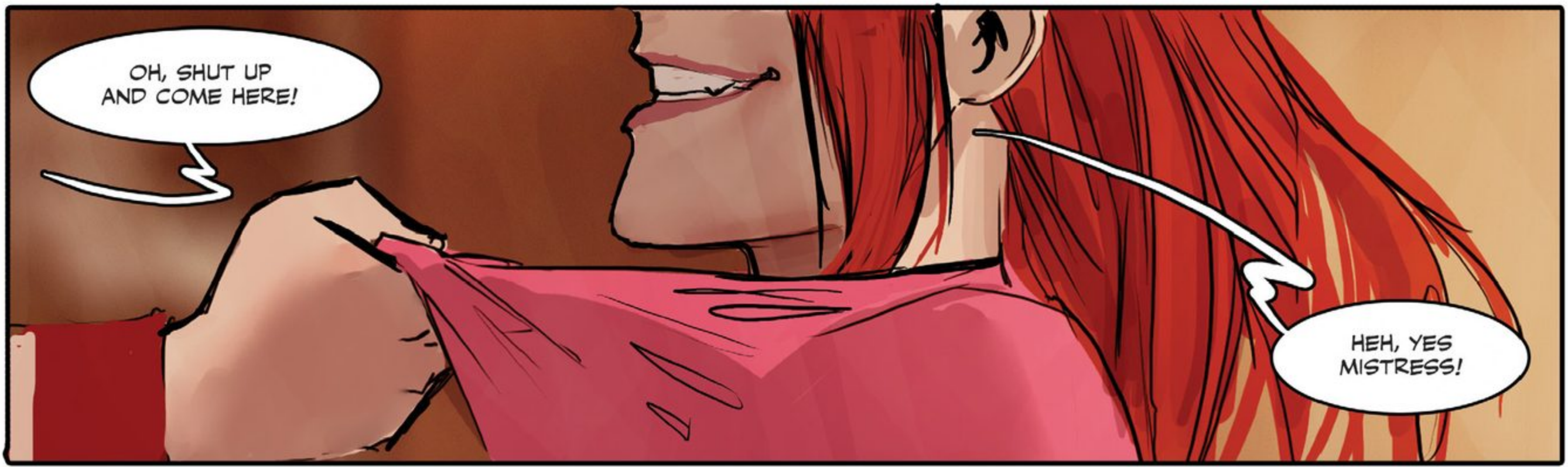
A woman with long brown hair and glasses, wearing a red and white horizontally striped long-sleeved shirt and purple pants, is leaning over a woman with long red hair. The woman with red hair is sitting in a black office chair, wearing a pink long-sleeved shirt. The woman in the striped shirt is holding a black folder or book. The background is a warm, orange-toned interior.

YOU ARE PLAYING
WITH FIRE,
MRS. CARTER!

I LOVE JUST ABOUT
EVERYTHING ABOUT
THAT SENTENCE!

A close-up shot of the woman with red hair. She is looking down and smiling, with her hand near her face. The background is a warm, yellowish-orange color.

EVERY...*SINGLE*...
WORD...

A close-up shot of the woman with red hair. She is looking up and smiling, with her hand near her face. The background is a warm, orange-toned interior.

OH, SHUT UP
AND COME HERE!

HEH, YES
MISTRESS!



NEW YORK TIMES BEST SELLER

"Heartfelt, honest, sexy, and beautiful. It's almost perfect."

—Geeked Out Nation

"Far more enriching than expected."

—All-Comic

"Nothing short of phenomenal."

—Snap Pow



"There are special moments in all our lives...points of no return."

As domme Ally and sub Lisa's fledgling relationship begins to blossom, it becomes clear to both of them that it isn't just about BDSM. An ever-widening circle of friends—including fellow practitioners Tom and Cassie and skeptical tattoo artist Anne—forms around the couple, who seem to be spending every free second together. But with Ally and Lisa's worlds becoming more intertwined, is their relationship stronger than ever? Or do they just have more to lose?

From writer/artist STJEPAN SEJIC (IXth Generation, Death Vigil), comes the third volume of this hilarious and heartfelt tale of two women exploring the pitfalls of love, friendship, and fetishism.



Romance / Erotica

www.topcow.com



DOGMATIX!!!

